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The Awakening of The Spirit of The Rose. By William Stott. of Oldham.

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THE STUDIO

WILLIAM STOTT, OF OLDHAM. BY R. A. M. STEVENSON.

WILLIAM STOTT, of Oldham, sprang into being as an artist with the rapidity of a comet rushing to the sun. I do not speak of the fashionable vogue which may suddenly illuminate a slow development long watched by friends and fellow-craftsmen. Such an accident as popular fame in no way concerns the growth of the powers; for, as in Millet's case, the public may leave a great artist walking till his death unperceived in the chill penumbra of a *succès d'estime*. Mr. Stott matured really quickly if you look at the thirty years it took to ripen Corot, or even the ten years which pass and leave most men green and incomplete. I met him in 1879 when he landed in France without any training except the English stippling in chalk which he was bound to forget at the Beaux Arts. Already in 1881 he had begun to express himself as an artist. One of the canvases which he painted in the country after two years at the Beaux Arts was deservedly medalled in the Salon of 1882. Perhaps the state of the art at that time better favoured rapidity of growth than the conditions of the earlier half of the century. Art, though it cannot progress like science or the cult of well-being, must keep moving like a ruminant from pasture to pasture, or die of emptiness. In its passages, now to better, now to worse, art expresses many sorts of beauty, and the belief that only the new is good is no more tenable than that other opinion—that all the old is venerable. There is a time when art burrows in the dark, planting the roots of new beauty when its activities are underground—a time when it shoots up a vigorous stem, and again a time when it flowers and bears fruit. Though some may make a braver show than others, all these processes are

FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM STOTT

necessary and all correspond with certain phases of human feeling. There is a point, however, in this growth, whether it be fulfilled in the life of a man or of a school, at which expression becomes full, consistent and beautiful. Then the ideal shines like a beacon; the study of style and the study of nature seem one, and the artist attains a complete balance of qualities. At other moments the man of style too often appears a mannerist blind to nature, and the realist an observer blind to art.

FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM STOTT

When Mr. Stott began painting, those studies which help a man to understand nature had been perfected, and a student could be taught most admirably to apply anatomy, drawing, and the observation of relative values. From his master, M. Gerôme (also the master of Dagnau-Bouveret and J. M. Swan), Mr. Stott learnt to respect thoroughness and to value the qualities of drawing and modelling. So working, he began to understand the perfect finish of Velasquez, the incomparable elegance of Whistler, the softness of surface, the completed beauty of Corot, the subtle glow, the decorative magnificence of Titian. But while the craftsman's admiration mounted to examples of perfected art, the artist's sincerity craved to express the world of individual eyesight. The man who delights in the report of his own eyes will not cease from the attempt to set it forth with all the eloquence of the masters; and, if he fail, it will be rather in eloquence than in truth. The job is difficult, and now and again a factor in Mr. Stott's ideal of art has seemed comparatively neglected. We will try to lay our finger on the weak spot. Mr. Stott objects, as I said, to take his matter second-hand even from those he venerates, and we must acquit him of fault in that respect. In the second place, he is ambitious to work up to the completeness he admires in great artists, and I think we must admit that he has always refused to rush drawing and modelling, and to content himself with the mere suggestion of an idea, however fascinating it may be. Thirdly, novelty alone will not satisfy him, nor the originality of the extreme decorator in Glasgow who devises a pattern often beautiful, but of such remote allusion to nature that the dweller in the fields ranks it with a Japanese fan or piece of lacquer. No, Mr. Stott's vital love of reality has preserved him from cooking up a so-called impressionism with a hash of decorative odds and ends. Lastly, Mr. Stott surely would not deny the principles of impressionism which may be gathered from the works of Velasquez, Corot, Whistler, Manet, and men like them. He would not willingly be accused of compiling sketches to make a picture; of cloaking bad construction and false value in the hypocrisy of niggling; of losing the swing of a line by separately focussing particular indentations, or the character of a mass by over-modelling subordinate saliences; in fact, of misrepresenting natural vision as they misrepresent it

VENUS. FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM STOTT, OF OLDHAM

who build up arbitrary compositions, or, working from nature, cannot see that each field of impression demands a separate composition and a treatment suitable to its width and the distance of its foreground from the eye. Mr. Stott could never be guilty of that chief vice of painting, putting detail on to unmodelled or ill-modelled masses. This perverse conscientiousness which strains at a gnat and swallows a camel can be paralleled outside the religious world by the vicious eagerness of the decorator who lavishes ornament upon a design only fit for the fire. But if he acquits Mr. Stott of ranker faults, an impressionist might not always exonerate him from less obvious sins.

FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM STOTT

Perhaps the reader may not recognise the harmful import of the practices which modern art condemns, or haply may decline to believe in their existence. An instance will dispose of the latter doubt. Not long ago, M. Pradilla exhibited a large picture of *Boabdil leaving Granada*, together with the sketches from which the picture was worked. Amongst these were a general sketch of Granada with an empty foreground, and several separate studies of the men and horses destined to fill this foreground. Each of these objects, painted of the size it was to be in the picture, occupied the whole field of sight in the study, and was arranged, defined, and modelled to fill its canvas with a just amount of interest and matter. These studies were then transferred

"AT THE FIRESIDE" BY WILLIAM STOTT

"PORTRAIT OF A CHILD BY WILLIAM STOTT

without change to the large field of the picture. The studies had no sky, the picture had both sky and a vivacious distance. The details and brush-marks, large and few in proportion to the size of the studies, became very small and innumerable in the compiled field of the picture. To see a horse as it was seen in the study you must be near it; to see all the horses of the picture thus near you must embrace an angle of ninety degrees, which is absurd. Moreover, an object studied by itself and then introduced into a larger field of sight becomes the meanest thing on earth—a mere toy, a miniature. It is not dulness in nature but an intrinsic tediousness in the seer that gives rise to the phrase commonplace realism. A little reflection on the relativity of colour, value, and definition will assure us that the quality of an impression depends on the degree and kind of attention bestowed on the field of vision. You will perceive a different character according as you regard the principal mass almost alone, or as part of a wide area of observation, as high placed or as low down, as to the right or as to the left, in the field of vision. A thousand considerations prove that you only see what you look for, and that a form may be present in nature and yet unperceived by the mind. A tree, perhaps a mean and distracting mass of petty accident by day, often develops by night an imposing silhouette full of ominous import. A landscape with the sky shaded out looks very different from what it did when the sky was allowed to come into your eyes. When you look at a complicated pattern, such as shadows and light, limbs and background, Gothic tracery and its enclosed glass, you cannot fix your attention equally at once on the forms and on the included spaces or gaps between the forms. Hence, when such things are painted one is often astonished at the beauty or ugliness of shapes that one had looked at without conscious perception. In fact, as we change our manner of paying attention to a scene, as we shift the focus, narrow or widen the angle of vision, &c., so nature seems to change, and we see new poetry and a new grandeur in each successive view of the same scene. Since nothing in nature remains of a fixed force of colour, sharpness of definition, salience of detachment, it follows that grandeur, breadth, delicacy, depth of colour and softness of envelopment depend on an unconscious framing and composing of a natural scene. The bulk of a mountain, the importance of a stack or tree, the height of a spire, all fluctuate in natural vision and depend for their value on their association with an impression. On canvas these objects

are set in permanent relations of size, proportion and value to the frame, composition, and key of the picture. Thus, according to the relations established on the canvas, some meaningless six inches of height may indicate a petty accident, a somewhat prominent tooth in the run of a serrated form; or may signify, on the other hand, the dominating upspring of some tall poplar or towering spire of stone. To more clearly differentiate impressionism from other schools of recent art, one may say that, whereas some men will compare the values of patches with each other, an impressionist inclines to compare them all with a prevailing ground —to see them, in fact, as spots on an *ensemble*.

"THE NYMPH" BY WILLIAM STOTT

The foregoing, long as it may seem, is nevertheless no exhaustive explanation of the scope of recent art, no adequate championship of impressionism. Enough has been said perhaps to show that the principles of modern art are wider than the practice of any clique which arrogates to the imitation of one master the monopoly of the title Impressionism, or confines it to the noting of transient effects, the instantaneous photography of movement, or the unmodelled, undrawn record of colour arrangements. It is on broader principles, derived from the habits of the eye, and ratified in the practice of Velasquez, Corot, and later men, that one looks at Mr. Stott's work, discovers its very great merits and judges its occasional shortcoming.

Apart from the severe professional training of the Beaux Arts, Mr. Stott's personal view of art ripened in Gretz, a painter's village on the Loing, not far from Fontainebleau and its artistic associations. In the vicissitudes of its history Gretz came to be much frequented by Anglo-Saxons, and among the young men whom Mr. Stott found striving to express the exquisite delicacy of the still stream, with its tall bending poplars and shimmering river growths, the most remarkable perhaps was the late Frank O'Meara. With a poetic temperament and an eye but poorly satisfied with the result of commonplace realism, O'Meara was always meditating on the way to use the beauty of these shapely growths, these still breadths of mist-wrapped foliage, and the soft yet decided elegance of a foreground of large-leaved riverside plants. To the expression of this scenery Mr. Stott brought a mind of more practical energy, a completer training, and also a robuster constitution. He rapidly built up a style which contained the elements of this natural poetry, and the results of previous study under Gerôme in Paris. *Tricoteuse*, *Rêve de Midi*, and *Prince ou Berger* led up to *Le Passeur*, and more especially to *La Baignade*, a picture of boys bathing from a punt, which was medalled in the Salon of 1882, and afterwards exhibited at the Fine Arts in London together with works by J. S. Sargent, F. O'Meara, and several others. The picture showed as effective a combination of truth with decorative treatment as

had yet come from the young men of the Anglo-Saxon colony. In addition to ordinary truth of local colour, of detailed shape, of comparative values, one notes a solemn low-toned key of colour commanding a close range of fine dark greens, full-toned blues and rich creams. One perceives also a broad and masterly execution which helps out Mr. Stott's strong sense of rhythm in composing detail, in placing an object, and in surrounding it with natural forms of a scale and mass suitable to their distance and proportions. The lilies, reeds, &c., of the well-composed foreground suggest, in comparison with the more distant boys, a true scale of diminution by distance. The relative force of these sets of objects and their various strengths of definition are logically apportioned so as to suggest that the painter saw everything together, studied nothing separately, and held to a single general impression. The treatment of the trees and houses on the further bank confirms this feeling. Nothing is handled on too strict a pattern, and the character of the thing painted is so little sacrificed to love of uniformity in method, that the brushwork nowhere claims an undue share of attention. Detail, frank and bold in the foreground, groups itself at the proper distance into smudges of right shape, while it assumes still further off the aspect of just that texture which natural vision suggests under the prevailing conditions. The high horizon which places the boys near the centre of the canvas, and the atmospheric solvent of the colours, complete the general sense of unity and singleness of impression. Yet there is here no weird fancifulness of subject, nothing of the transitory or unusual in effect; and, if there is poetry, it is the poetry of force, rightness, and good style applied to the plain unmysterious midday. To me, however, a picture at once so true and broad in impression, and so intentional and artistic in handling, can never fail to recall nature, and with nature both poetry and mystery.

"THE FAERIE WOOD" BY WILLIAM STOTT

Mr. Stott, though he has since painted work more beautiful and mysterious in aspect, has never done anything more convincing than this rendering of that kind of scene which may be subjected to long study and careful drawing from nature. The breadth and character of the modelling, and the force of the definition of these nude figures, exactly agree with their proportion to the picture and their position in the general impression. Amongst works of a similarly studious naturalism, we may mention *Le Passeur* (Salon of 1881, skied in the Academy of 1893), another view of the river at Gretz; *Kissing Ring*, a graceful band of girls dancing on the flat sands; *Two Sisters* (1882), a picture in which a gap in

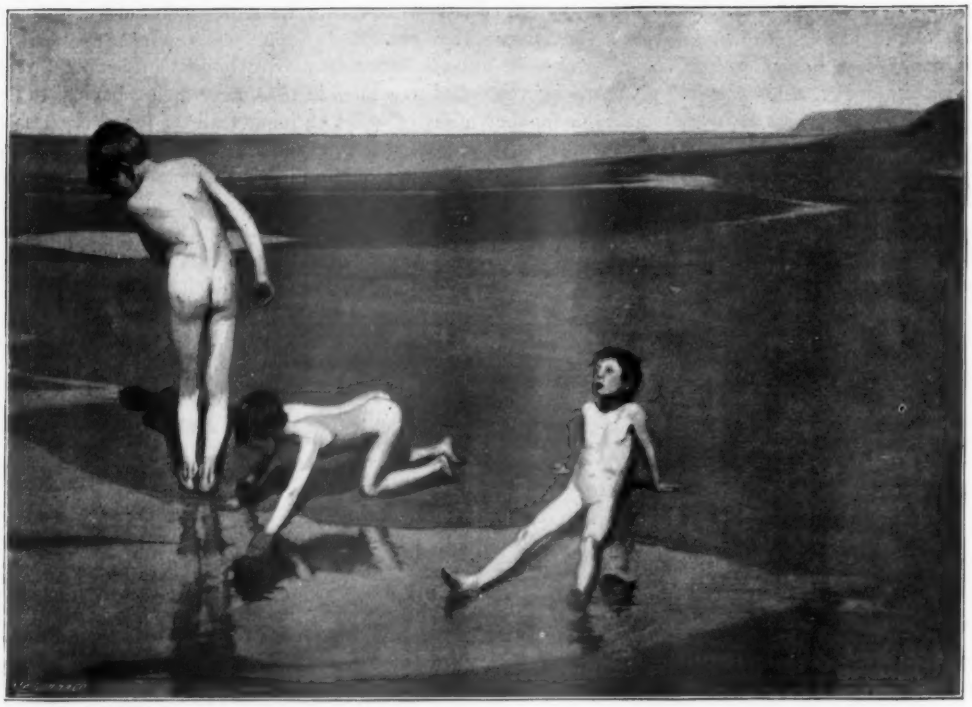
"DIANA, TWILIGHT AND DAWN" BY WILLIAM STOTT, OF OLDHAM

sand-dunes opening on the shore discloses a group of children playing; *The Grandfather's Workshop; Portrait of my Father and Mother; By the Fireside;* and finally, *A Summer's Day.* Among the open-air pictures, *Two Sisters* is remarkable for the speaking attitude and expression of the near girls, and for an effective composition not unlike Mr. Alexander Harrison's otherwise very different picture in the Salon of 1885. Of Mr. Stott's admirable portraiture and carefully-finished painting of interiors we have good examples, especially in the tone while it reveals the inclination of its surface to the light.

A Summer's Day, exhibited in Suffolk Street, though painted in 1886, nevertheless belongs to the class of works showing realistic impulse. I shall choose it as an example of slavery to observation, of that state of mind in which the artist fails to enlist all his knowledge in the service of a broad aspect of truth. The picture betrays this indecision in the over-modelling of the figures, and in a definition of certain lines in them which seems too hard to

"PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER" BY WILLIAM STOTT

Portrait of my Father and Mother. He gives us the somewhat rigid preciseness of the old gentleman in his black clothes, with a love of intimate truth that only severe training keeps within the due bounds of art. No attempt is made to use the summary majesty and decorative flourish of certain great but inimitable masters, or to avoid cheaply any detail which the effect and the way of looking at the scene would cause to be evident. In this picture, as in the small water-colour *By the Fireside*, accessories such as chairs, coal-scuttles, fireplaces, are quietly kept in their due importance and true definition without any exaggeration of mystery or emptiness. We may offer them as an example to those who plead "selection" to excuse sloppy form and feeble realisation. In serious completed work every splash should be significant in shape, and all local colour should confess the general suit the general feeling of the landscape. The modelling is too intimate for the width of view embraced, and so the figures appear cold, frozen, and over-studied as separate objects. Seen alone, each of these three boys would affect one pleasantly owing to fine drawing of character. When put together, one resents in them a too close discrimination of the local tints of pink and yellow in the flesh. This distraction of attention spread over a wide field destroys the dignity and breadth of view. Mr. Stott evidently intended that his whole picture should swim in air and light, but he has noted too many small things at the expense of general truth. This comparative failure proceeds less from a false artistic view than from an over-timid conscience and an uncurbed delight in form and accurate draughtsmanship. It is a fault which the artist, in love with his work and jealous of his reputation,



"A SUMMER'S DAY" BY WILLIAM STOTT

with difficulty amends, and it is well for him that he should have it to correct. It abounded in Corot's early work, and may be found indeed in that of all men who do not set style quite above matter. *A Summer's Day*, compared with his veritable successes, is chiefly valuable as marking a stage in Mr. Stott's career, but I can understand that it should be a favourite with its author. He knows the amount of serious work, of conscientious study that went to its making, and he has allowed the result perhaps to obliterate the original impression upon which he worked.

Let me hasten on to *The Nymph* and the *Venus*, which I consider stages as important in Mr. Stott's later career as *The Bathers* in his earlier. During these five years Mr. Stott has become less of a servant, more of a friend of nature. He dreams more; he decorates, he invents more. These pictures are wonderfully thought out as to harmony of line and mass. No pain has been spared to find the right treatment of the impression—a handling that would suit the larger ideas of composition, a reasoned colour scheme which would embrace the natural facts in decorative unity.

Look at this fresh, clear scheme of blue, white, pearl, pink and gold of the *Venus*. Here you see a sea flecked with silver foam, flesh of warm tint, auburn hair, wet sand, and the iridescence of large shells all admirably contrived to fill a circular space. The high tone tells; force has been kept in reserve for large masses, and never wasted on accidental lights, passing shimmers, speckles, flashes, and other local impossibilities. Still, I prefer *The Nymph*—to my mind one of the achievements of this century in colour as well as a true discovery in the placing, handling, and decorative adaptation of real nature. The setting of the soft luminous figure is a deep shadowy wood rich in mellow colours—gold, crimson, and every shade of appropriate and possible green. The commonplace person accepts its truth, the visionary feels its strange vein of poetry, the decorator admires the amplitude of its lines and masses and the drowsy voluptuousness of its unity of colour. Other nude figures, in landscape of poetic quality and decorative treatment, group themselves round *The Nymph*. They are *Endymion; Diana, Twilight and Dawn;* and, from this year's Academy, *The Awakening of the Spirit of the Rose*. All show the same careful study of foliage. Leaves, flowers, reeds, &c., are defined and proportioned according to their place and arranged in lovely patterns around the figures.

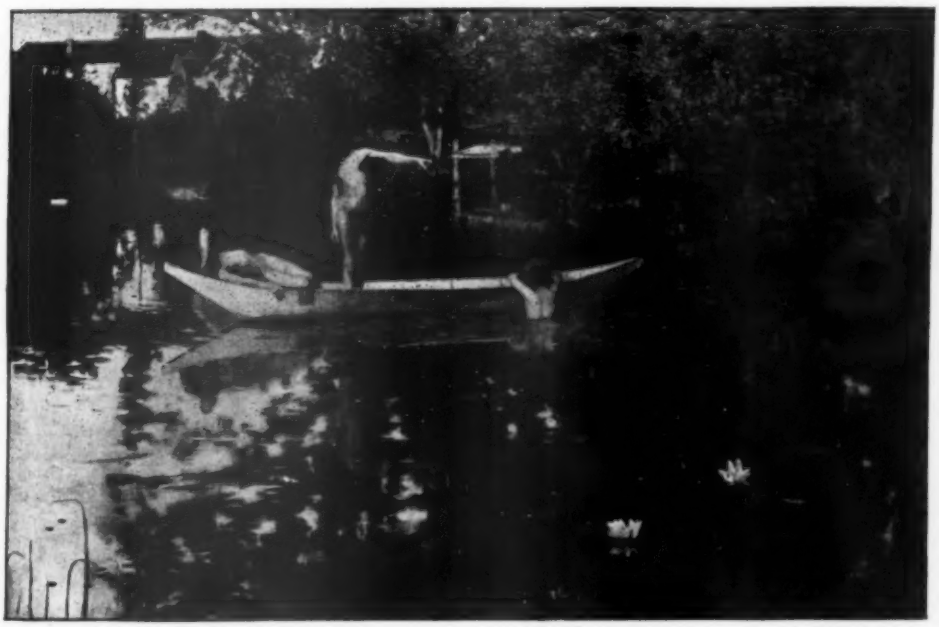
Endymion was one of those problems that baffle the merely clever eye and well-principled intellect. It was not to be studied except in memories, or rendered except by the creative imagination. On the shores of a moonlit lake, Endymion, rising from a bed of flowers steeped in night and dew, beholds Diana stepping from the visionary car of the crescent moon to meet him amidst the stems of pale beeches and the delicate grasses of watery growth. *Diana, Twilight and Dawn,* is a lovely scheme of silvered colour, shimmering leaves, iris flowers and ivory flesh. But *The Nymph,* with its potent colour and its perfect balance of quantities, seems to me the perfection of this kind of picture.

I perceive that I have forgotten Mr. Stott's efforts in the field of pure landscape; yet some of them count amongst his best pictures; nor have I said much of his portraiture, which no less deserves deliberate mention. These are the *Moonrise* of the Salon of 1885; a similar work, of softer quality, painted in 1892; many Alpine pictures; views of sand-hills, &c.; and finally, *Faerie Wood* of the last Academy. I know few pictures more subtle in colour than Mr. Stott's large, soft, and luminous views of stony peaks and white visionary glaciers. Alpine drawings, sketches, hard studies and wonderful photographs we have seen in plenty; but scarce anything that showed one of the many kinds of beauty discoverable in the great mountains. That is a task especially calling for the recent art of impressionism, and therefore Mr. Stott's canvases are probably the most successful of all attempts hitherto made. But these pictures are not for the Alpine climber who wishes to retrace his perilous route. Mr. Stott has chosen at any price to give us some of the beautiful qualities of the hills, and he steeps us in dreamy visions of delicate colour and exquisitely soft definition.

In conclusion, we may say that in treating hills, and indeed all other subjects, Mr. Stott has never been at a loss for original and telling ideas of composition. Yet this richness of imagination has never persuaded him to forget his *métier*. He always aims at completeness, at an extremely high finish, at sincerity of drawing and modelling, at a beauty of surface and a close unity of colour still rare in modern art. R. A. M. Stevenson.

THE ARTISTIC DECORATION OF CLOTH BOOK-COVERS. BY GLEESON WHITE.

To describe the best of the cloth covers stamped with gold, in which the majority of English books are issued to the public, in a phrase exact and yet not depreciatory, is somewhat difficult. "Commercial bookbinding" includes too much, "in cloth extra gilt" promises



"LA BAIGNADE" BY WILLIAM STOTT

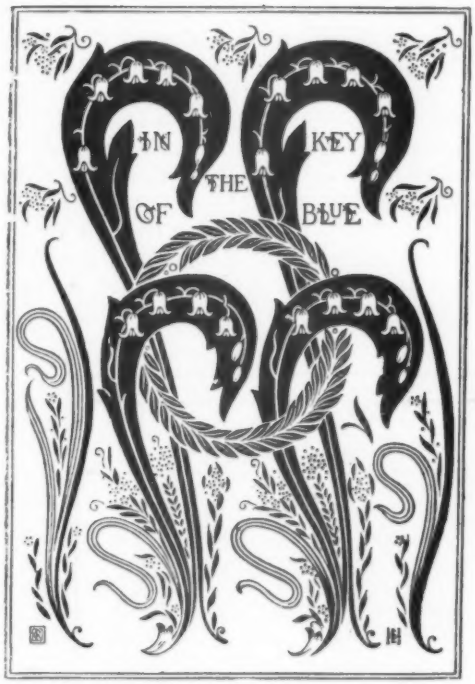
too little, for some of the most hideous covers ever produced are thus technically described. "Cloth bookbinding" is not quite happy, nor quite correct: first, because the word cloth conveys to the public the idea of a textile quite unlike the stiffened calico used for these cases; and secondly, because the cover is not a true binding. A really good permanent binding, with the sheets carefully sewn to cords firmly inserted in the books, and covered by some tough flexible material, will withstand the wear of centuries. A modern cloth binding will scarcely survive six months' hard usage in a circulating library. Does one of these books incur a sudden fall — its cover is sent flying away from the contents, and stands revealed a mere sham—a portfolio of cardboard and calico—barely attached to the sheets; which are in turn all supported by each other, or, still worse, wired on to some fabric, instead of being securely lashed to strong cords, or bands, as a book must needs be ere it can be said to be "bound." Hence the scorn of the genuine binder, amateur or professional, for all these modern cases, no matter how graceful a design they may bear. Here, however, we are not concerned with what should be, but with what is. Commerce demands that the majority of English books shall be issued in ephemeral covers; which, after all, survive the real working life of the book itself in most instances. The French, on the other hand, still preserve the tradition that a book is only issued "in sheets," stitched temporarily together, it is true, for convenience of distribution, and enclosed within a wrapper that bears the title of the work, and keeps the end pages clean. For a French publisher recognises that the true binding of a book should be added at the owner's pleasure. Instead of pointing to a contempt for appearances, as the very easily damaged paper covers would first imply, this system accords with the true spirit of the book-lover, who deems such purchases as are worth re-perusal fit to bear his own livery, and to take their place on the shelves of his library either in the modest *demi-toilette* of leather back and marbled paper sides, or in the state costume of full morocco, richly gilt, with the *super-libros* of his coat-of-arms, or monogram, emblazoned on their sides. Here, however, we mostly "hire" books, and so demand merely a binding that will last while the brief popularity of the book attracts readers; indeed, apart from volumes that find a place in public libraries, the copies of any book that are ultimately bound as a book should be, form a very small percentage of its edition.

To England must be given the credit for an attempt to provide a temporary binding more lasting than a paper cover. That a volume with a back of dull cloth bearing a paper label, and sad-coloured boards—common enough on every bookstall—should be the lineal ancestor of the latest gorgeous *edition de luxe*, and that the whole genealogy should be English, is perhaps not a new fact to discover, but it happens to be true. Mr. H. B. Wheatley, who is a specialist in genuine binding, tells me that 1822 is probably the date of the first cloth binding, and 1837 that when gold was first applied for its decoration. He also points out that it was never the practice in England to issue books unbound, and that sheep or roan—common enough in the early days of printing—were employed for popular editions, much as cloth is used to-day.

Here we need not trace the various periods of the decoration of cloth cases, the "blind" stamping such as "Bohn's Libraries," employed until recently, the elaborate arabesques of thin gold lines, on bright emerald green and magenta, of a later period, and the really good designs by Owen Jones, "Luke Limner," and others, some twenty-five years ago.

The decadence set in with the use of pictures instead of conventional ornament, and the vulgar

DESIGNED BY SELWYN IMAGE



DESIGNED BY CHARLES RICKETTS

admixture of gold, black and various colours, which reached its climax probably in the gorgeously adorned covers of stories for schoolboys issued by various popular publishers.

If the use of pictures on the outside of a book could possibly be defended theoretically, when, as in most cases, they are mere replicas of those inside, the absurdity of the duplication seems obvious. But the chief objection is that too often a block designed as if for printing in dark lines on light paper, is stamped in light lines on dark cloth. Such an inversion of the contrasting colours gives much the same effect as a photographic negative shows, compared with the print (a positive) from it. Indeed, the whole system of expressing tone by line or stipple is indefensible when you are using gold upon a dark ground. It is not satisfactory even when the gold is applied to a white ground, because at any moment a reflected light may so raise the key of the metal that it appears brighter than its background, and once more produces the objectionable effect.

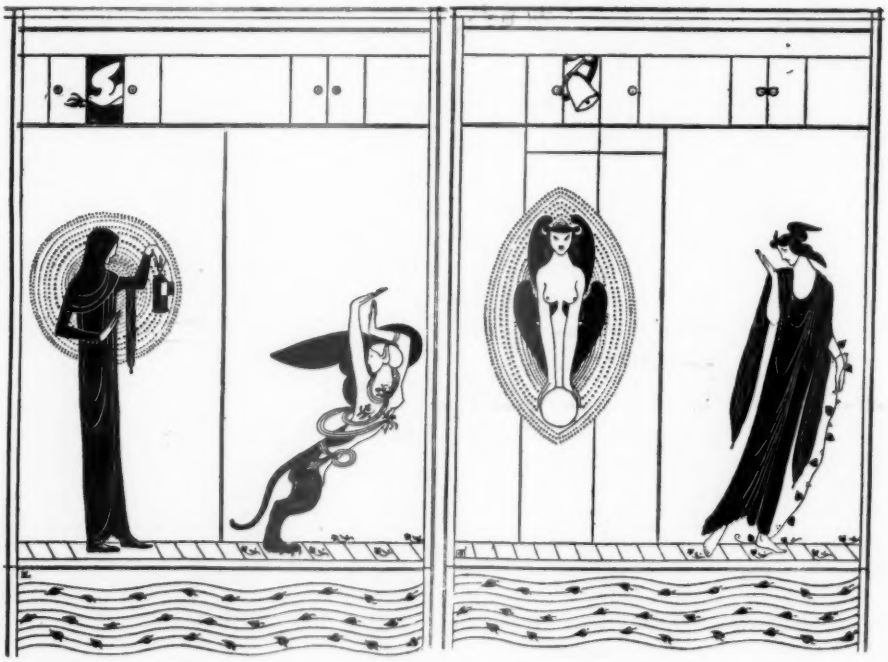
Taste should demand of a pattern that it decorates the book—wisely and not too well. It is absurd to see a Sunday-school story emblazoned in gold and colours, like a missal of an empress; especially when all this splendour is Dutch metal and cheap pigments, ungraceful often enough in the forms, and calculated to become shabby under a very small amount of wear. Next, it is obviously desirable that some fitness of the design to the subject of the book should be borne in mind. Certain modest conventional ornament may be so unobtrusive that you would not object to the most diverse book—in such a series as that of Bohn's (already referred to), with its seven hundred volumes of history and fiction, theology and science, all wearing the same dress. But when you find a garish decoration, in the style of a grocer's almanac, adorning, say, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Pepys' Diary*, *The Koran*, *Gil Blas*, *Andersen's Fairy Tales*, it is clear no lover of either one, much less of all five, could tolerate a design prostituted to such different purposes. Fortunately within the last few years it has been the custom to offer an alternative binding of plain dark cloth, with a paper label or gold lettering, for those whose tastes are educated, even if their lack of money will only allow them to indulge in cheap editions. When cheap books were thus redeemed, the better class of publishers sought refuge in absence of ornament, and issued their volumes in perfect taste, if in somewhat monotonous garb.

But good as simplicity is, it demands lasting

DESIGNED BY CHARLES RICKETTS

materials; and plain cloth, especially in the smooth varieties, is ruined by an accidental drop of water, or even the rubbing against other volumes; not to speak of the fading of fugitive pigments too often used in its preparation. Hence an added decoration may not merely adorn, but help to preserve, the appearance of a book.

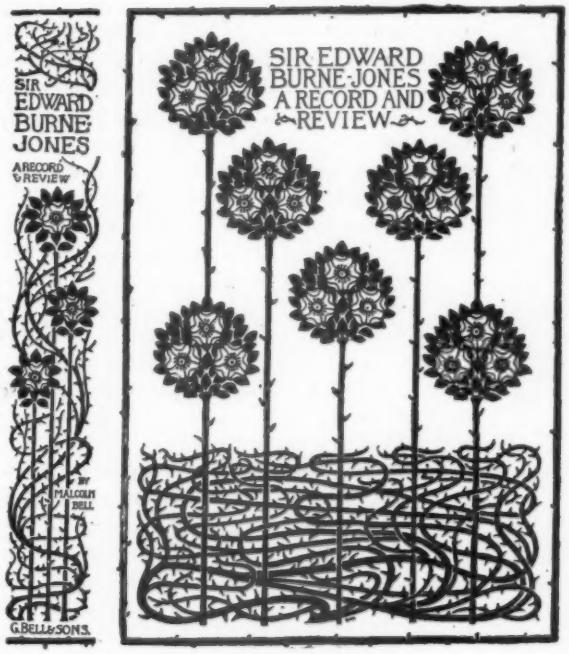
Soon after this reaction in favour of simplicity, a few volumes began to appear with covers designed by artists for the individual book. Heretofore the ordinary practice had been for the publisher's binder to obtain a certain number of so-called designs—jumbles of ill-assorted ornament for the most part—and to offer them to the publisher, who chose at random something that seemed striking or economical.



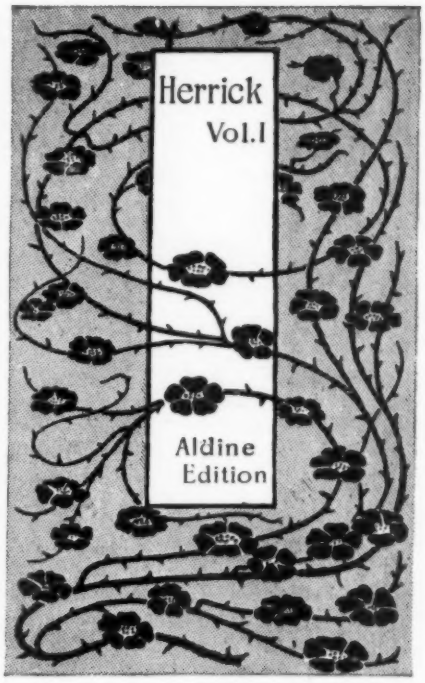
DESIGNED BY CHARLES RICKETTS

The novelty attracted buyers and rapidly became more general, so that to-day, although the average shop-window still exhibits a mass of commonplace patterns, it contains also, as a rule, a fair number of really excellent designs. America, if it did not actually lead the way in this, did good service. Some of the most dainty modern covers owe their origin to the houses of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Roberts Brothers, and Charles Scribner's Sons. But at the same time the palm for depravity must also be awarded to the United States. After much consideration a volume of "really beautiful poems," entitled *A Masque of Death*, deserves description as an awful example. White vellum cloth, the most dainty of all available materials, is there vulgarised by an atrocious design in blue and gold. This includes a portrait in outline of a bride, within a panel, surrounded by a wreath, which the artist (?) probably intended for forget-me-nots, with a glittering gold background, "THE" (in Gothic lettering) followed by "MASQUE OF DEATH," in American-Roman characters, is inscribed on a bent scroll in gold letters shaded with blue. Aiming to be cultured and artistic, it falls the deeper; for while no one takes the cover of a vulgar brochure too seriously, a book of really fine verse in a comparatively expensive cover must be judged by a higher standard. Compare this with the elaborate design for Mr. Oscar Wilde's *Poems*, by Mr. Charles Ricketts—with the same artist's dainty fancy for *Silver-points*—thin lines of silvery gold, upon a pale green ground; or with many other books of poems issued by publishers on both sides of the Atlantic, and the difference becomes plain even to the most heedless person.

To take another instance from America, it is only fair to say that for sumptuous binding, exquisite in colour and design, a volume, *A Mosaic*,



DESIGNED BY GLEESON WHITE



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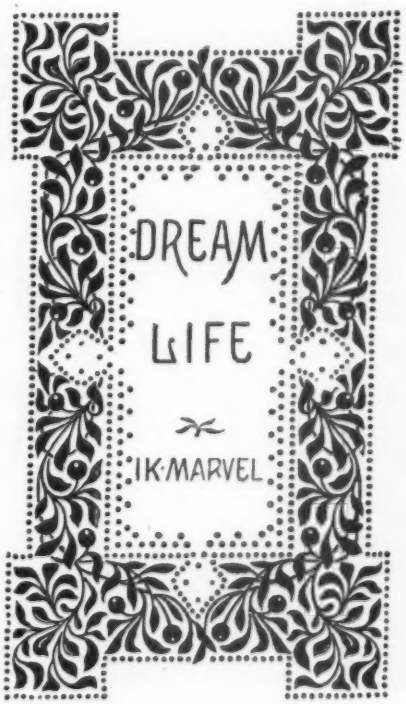
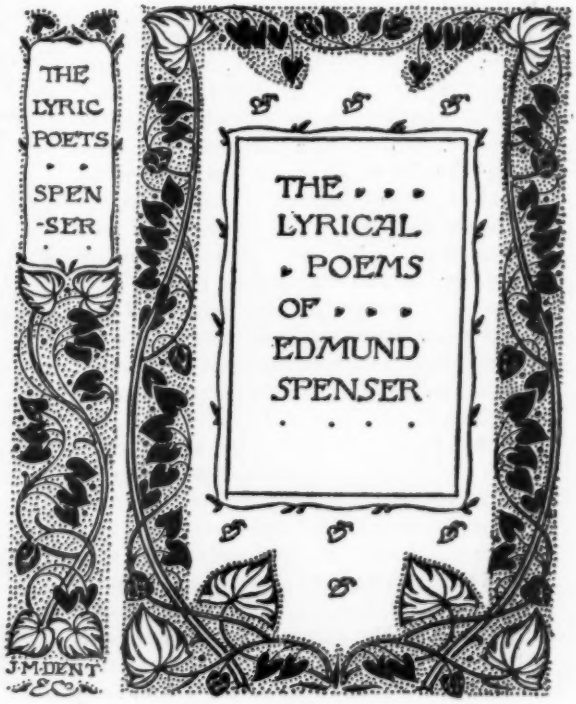


DESIGNED BY F. C. TILNEY



DESIGNED BY H. GRANVILLE FELL

DESIGNED BY J. D. BATTEN

published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, has hardly been excelled. On white, smooth cloth, the design, of graceful classic detail, is stamped in gold, silver, and delicate shades of blue, pink, and primrose; the whole being like fine goldsmith's work, set with jewels, decorating the space superbly, yet scarcely occupying one-sixteenth, perhaps not a thirty-second, square part of the surface.

That many people will say the bindings we illustrate are too "high art," is certain. But the state of mind of a person who uses the term "high art" in ironical reproof may be left unconsidered in these pages. To expect a publisher of a book intended for the vulgar—using the word in its ancient sense—to clothe it in a way that appeals only to the educated, would be folly; but such books as those in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Pinafore Library," or Messrs. Dent's popular reprints, show that a happy medium can be found; and that while you may allow "prettiness" and "triviality" for literature that is itself trivial and ephemeral, yet even there sheer vulgarity is not more necessary than it is in a poster on a hoarding.

Another factor has worked for good in the modern cloth binding. In early days a die must needs be cut in brass at a great cost; if several metals or colours were needed in the design, a die for each was necessary. Now photography steps in, and the block of metal, once costing pounds, may be estimated in shillings. For really fine work such as that of Mr. Ricketts', the old method is still employed; but for bolder work, where extreme nicety is of secondary importance, the ordinary process-block answers fairly well.

The points to be aimed at in designing an appropriate cover are many. Here we can only indicate a few. 1. Fitness to the contents of the book. 2. The size and style of the lettering—a most important factor. 3. The proportion of the details of the decoration to the character of the surface of the fabric to be decorated, and to the medium employed—metal leaf or pigment. 4. The larger symmetry of the whole design in relation to the cover. There are other points hardly less needful to bear in mind—the cost of carrying out the design, and the skill of the firm who will undertake its production. Some publishers' binders refuse to allow any innovation to be introduced; others welcome every novelty, and set their wits to work to secure the effect the designer requires.

First, then, the question of the fitness of the design to the book. This opens up a vast subject; indeed, to discuss it adequately would be to raise the whole question of suitability of ornament. So large it is, that here it must be left to the good taste of the designer, for no advice will avail if the hearer lacks the instinct of good taste. But even then the difficulty of escaping too obvious hackneyed symbolism, and yet avoiding abstract allusions which need a handbook for their elucidation, remains to be faced.

2. The size and style of the lettering. This should be a matter capable of being reduced to formal rule; yet in no respect is offence more frequent; many of the best modern covers are not free from affectation and a striving after quaint-

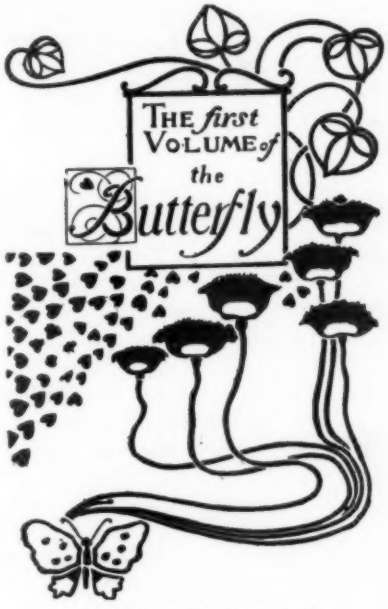
DESIGNED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

ness. Obviously a title should be readable at a glance; therefore it is best not to break words in absurd syllables, so that they read like this—Nor need the title be so large that it is visible across a room, or so mixed up with the design that it offers a puzzle problem to a spectator.

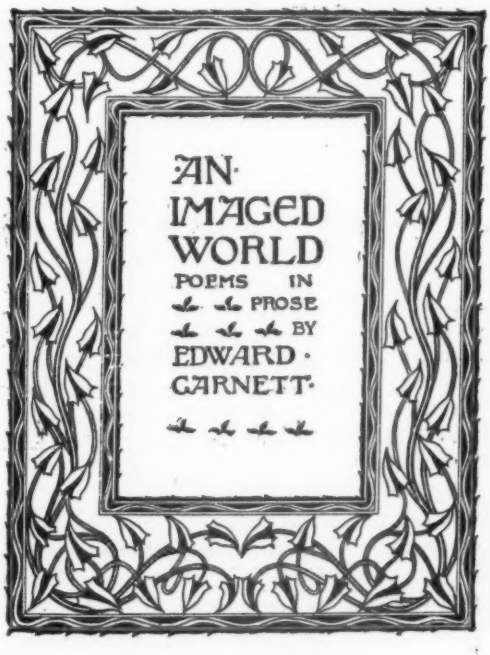
PIL
GRI
MS
PRO
GRE
SS

As a rule, the style of the best leather bindings may be followed, although the sharpness of gold impressed in leather, being hardly equalled by mechanically stamped gold, it is best to employ a slightly larger scale throughout.

To advise that the lettering, whatever style be chosen, should be kept to the same "fount" throughout, reads as an axiom. Yet hardly one per cent. of modern book-covers—or title-pages either for that matter—observe this rule. The terrible vulgarities of so-called "rustic" lettering are almost matched by the eccentric shapes in vogue to-day, which outvie the fecund products of the American advertiser in their grotesque extravagance. Be it Gothic or German, Georgian or Old French, it is well that, beyond the variety obtained by the use of capitals of different sizes, uniformity should be preserved. Italics rarely dome well on covers, unless, indeed, a written character, as distinct from a printed one, is observed throughout. All so-called "fancy" letters should be shunned. Really fanciful letters—such as Mr. E. A. Abbey employs—or even the deliberately "quaint" characters that have precedents on old inscriptions, may be permitted, when an artist employs them; but to do so needs great knowledge. In short, in lettering, as in manners, only those well assured of their position may take liberties: what is badinage from a prince becomes insolence from his lacquey. If one had to confine advice for book-covers to a single sentence it might run: "Take care of the lettering, and the design may take care of itself." To say that the design may take care of itself in such a case, is merely to say that the greater knowledge needed to plan good lettering is almost certain to include the lesser. One practical limitation of commercial importance may be mentioned. If gold be used, the cost—which is a very important item—must be reckoned as for the whole surface touched by gilding. Supposing, for instance, one had to gild a device arranged in dots like those on a domino; the "nine" would cost no more than a "five" or "four," because the square leaf of gold must cover the extreme space occupied, whether it be impressed with four spots of ornament or with nine. If widely detached—like a title at the top of a book back, and the publisher's imprint at the foot—the gold will be applied in separate portions; but if you used a little powdering of spots, each half an inch apart,



DESIGNED BY EDGAR WILSON

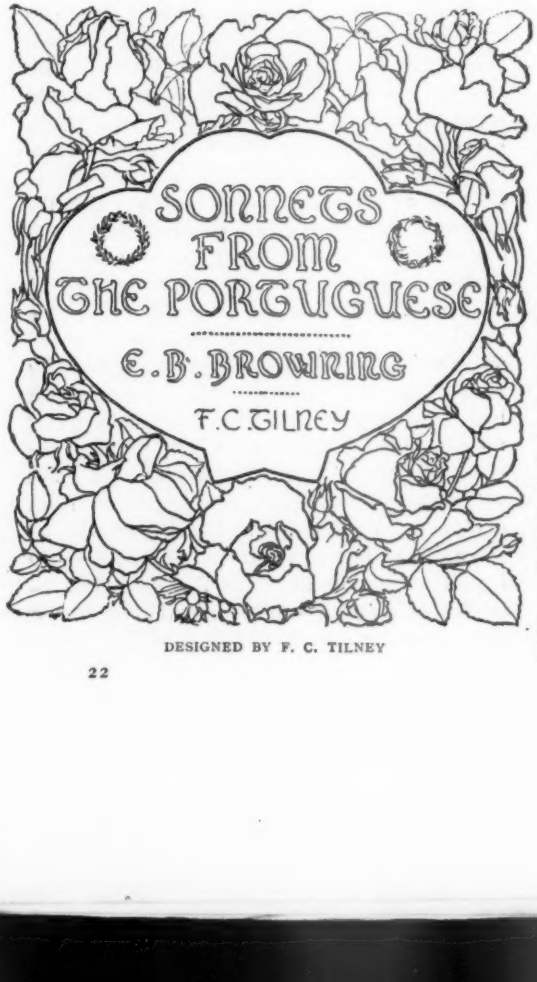


DESIGNED BY WILLIAM HYDE

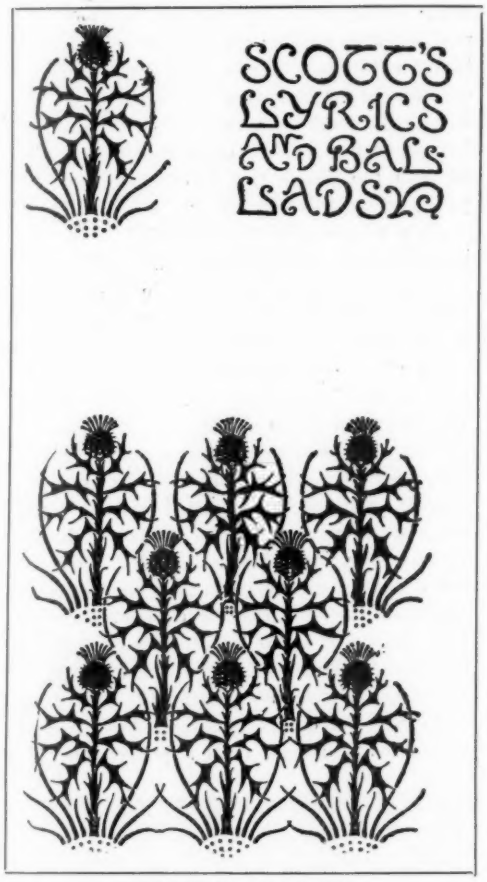
in mere specks, they would take as much gold as the most elaborate and solid pattern occupying the same space. Hence reticence in the use of gold—admirable as it must often be artistically—is, like other absence of display, not necessarily more economical.

3. The proportions of the detail to the surface. This is not so easily settled, yet to-day, when the bookbinders employ fabrics, some as smooth as polished calf, others as rough as coarse sackcloth, it is plain that the pattern should be planned for the fabric, or the fabric chosen for the pattern, since if either fail to harmonise it would spoil the effect of the decoration. The symmetry of the whole design is also a thing not to be explained in words, yet it is of enormous importance. As a rule, not enough margin is allowed, the backs are too "spotty," and the broad masses of plain surface—or some regularly recurring diaper, or interlaced pattern—not sufficiently considered.

In planning the colours, gold is first and best; since platinum has come into use, silver, once banned owing to its rapid oxidization by exposure, may now be trusted to stand well. In certain cases a mixture of red gold with silver may be employed happily. Black, as a rule, looks cheap, and its varnished surface ill accords with the dull texture of the cloth. Bright colours on dark cloth are rarely satisfactory, although *Art Out of Doors*,



DESIGNED BY F. C. TILNEY



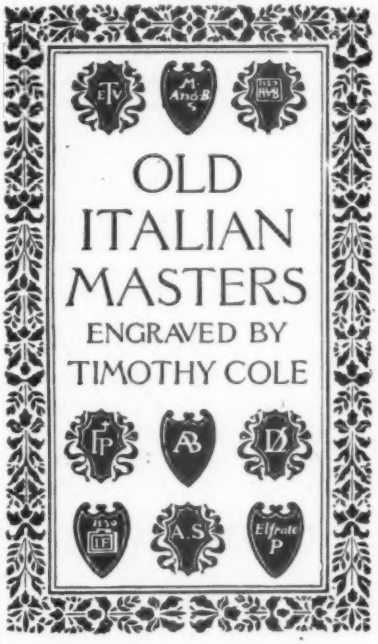
DESIGNED BY F. C. TILNEY

a book issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, with a white device on olive-green cloth, is a notable exception; but dark pigment on light cloth may be admirably treated, especially when the pigment is of the same colour in deeper hue.

The cloth with a broken colour, so popular to-day, is obtained by using the back of the fabric. In this way crude orange cloth may yield a delicate salmon; a staring red may supply a dainty flesh-colour, or a strong blue yield a cool greyish blue. The white threads of the fabric, having only taken the colour in their interstices, the effect of the back is that of a woven, not of a painted, fabric. The old-fashioned cloths—grained to imitate leather, with heavy opaque colours—are not in favour to-day, nor are those with arbitrary patterns impressed in the material before it is fixed to the millboard of the covers.

Of the designs that are shown to illustrate this paper nothing could here be set down except praise. First, because they mostly deserve it;

secondly, because if they left points open to objection it would be rather ungenerous to apply a

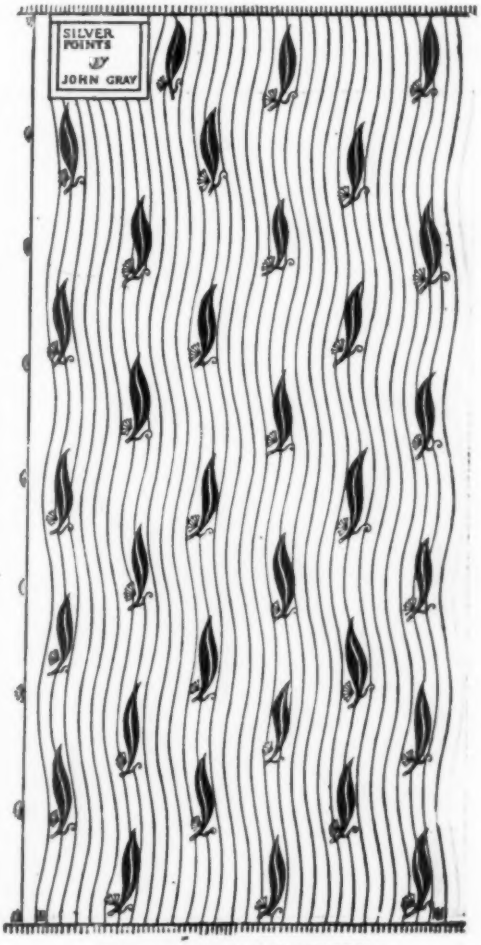


DESIGNED BY HAROLD B. SHERWIN

drastic criticism to examples lent us as specimens to illustrate the improvement of the cloth cover. Nearly all are planned for gold upon colour. Mr. Selwyn Image's design — executed in red gold upon vellum—for the large paper edition of *The Tragic Mary*, was also issued in black on brown paper for ordinary copies, and it is difficult to say in which form it was most charming. *The Sphinx* is designed for gold upon vellum; *Silver-points* I have already mentioned; *The Key of Blue* is in gold on cream colour. The cover of *Sir Edward Burne-Jones* is in pale blue upon a still lighter cloth; the *Herrick* is in gold upon coloured cloth, with a vellum panel; and *The Butterfly* is gold upon a light brown mottled cloth. The rest are intended either for gold on moderately light cloths, or for printing in a darker shade upon the fabric. For nearly all these cases quiet tertiary colours are used, mostly on the back of the cloth before described.

To-day is essentially a time when mean things are done so finely that future ages may refer to it as a period when the minor arts attracted the genius and energy now—from modesty or timidity —diverted from heroic enterprises. So as we collect the bric-à-brac of certain periods, and pay thousands for a piece of porcelain or some other article of the craftsman's production, it may be other ages will pass by our pictures and poems with a smile of contempt, and collect our book-covers, our short stories, and a hundred ephemeral products, with keen interest. In place of the epic, a quatrain or a sonnet—instead of a fresco, a black and white sketch; no longer a cathedral, but a book-cover; such, it seems, will be the verdict of the historian of the closing years of the nineteenth century. Yet Nature, who is perfect in trifles as in universes, is not wholly wronged thereby; the finishing touches of a cycle of art ofttimes attack the smallest details. GLEESON WHITE.

For permission to reproduce the designs illustrating the above article our thanks are due to Messrs. Bell & Sons, Messrs. Dent & Co., Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, Mr. Fisher Unwin, and Mr. Ravenhill.—ED.



DESIGNED BY CHARLES RICKETTS

THE "SECESSIONISTS" OF GERMANY.

THE Secessionists of Germany are at last beginning to be heard of here, and the publication of a sumptuous collection of reproductions from their pictures by the Berlin Photographic Company cannot but attract still more attention to them. They must not be taken as merely a German equivalent of the New English Art Club; nor as a Teutonic version of the Rose-Croix; but looked upon as a not very clearly defined group of artists who have many aims in common with the Glasgow School. In short, they are neither absolutely devoted to *plein air* on the one hand, or fettered in abstract symbolism on the other.

Romance, we are daily told, is in the air. The old glamour, banned by realists and actualists, is once again upon us. This is an oft-repeated but rash statement. Romance is not, and never was, the peculiar property of idealists; nor is it invariably absent from the works of most distinguished realists. What would actually seem to be once again coming to the fore is the allegory—from the banks of the Nile and elsewhere. Pictured moralities invariably attract appreciative spectators from all classes. Indeed, they appeal almost as surely to one-half of mankind as pictured immoralities do to the other. You may paint a man and woman in the fields so as to result in a bare transcript of facts in close competition with a photograph, or you may add a touch of poetry, as in the *Angelus*, a typical instance of realism-plus-romance. Or, again, you may prefer to clothe them in old-time costume, or none at all, and turn the whole into an allegory—to be called *Summer and Autumn—Time and the Earth—The Great Enigma*—or anything you please, and bid it represent, not one single couple in a given field, but a personification of abstract emotions or incidents, more or less vaguely interpreted by the audience. Some people find allegories everywhere, in the most modern details

"MOONLIGHT-NIGHT" FRITZ STROBENTZ

"SOLITUDE" OTTO ECKMANN

of the daily round, in subjects like *First Class and Third Class—The Railroad of Life*. Telegraph posts and electric lights have been turned to the uses of the parable, in pamphlet and in pigment; with no less certainty of conveying moral sentiments than churchyards in sunset or figures of *Night and Dawn*. So long as the immortal *Pilgrim's Progress* yet claims both lettered and unlettered alike, and the second part of Goethe's *Faust* witches and perplexes the scholar, we need not feel compelled to proffer excuses for this class of art. Is it not the direct descendant of the oldest forms of popular literature—the Bestiaries and emblem-books — where anecdotes and homilies were expressed in symbols?

The love for fables being so widespread, especially among northern peoples, there is no doubt but that their revival in the school now grouping itself around the standard of the Secessionists will find ready welcome here. Even as the patriotic-domestic sentiment of the fisher-folk the Newlyn School depicted, won a quick entry into English hearts, for a technique that by itself had never attracted them, so when the Germans speak in the hieroglyphic language of humanity, they will be appreciated by many outside their empire. As when Latin was a universal language, the creed it enshrined did not fail to attract because many who had even less acquaintance with it than with their own vernacular understood its idiom vaguely. Sentiment, combined with modified interpretation, is often more appreciated by the people than are clearly logical scientific statements of facts.

The Secessionists, however, must not be limited to painters of allegory alone. Nor do they show a narrow expression of individuality—a specially distinct likeness of manner such as that which characterised the early years of the Newlyn School, when each recruit was obviously more or less closely following the methods of Messrs. Stanhope Forbes and Walter Langley. From Von Udhe, with his Bible scenes in anachronistic costumes, to Franz Stuck, with his German interpretation of classic art; from Liebermann, a *plein air* disciple, Klinger, a romantic realist, to Hoffmann and Heine, who at times come nearer the

more fantastic conventions of Rothenstein or Aubrey Beardsley—the school, so far as this selection shows, is little more than a convenient meeting-place for irreconcilables of all sorts. All, however, being united in a distinct artistic rebellion, and not merely in a revolt against the fashion of popular art, although sworn foes to the hackneyed and commonplace.

"BATHING" L. V. HOFFMANN

Hereafter it is the intention of THE STUDIO to devote illustrated articles to some of the more prominent men; so that even the briefest sketch of the aims and methods of the painters represented in these portfolios may be deferred. Nor must it be supposed they are all so "advanced" or "decadent"—whichever word you prefer to signify their evolution, or re-action. The examples reproduced have been deliberately chosen to exhibit the more pronounced styles, without encroaching on the ground to be more fully explored later. Hence, Von Udhe, Franz Stuck, Liebermann, Klinger, and Thoma are unrepresented, although several very typical examples of each are included in the collection; which it may be said is produced in a manner that leaves no room for objection. Photogravure has never proved a more valuable ally to art than in these excellent specimens of its work. Especially when you realise that for six guineas it is possible to issue a series of pictures which, appealing only to a limited audience, would have been practically impossible by the more costly process of mezzotint or etching. More costly because, to obtain results surpassing

"A STREET SCENE" FRANZ SKARBINA

these, one must have commissioned artists of the highest rank, who, like Frank Short or William Hole, have raised the art of reproduction to a level that may be fairly set beside the best efforts of original work in the same methods.

For all interested in modern art it would be hard to find a more pleasant way of spending a few hours than (together with another enthusiast) in studying and discussing these examples of a most interesting movement. Vitality is their distinguishing feature. Strongly reminiscent at times of other nationalities, they are almost without a trace of the peculiarly "Teutonic" decoration, which is florid, overloaded, and at times, to English tastes, coarse in superabundant ornament, both in the florid *abandon* of the German rococco and the equally florid extravagance of the German Neo-Gothic. To congratulate the artists is easy, but it must not be offered in a patronising manner. To take a superior tone would be impertinent; for it is doubtful if England could produce a more interesting selection from the studies of our younger men; certainly it would need no little search to bring together so much that is exciting, if not always convincing. The Glasgow School, who are peculiarly in touch with new Munich, would be large contributors no doubt—as one would have to choose examples from the New English Art Club—Newlyn, St. Ives, and the various unclassified artists in the great metropolis, especially those on the staff of *The Dial*, the *Hobby Horse*, and exhibitors at the Arts and Crafts. The editor who should induce these artists to be illustrated side by side under one title, would be a fortunate man; probably the forlorn attempt would exhaust the most energetic.

The especially noticeable illustrations we reproduce here are: Fritz Strobentz's *Moonlight Night*, Hoffmann's *Bathing* and *On the Sea Shore*, Victor Thomas's *In the Studio*, Otto Eckmann's *Solitude*, Heine's eccentric *Dream*, and *A Street Scene* by Franz Skarbina.

All of these speak for themselves, except that one must always remember a reproduction of a reproduction is a shadow of a shade.

"IN THE STUDIO" VICTOR THOMAS

Therefore the high praise deservedly bestowed upon the photogravures themselves may read over-eulogistic by the side of the blocks printed here. So much is inevitable; but for the benefit of those who cannot afford to purchase the complete set, it is possible to obtain certain prints singly. That the publication will help to arouse a wider taste for the Secessionists is indubitable, and ere

"ON THE SEA-SHORE" L. V. HOFFMANN

long no doubt one may hope to see a movement for a representative collection of their works in London. It must not be forgotten that several of their members are already well known here, and that their popularity is assured, although possibly their influence on our English art is unmarked. The New Testament themes in modern dress of Von Udhe, for instance—to take a prominent example familiar for several years past—have not inspired many English painters to attack similar subjects. At present the cosmopolitan interest in art reacts so quickly that oftentimes the imitator is recognised before the original he follows has been widely seen; so that possibly some modern English work should be attributed to study of the Secessionists had we documentary evidences of dates to prove who first developed some particular rendering common to both nations, and yet not apparent in the contemporary work of other countries.

For, setting aside the delight that consummate technique affords, which may, or may not, be entirely satisfying in the majority of the originals of these photogravures, there can be little doubt that their literary interest, the fresh composition and fine achievement in the decorative disposition of their masses, make up an exceedingly pleasant total. So that one feels they represent a school which must exercise some influence on English art; or perhaps, to take another view, they show evidence of the new influences affecting all European art, which has already found its exponents in our so-called Pre-Raphaelite and Grosvenor Gallery schools, and is now beginning to affect the art of the Continent. Whichever be the ultimate verdict of history, it is distinctly a hopeful sign for the art of our own day, to see it still attempting to reconcile precedent with experiment; a course which has led to many disasters, but also to every new achievement in the arts. G. W.

We are indebted to the Berlin Photographic Company for kind permission to reproduce the illustrations accompanying this article.—ED.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPH. BY ALFRED MASKELL.

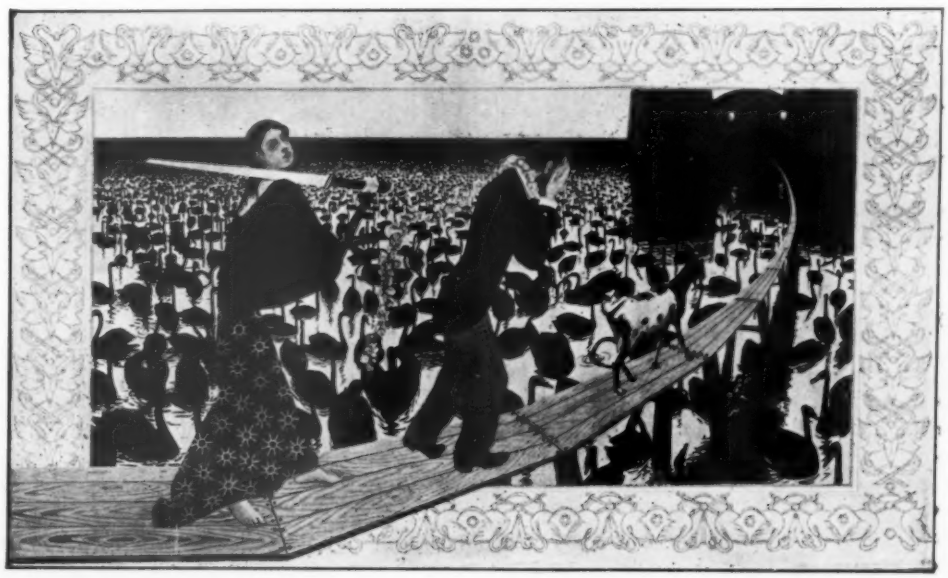
THE success of the first exhibition of the Photographic Salon at the Dudley Gallery last year ensured its stability as an annual institution, and the promoters may be congratulated upon one of increased interest, and, it may be said, of improvement taught by experience gained, in the results which they present this year to the public.

It is still necessary, and it may be necessary for some years to come, that people should be instructed as to the aims and objects of the Society by which this exhibition is organised. Photography appears to have some aspects—personal, individual, and absolutely apart from purely mechanical con-

siderations—concerning which considerable misconception continues to prevail. It is almost impossible, for the moment, to dissociate it from the multifarious applications of a process which, interesting as it may be from many points of view, has, in its ordinary form, nothing but what is rightly associated with a mechanical industry. A photograph, to most minds, means, in the first place, the production of the workshop of the professional photographer which is dignified by the name of portrait; next, the transcripts of nature reflected, as it were, in a Claude mirror and fixed on paper by the cunning of opticians and chemists; and lastly, the innumerable series of views, snapshots and other reproductions which fill countless albums, and are in the power of almost any one to produce. These are photographs, and since the beginning of photography they have properly been treated only with the amused condescension of all whose conception of art is outraged by so much resemblance and yet so great a difference.

But there is yet another point of view which may reasonably, for the time being at least, claim a little serious consideration. The pictures at the Photographic Salon are bound to stand or fall upon the question whether they are produced through the agency of a machine alone, or whether the producer has been able to use the implements at his disposal as tools, equivalent, in some degree at least, to the brush of the painter, the pencil of the draughtsman, or the needle of the etcher, and to oblige them to act as his servants, instead of (as is undoubtedly the case with most photographs) as his masters.

The photographer who presents the outcome of his handicraft at the Photographic Salon, desires to claim no credit for any part of it which is done for him mechanically. He sets the results before us as graphic representations in black and white, which are to be judged by the same standards as are applied to any other black and white work. Photography is a method depending upon the relations of tone, upon the translations of the colours of nature by their oppositions of light and shade, and the relative values of one to the other. The drawing, it must be allowed, is not within the power of the photographer to control, although he claims to be able to exercise certain methods of suppression and modification. That he can do this has been denied by those whose acquaintance with the subject is limited, but it has been proved by the work of some landscape photographers, and, in the case of portraits, notably by Mr. Bergheim in some of his recent productions. So accustomed are we, however, to the prevailing ideas concerning photography as a mechanical process, that we are apt to attribute every effect to this source, and to overlook points which in fairness should be allowed to be due to the personal influence of the worker and the direct control of a tool which otherwise would take a different direction. Examples of photography to which we have, until lately, been accus-

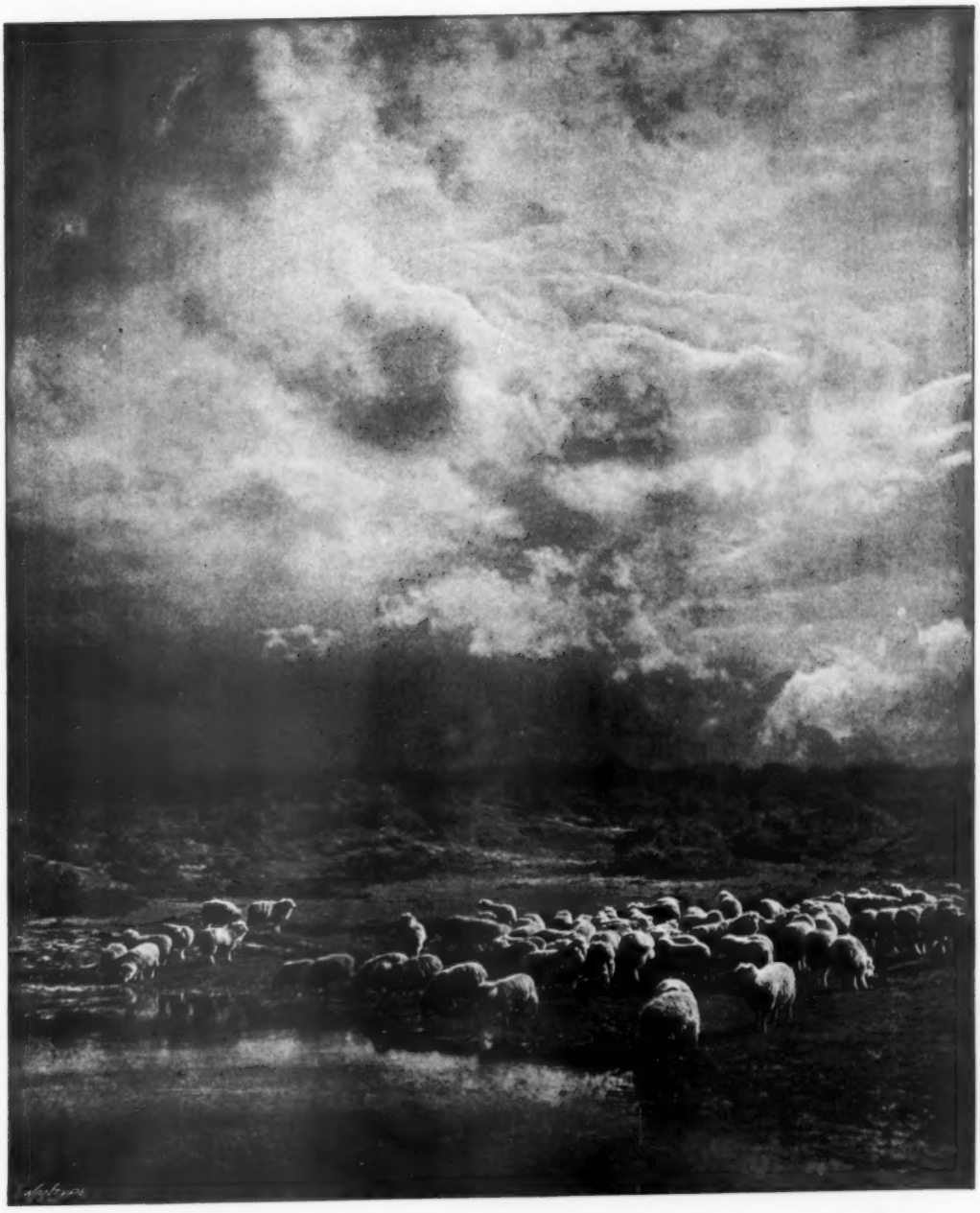


"A DREAM" THOMAS THEODOR HEINE

tomed, more especially the mechanically produced work of the professional photographer, and the views with which tourists fill their albums, have indoctrinated us with a fixed idea that nothing higher, nothing better, is capable of being done. The difference, however, is not a very subtle one, nor one which requires more than an acquaintance with the methods of the newer school to understand. It involves a claim which is honestly put forward, and deserves at least an honest and impartial examination.

"PORTRAIT" BY L. HILDESHEIMER

The history of the change in ideas and methods which has recently taken place, and is daily increasing in the number of its admirers and followers, would appear to be, briefly, this. In the very earliest days of photography, some artists of not a little distinction in the world of painters practised with considerable success the new discovery. Their work is still existent, and in the calotypes of such men, for instance, as David Hill, we see evidences of personal influence and feeling which show similar aims to those that influence their successors to-day. In some respects their work is as good as any since accomplished. But in those days other ideas prevailed, and the teaching was lost. The mechanical accuracy of the camera created so much astonishment that it speedily came to be accepted as the sole idea of its powers. The optical perfection of lenses appeared to be the only thing worth aiming at, and for years the system continued to be trammelled by this obnoxious restriction. Some twenty years ago, Mrs. Cameron, a lady of the highest intelligence and artistic feeling, astonished the world by her pictures, which were produced in direct contravention of existing ideas and in defiance of the perfected lens, which she resolutely declined to use. Storms of disapprobation and scathing denunciation arose, opticians and chemists feared that their newly-found occupation would be ruined, and again the gleam of light which had given hopes of the elevation of photography to something more than the work of a machine became, to all appearance, extinct. But the effect had been produced in the minds of thinkers, and some worked steadily on the same lines. Then, again, some five or six years back, a revolt arose against the tyranny of optics and lens-makers, against the minutiæ of detail, the glossy surfaces, the mathematical precision, and the wholly mechanical nature of the existing photograph. Some abandoned the lens completely and used more pliable mediums: half the paraphernalia of the chemist's shop, with its weights and balances and mathematical formulæ, were thrown overboard, and it became recognised that the great object to be aimed at was to show that individuality was possible in photography. A small body of enthusiasts cut themselves adrift from the scientific society which aspired to lead even upon points which were beyond its understanding; they talked of "the new movement," of modernism, of the modernist photographer, and what not else; and in order to show the evidences of the faith which was in them they organised the first Photographic Salon last year. They have chosen for their home the Dudley Gallery, where from time to time the New English Art Club is installed, with which, in some respects, their ideas



"STORM CLEARING OFF."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY H. P. ROBINSON

BY J. CRAIG ANNAN

and the reason of their existence are identical. It is only reasonable to give them a fair hearing and a fair trial, and in doing so it should be remembered that, with so short a past on which to look back, it would be unjust to base our judgment solely upon the examples which we may find set before us this year. It is the system which is on trial, and not the men. If the first be defective, it will speedily fall to the ground; if the fault lie with the men, it is but right to endeavour to see what promise there is in their work, and to anticipate that every year will bring improvement.

The exhibition having been so recently opened, it has not been found possible to give many illustrations in this number of THE STUDIO. The first, *Storm Clearing Off*, is by Mr. H. P. Robinson, who has perhaps been prominent at exhibitions for a longer period than any other living photographer, and a persistent writer upon the higher claims which have been made for photography. More than that, he has been a teacher to whom a great many owe whatever position they may hold to-day. Mr. Craig Annan, on the other hand, had been scarcely heard of until last year, when the work exhibited by him was a leading feature of the Salon. His smaller pieces this year are full of colour and suggestion: they are as far removed from the ordinary snapshot as anything can well be. Mr. Hildesheimer is a well-known Viennese photographer of distinction.

The Photographic Salon can certainly be recommended as a place to be visited by all lovers of pictorial art. The painter will find in it things which will interest him even if he remains still unwilling to grant it any very high distinction.

ALFRED MASKELL.

Our customary article *From Gallery, Studio, and Mart*, is unavoidably held over this month through press of other matter.

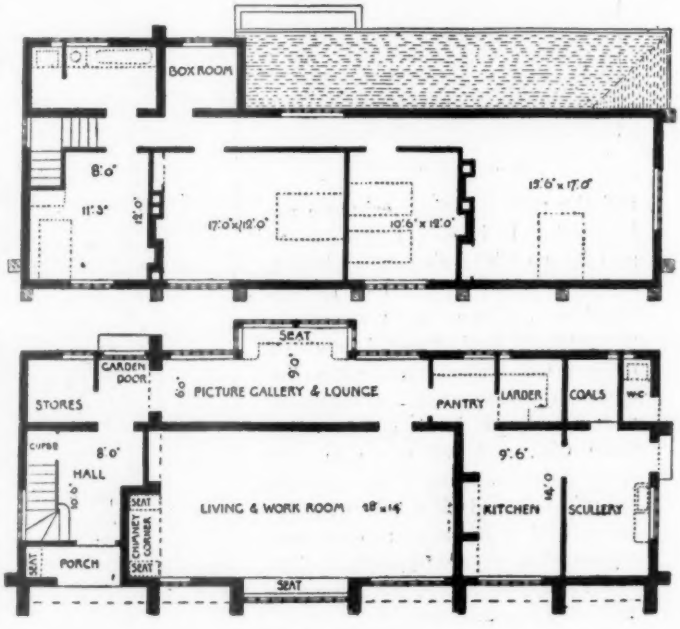
"A FRANCISCAN" BY J. CRAIG ANNAN

A COTTAGE — FRONT ELEVATION

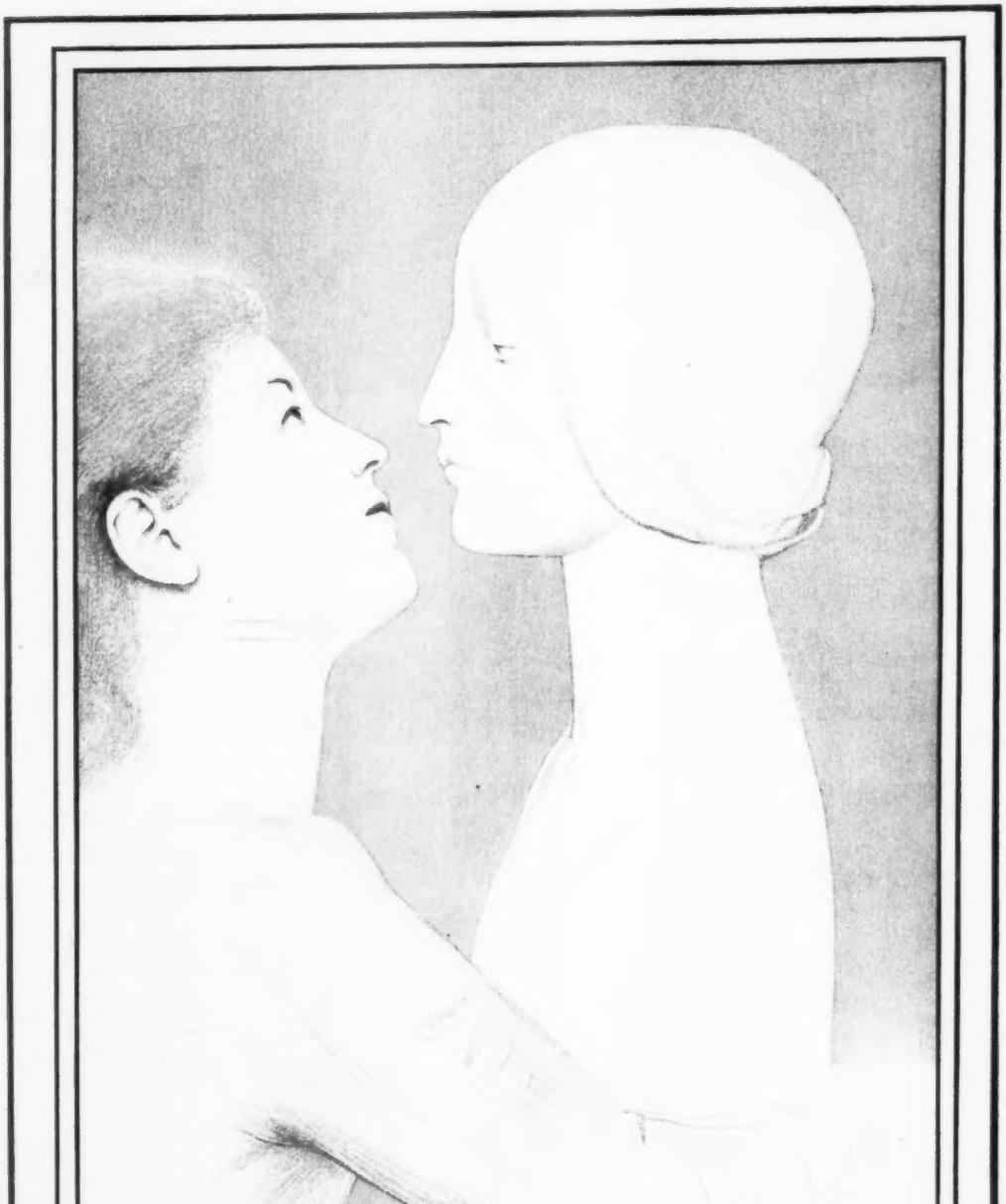
AN ARTIST'S COTTAGE. DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY.

THE cottage, designed by Mr. C. F. A. Voysey, which by his kindness we are permitted to illustrate here, is so typical an example of a style he has carried out in many similar instances, that a few details of its purpose and construction may be not uninteresting, especially as a picture-gallery — a rather unusual feature in a house of its size —marks it as an abode for art-loving people, did not the reticent simplicity of its whole treatment, combined as it is with finely proportioned masses, reveal the fact beforehand.

This cottage was designed some years ago to be built with the best materials and in a sound and durable manner, yet as cheaply as possible, the total cost being estimated at from £700 to £800. The walls are brick, rough-cast on the outer face in cement, and afterwards lime whitened. The timber is solid and tarred, bedded in and filled between with breeze concrete, and the roof covered with boards, felt, and green slates. The external woodwork is painted bright green, thus producing a clean simple combination of colour designed to harmonise with the greens of surrounding trees and hills. The ground-floor is arranged of solid cement and breeze concrete, well tarred and boarded on the surface. All mouldings are omitted, except where of practical advantage. Hot and cold water is laid on to the bath-room from the kitchen range. The ceilings of the bedrooms are slightly in the roof, and the rooms are ventilated by means of 9 × 9 in. exhaust air-flues at the side of the smoke-flues.



PLAN OF THE ABOVE



W. Griggs, Chromo-lith.

EUGENE GRASSET AND DECORATIVE ART IN FRANCE. BY OCTAVE UZANNE.

In the France of to-day there is assuredly no dearth of artists and sculptors. The supply may even be said to exceed the demand. Votaries of landscape, history, portraiture, book illustration, not omitting the *fantaisistes*, can be reckoned by the thousand. They group themselves into countless schools, whose very names we recall with difficulty. The number of picture-shows increases every year, and the lover of art, dazed by the quantity of successive exhibitions, has neither the leisure nor physical endurance necessary for visiting all of them; beginning, as they do, with the most advanced homes of modernity and symbolism, and ending with those most stereotyped in the jaded traditions of the old masters. This condition of things, though we regard it now with complaisance, can only give us anxiety with regard to the future. For it would be entertaining to study with prophetic spirit the ultimate destiny of all these works, or to guess the uses to which our descendants will put this plethora of painted canvas, the source of which seems so inexhaustible.

All these pictures can only have a relative value, for it is not absolutely imperative to plaster our walls with old-fashioned portraits, country or marine pieces and *genre* pictures; where, from long hanging in the same place and in the same light, they end by offending our sense of vision. Painted works are being sold for less and less; our shops to-day are stacked with pictures, and scarcely any business is done. The bargains one comes across are so frequent, that even with a secret desire for speculation one must forbear taking advantage of them under penalty of ruining oneself and over-running the house.

While art emporiums are overflowing with practically miles of canvas, still awaiting purchasers, and in every direction schools for male and female students are being opened, thereby threatening us in the near future with an invasion of daubs even more formidable than that which we endure already, our artistic industry is in danger of remaining stationary; and after seeing so much productive talent expended during the last seventy-five years with questionable profit or result, we realise that we possess neither decorative art nor novelty of style. In England, a movement that makes progress every day has manifested itself for more than thirty years—a movement endowing architecture, furniture, and even ordinary and domestic articles, with a veritable springtide of form, arrangement and colour. The few Frenchmen who travel in the United Kingdom are at once impressed by the taste which presides at the fitting-up of an English home, the incomparable art shown in the mural decorations, the woodwork, chairs and pottery.

The harmonious and unemphasised scheme of decoration followed in the private and reception rooms of the great English towns, appears to them quite charming in its dainty simplicity; accustomed as they are at home to mere repetitions of Louis XIV. and Louis XVI. styles, they experience a refreshing sense of novelty like the breath of a perfume. The fascinating element of originality in English decoration is as soothing as the first signs of early spring, and we must admit, however grudgingly, that in decorative art France is barren and unproductive. The manifold causes of this sterility demand a long inquiry quite out of place here, but we can trace back its origin to our great Revolution, which undermined her constitution too seriously to admit the possibility of any issue for a long time to come.

Yet, if we have not learnt under the third Republic how to possess ourselves of that superb

PORTRAIT OF GRASSET, BY HIMSELF

A TRAVERS LES AGES

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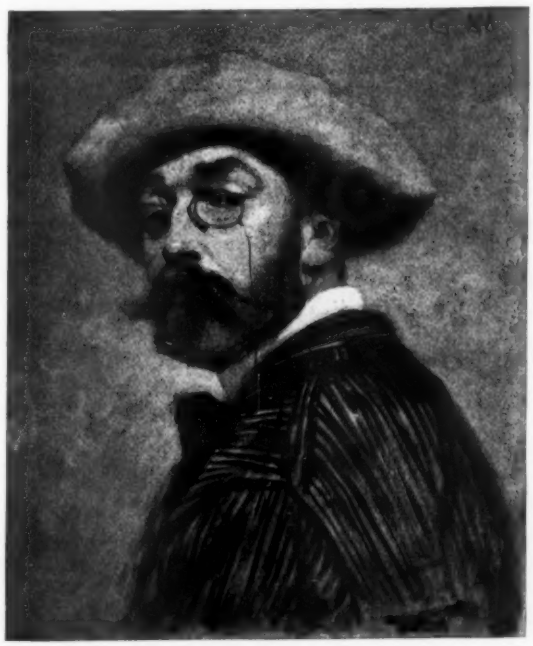
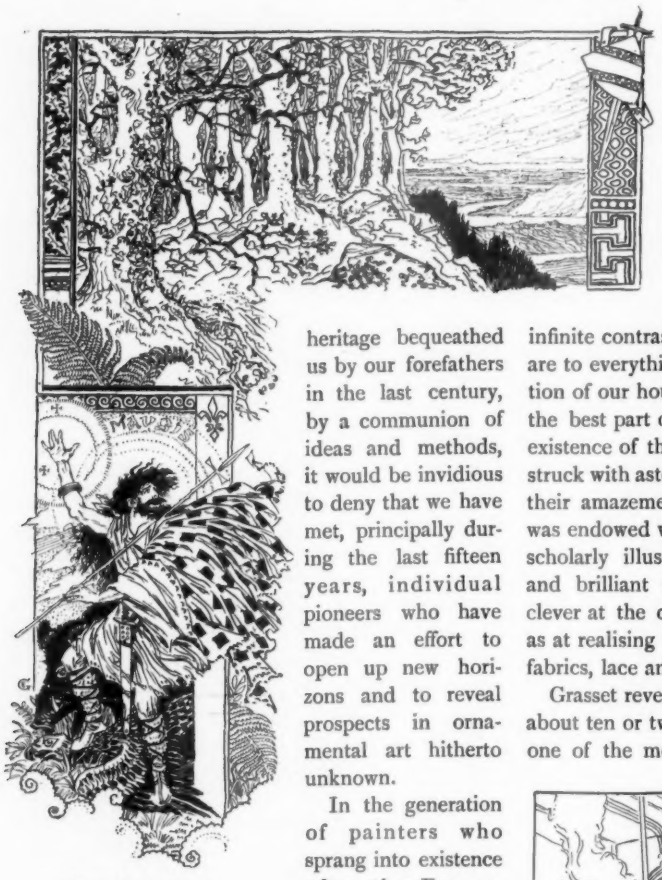


PORTRAIT OF GRASSET, BY HIMSELF



DESIGN FOR MENU

heritage bequeathed us by our forefathers in the last century, by a communion of ideas and methods, it would be invidious to deny that we have met, principally during the last fifteen years, individual pioneers who have made an effort to open up new horizons and to reveal prospects in ornamental art hitherto unknown.

In the generation of painters who sprang into existence after the Franco-German war, one comes across several curious and interesting craftsmen eager for a Renaissance of industrial art—men who, amid the mysteries and earnest toil so characteristic of the studio, evolved themselves, so to speak, from an observation of nature alone, having no recourse to the useless patronage of the schools or the blind support of the State.

Among those most deserving to be signalled out in an essay of some length is Eugene Grasset, whose recent exhibition of work displayed so rare a talent as to assign him a place in the first rank of those who strive to become innovators, and to point out the road for others to follow. Æsthetes and those who look about for original work, were last summer united in a common enthusiasm at the *Exposition de Cent*, organised by a young school of artists and literary men whose acknowledged mouthpiece is the journal *La Plume*.

At the little exhibition in the Rue Bonaparte, Eugene Grasset had collected the greater portion of his work: ornamental drawings, sketches for architecture, furniture, and other articles executed from his designs; various water-colours illustrating ancient as well as modern subjects; studies for stained glass (one of them destined for the window competition for the Cathedral at Orleans), specimens of illustration, book-covers, posters, &c.

When confronted with the extraordinary versatility of his style, the infinite contrast in his conceptions, applied as they are to everything that can contribute to the decoration of our houses (those caskets where we enclose the best part of our life), every one ignorant of the existence of this modest and painstaking artist was struck with astonishment. It is easy to understand their amazement, because Grasset proved that he was endowed with talent in the triple character of scholarly illustrator, skilled architect, *fantaisiste* and brilliant decorator; one who was quite as clever at the composition of cartoons for tapestry as at realising the combinations possible in textile fabrics, lace and furniture.

Grasset revealed himself to us as an illustrator about ten or twelve years ago, when there appeared one of the most beautiful books of the century,

"JEANNE D'ARC AT ORLEANS"

FROM THE "QUATRE FILS AYMON"

published by Gillot in quarto, with the title of *Histoire des Quatre Fils Aymon.*

The heroic story, which belongs both to our popular literature and national legends, the so-called *Romance of Chivalry*, had never been illustrated except in the shape of poor little tracts with naïve pictures, small editions of which wandering pedlars used to sell in country places. No one, indeed, could have guessed the extraordinary book Grasset was going to make out of the touching old legend.

Each page of the text is surrounded by a coloured composition equal to the picture of a master, and the painter's knowledge is combined with an exquisite art that is absolutely original, and not merely copied from the illuminator.

It is a curious thing that this splendid work fell flat on its appearance, and I remember even now how I experienced the joy of the bibliophile when I first saw this masterpiece. I remember how I gave expression to my feelings by a chorus of sincere eulogy in that old review, *Le Livre*, in which I had the pleasure of exercising the office of panegyrist on great occasions. This being an exceptional one, we were happy to have done something to conquer the cold indifference on the part of the public which at first greeted the appearance of the book.

The chromo-lithographic execution of this edition of the *Quatre Fils Aymon* was, it is true, beyond all praise, and Charles Gillot, the first photo-engraver in Paris, had superintended the reproduction of the book in his workshops with fastidious care, in regard to the colour-printing and placing of the blocks; but, however perfect the reproductive process, it only emphasised the merits of the illustrator, who disclosed archæological qualities that one has never perhaps met in the same degree, coming from the pencil of a designer.

The epic of the ancient Gauls lived again in his superb pages, where the battle pieces, enough to humiliate Gustave Doré, followed on prospects of country wasted by the fire of invaders.

In the smallest details the artist showed an astonishing knowledge of mediæval armament; his war machines firmly hoisted against the corbels of fortresses, or fixed in the trenches, or his city gates are rendered with clearness and precision, and do not reveal an error in construction. Viollet-le-Duc would have gaped at the display of so many specimens of that primitive artillery which rained down

FROM THE "QUATRE FILS AYMON"

fire and stones on the besieged in so rude a fashion.

The storming of towns from the height of long scaling ladders, ferocious combats amidst sumptuous Romanesque architecture; hideous gibbets profiled against the crest of hills—in short, the entire epic quality of these illustrations is conceived in a style and taste one hardly knows how to praise sufficiently. One feels that the author of these monumental water-colours has not only a capacity for scientific research, sharpened and strengthened by study, but a superior grasp of the picturesque element in the days of chivalry and valour; he possesses a special genius for reconstruction analogous in some respects to that which Flaubert employed literally in *Salammbô*, or Theophile Gautier in the *Roman de la Momie*. To interpret without vulgarity or banality the heroic tale of the *Quatre Fils Aymon*, something more than talent was required, and Grasset knew how to lavish with superb prodigality a skill that has no precedent in illumination; an unlimited knowledge of architecture, engineering, and landscape quite sufficient to astonish professionals and lovers of art who knew how to appreciate the difficulties that were overcome.

"ST. CECILIA"

DESIGN FOR A WINDOW

It is here, among these pages, at once so elaborate and so lucid, that one can appreciate the apostle of new conceits, new styles of ornament, never before given to the world, but dug out of some decorative botany that is still unpublished. Although at first sight one would think that Grasset has consciously bowed to the influence of the Japanese, the Hindoos, or Persians, and assimilated in a vague way some of their methods, one has only to exercise one's criticism with greater perspicacity and observation to realise the mistake based on first impressions. It is from the study of rural life, from the grouping together of oft-repeated sketches, from the soundness of his taste mellowed by work, and from the contemplation of nature, that he has distilled the best part of his originality and talent. I do not know if Gillot's edition of the *Quatre Fils Aymon* has appeared in an English dress, or if the fastidious connoisseurs over the Channel could appreciate this unique book; but one could wish that such was the case, for any description, however enthusiastic, cannot express the quintessence of artistic power emanating from this publication.

Two years ago, in the review *L'Art et l'Idée*, I narrated at length, in the course of a first notice on Grasset, the biography of this painstaking artist. I can only here resume the principal phases in his career, and trace out, so to speak, the road he followed—a road, as will be seen, full of windings, ruts and stones.

Eugene Grasset, although long since a naturalised

Frenchman, was born in Switzerland about 1850, at Lausanne. From the windows of the house where his parents lived he could see the Savoy mountains, on which he loved to gaze. They have left on him indelible memories, and we often recognise them in his compositions, where the background of blue mountains diaper the perspective of his landscape. From his childhood he had a keen taste for drawing, and covered his copy-books with mannikins instinct with life and expression. He was passionately fond of pictures, being specially impressed with Gustave Doré's compositions, which he saw in the huge publications of the *Maison Hachette*. There was a supernatural, bold inspiration in these drawings very fascinating to him. His drawing-master, understanding the sincerity of his vocation, persuaded his parents to let him study painting. Grasset's father (all praise be to him) did not wish to oppose the artistic inclinations of his son; but fearing with some reason that a painter's profession would leave him to starve, tried to interest him in architecture. Grasset acquired an intense admiration for the monuments of Greece, the purity and linear simplicity of which delighted him. The architecture of the Middle Ages, on the other hand, filled him with indefinable uneasiness, and under the naves of Gothic cathedrals he felt an oppression bordering on fear, something similar to the "tyranny of mysticism."

POSTER FOR THE PORTE ST. MARTIN THEATRE

The young artist, who worked with an architect at Lausanne, made the acquaintance of a French sculptor of his own age, and went with him to Egypt. There he obtained a knowledge of the East, and also endured the sufferings of poverty. By the sale of some water-colours, painted in great haste (almost all of them were purchased by the Marquis de Bassano), he was rescued from his distress. Grasset then returned to Europe; he came back to Lausanne, where some decorative work enabled him to eke out an existence. Then he had to go to Paris to study the decorative requirements of theatres, and leaving there could not return till after the war of 1870. To get a living he made designs for textile fabrics and wall-papers; this was a golden opportunity to thoroughly master different styles. It was then that he realised how his talent should be exercised; in the evenings he attended an academy for a course of drawing; he familiarised himself with Japanese art, dipping into the encyclopædias of Hokusai and Utamaro, or the works of the master-illustrators of Nippon; in

short, he prepared himself with the utmost care to gain a supremacy over decorative art. Grasset learnt, especially in the course of his arduous

DESIGN FOR POSTER

studies and conscientious observation, that nature is the great teacher, the true educator, but that the mission of the true artist is less to copy than to express and interpret her; to metamorphose her by making her pass, so to speak, through the alembic of an individual temperament.

As soon as he was in the way of working on his own account, and no longer on a canvas of narrow limits, the ardent decorator, faithful to his motto, *Toujours plus haut*, chose works demanding a supreme effort both in the direction of research and in their execution. He accepted with eagerness the commission to design ornamental initial letters for the decoration of typographical printing, and from 1878 to 1882 he composed in the same style veritable little masterpieces, as exquisite as those of Geoffroy Tory and Bernard Picard in earlier times. About the same period he was engaged in engraving rather curious etchings, and he made for his colleagues a good many studies in perspective for which his architectural work stood him in good stead.

The first really original and personal efforts of the young artist were (can you believe it?) stories for children, naïve and accomplished; their style distinguished by the constant preoccupation for *Art, in all and above all*, which is the characteristic of Eugene Grasset.

Between whiles he designed with incomparable skill tapestry cartoons, unusually modern in decorative feeling, and he did his level best to release furniture and iron-work from their old-fashioned bonds and stale conventions. For the house of his friend Charles Gillot, the photo-engraver, this ever ingenious pioneer has designed exquisite furniture, marvellous chimney-pieces, and chandeliers in graceful and fantastic shapes, which cannot be too highly praised. For the *cabaret* of the *Chat Noir* he designed a swinging lantern that delights the hearts of all visitors to this Bohemian tavern. He has scattered broadcast the gems of his inventive faculty by devising personal trinkets, wrought-iron lamps and candelabra, curious chairs, wood cabinets in quite an original style, whatnots and bookshelves. He employs his great original powers in every direction; for he is one of those (alas! how few they are) who think, and think rightly, that art can with perfect propriety concern itself in fashioning a trifle; devising a trinket with the same care required for hewing out a heavy

DESIGN FOR POSTER

statue, or painting a picture on canvas. In this respect he shares, with the Japanese, a restless spirit and lavish taste, and ennobles all he touches.

DESIGN FOR BOOK-COVER

It was about 1881 that Grasset undertook the important task of illustrating the *Quatre Fils Aymon*, the work of which I have spoken before, thanks mainly to Charles Gillot, who had discovered his great gifts and had the perseverance to encourage him day by day in his arduous task. It was executed in two years, too hastily all the same for the artist's taste, as he wanted to contrive something even more perfect and refined; but I really think that Gillot rendered him a service in violating his inclination to gain time; because if he had not snatched away the superb book, piece by piece, Grasset might never have given it up of his own accord, owing to his love of minutiæ and desire to do better. Since then, the illustrator of the *Quartre Fils Aymon* has devoted himself entirely to depicting in colours the Gallic epics and legends of chivalry. He felt the veils of his imagination rent asunder, and found that he could realise the spirit of mediæval devotion. The cycle of Amadis no longer had any secrets for him. He saw in the radiance of his suddenly developed capabilities, the glorious epoch of mystic chivalry with its enchanted forests, its charmed world of fairies and wise soothsayers—the age of page-boys, of floating banners, equerries and paladins, valiant knights, varlets and dragon-slayers. He read Gregory of Tours and the histories of the lower Empire, the romances of chivalry in the *Bibliothèque Bleue*, and owing to his love of the fantastic, he devoted himself to reading Hoffmann, Edgar Allan Poe, and even Villiers de L'Isle Adam. His insight was, as it were, doubled by his desire to master everything and know everything. His predilection for the occult in respect to apparitions equals that of a Japanese artist, for he recognises the element of terror in the phantasmagoria of hallucination; and imparts a *frisson nouveau* (new shudder) into compositions of this kind. And I believe that in illustrating a book from the unscientific point of view, Grasset would give us a something unusually creepy.

For several years past this great artist, with the deliberation of a thinker and philosopher, has lived a retired life in Paris in his studio in the Boulevard Arago, indifferent to all flattery. There, with his beautiful work about him, I have learned to know and honour him, and have held him in the greatest affection. His life is solitary, for solitude only admits of any real work, engendered gradually, and matured in an environment of that silence so

DESIGN FOR BOOK-COVER

favourable to pregnant minds. Impervious to the theories of painter-cliques, or of men of the day, careless of fashion, without vanity of any kind, he seems to hide his personality with as much care as he does his works, with which he never allows himself to be satisfied. In spite of his reputation as a craftsman not often pressed to hand over a design "copyright free," Grasset has thrown into all branches of industrial art the spirit of a commanding personality. His cartoons for stained glass are, numerically speaking, quite extraordinary; his posters, his chromo-typography, his catalogue and book-covers, his tapestry panels, his designs for furniture of all sorts, his architectural work, his lithography, his innumerable decorative works, might furnish material for an iconography far more important than we would think. Among his principal achievements, his glass ware and stained windows do him the greatest credit, and those aërial transparent paintings will secure for his name the most lasting reputation. He has at his command a fund of resource, not merely due to the religious spirit pervading his compositions, but to his care in selecting beautiful iridescent glass, shimmering, *striated* and rich in tone, all of which he knows how to arrange in concert with M. Gaudin, the clever executant he has selected to produce them. The cartoons and small models which he exhibited at the Joan of Arc window competition for the Cathedral at Orleans, made an enormous impression on the artistic public who visited them last year at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. This portion of his work is assuredly the most beautiful and elevated, because, as M. Arsène Alexandre, a discerning critic, has judiciously remarked, "Grasset, without shirking the strict limitations of the craft, on the contrary revels in them, and manages in these stained windows, by the means of the lead lines, to produce perfectly legitimate surprises due to broad original experiments, and to his steeping himself with colour and light. The noblest composition, full of movement, rich and elaborate ornamentation, with striking, majestic, and warlike figures, becomes, in his hands, inspired by religion, fantasy and history." Among the stained windows *signed*

SCENE FOR THE OPERA OF "ESCLARMONDE"

SCENE FOR THE OPERA OF "ESCLARMONDE"

by Grasset, we must call attention to a small model executed with great boldness—a fragment of *La Tige de Jessé*, by Vic le Comte. The *ensemble* is wonderfully complete and the details are disposed in a masterly manner, quite astonishing to meet with nowadays. For the church of St. Lô, in Normandy, Grasset has composed some very beautiful figures of St. Joseph, St. François, St. George, St. Mary Magdaien, and St. Monica, intended for the windows of the *ogival* chapels. At St. Pierre de Chaillot in Paris, his stained windows are no less brilliant and distinguished. Then he has executed, in enamel, that ceramic art which the Italians call "the real painting for posterity," a delicious subject, with the device, *Sola cor meum commovet et aperit musica.* The figures have an angelic charm; they are musicians standing out in relief against a very modern landscape, but so misty and poetical that it seems as if the spirit of the old primitive masters had entered and rejoiced therein.

This descendant of the great craftsmen in art, furniture, stained glass, and books, turns his hand with the same complaisance to secular subjects, and without thinking it humiliation he gives himself ever to essentially modern decoration—namely, the most popular of all, the Parisian street poster.

In this special art he is essentially personal; his street placards rival the curious chromo-lithographs of Jules Chéret, that master of *genre*. He contrives eloquent "puffs" for a railway company, a library, an exhibition, or an industrial product, and all with a taste which will survive the things that occasioned them. On the one hand, we have *La Bierre Jacobsen*, *L'Encre Marquet*, *Le Chocolat Mexican*; on the other, *Les Fêtes de Paris*, *Jeanne d'Arc* at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, *Les Magasins de la Place Clichy*—posters in which design is wedded to colour with brilliant effect; spreading over the grey walls of the city veritable frescoes comforting to behold.

Reverting to illustration, this prodigy of *fantaisie* decorates the *Carte de Jean des Figues* by Paul Ariène, and illustrates covers for new publications, romances, reviews, and musical scores, whose success is henceforth absolutely assured by them. Besides all these works, here is furniture suggested by his friend Charles Gillot, or even by smart cabinet-makers, who have some notion of transforming the hideous shape of piano cases. Here are chests, cupboards, tables, bureaus, of which it would be necessary to have pictorial reproductions to give any adequate idea of new interest to their modern form.

At another time Grasset appears as a landscape painter, and at the recent *Exposition de Cent*, art-lovers vied with each other in getting his views of Paris, his Pyrenean mountains, his sunset fancies, his Arabian Night castles; pictures in oil or water-colour, where through the ripe talent, the matured and practised hand of the artist, you could see in the modern spirit of the style the qualities of a decorator, enamoured with visions of the old time, and of noble Romanesque architecture.

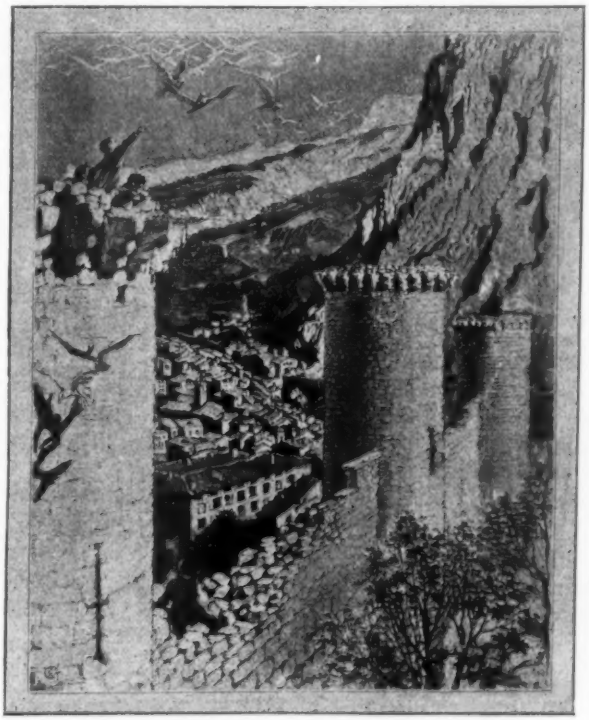


ILLUSTRATION FROM "JEAN DES FIGUES"

It would seem that one has never said everything in a few pages about a favourite artist whose value you want appreciated and understood, but as THE STUDIO can only furnish simple sketches of little importance and robbed of all colour, by way of illustrating an article such as this, the writer has been compelled to dwell on their general effect, and to avoid a pyrotechnic display of too dazzling a nature; seeing that he cannot show anything

worthy of the artist he writes of, in support of his contention. Some people have tried to attribute Grasset's talent by turns to the influence of the English Pre-Raphaelites, to Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Walter Crane. They talk of his art as an appanage to that of the Japanese and the Persians: this is sheer exaggeration; he owes everything to the gradual alchemy of personal observation. If he has borrowed from any one, it is from Nature: it is in the flowers of our gardens and forests that Grasset seeks motives for decoration; he will paint daisies, poppies, and strawberry leaves as naturally and deliberately as a mediæval artist would have done. If he wants animals, he represents horses, cocks and hens sketched in a farmyard, and retouched according to his whim, deformed as fancy dictates. He will no more go to the exotic for his fauna than he does for his flora.

DESIGN FOR POSTER

Sometimes, it is true, he makes use of monsters, but he is careful to present only those that are perfectly familiar to our imaginations, such as dragons and chimeras, and he always constructs them on a logical basis. His women, who often form the principal motive of his decorative compositions, are neither Greek nor Roman. He never drapes them absolutely on antique lines. He clothes them in robes, better fitting and more beautiful than our dressmakers ever dream of.

On a celebrated poster he has introduced a lady of "Romanticist" days in the taste of Dèveria, but more often he paints creatures of dreamland or those he has evolved from the type of modern women. And this is why, in spite of their hieratic pose, the strange look in their eyes, and their red hair, they are no strangers to us, but rather please and captivate us because we can easily realise the feminine ideal they portray.

Moreover, like every true decorator, he has taken care to appreciate when and how Nature's colours lend themselves to transposition in the harmony of a composition. What matter if a sky be green, trees red, coursers and animals of mystic forest blue, running water a yellow sulphur tint, if the general effect of the fresco is enveloped in a pleasing atmosphere of gradations, and produces a startling unearthly impression.

Nature is synthetic in her colouring; she never

guarantees more than three tones—the tone of background, the tone of light, the tone of shadow. Such and such a plant, flower, or object only betray their true colour under atmospheric conditions when the light strikes from above, as is usually the case. To endow them with artificial colour, to transpose the value of backgrounds, shadow, and light should be the supreme achievement of decoration. The masters of all countries and all times have never acted otherwise, and our most celebrated tapestries charm us by the fantastic and agreeable unreality we detect in them.

It is one of Grasset's strong points that he has understood these things, and he has applied his principles with great courage to the execution of his works; for him the search for the beautiful does not cease to be the longed-for goal; he takes lessons from the past, and from exotic decorators new impressions; but from Nature alone he claims inspiration.

In the domineering and banal eclecticism of these days, it is fortunate that our decorative art can still boast a few artists of Grasset's vigorous calibre—artists who enable us not to despair of the future.

DESIGN FOR END PAPER FOR BOOK

"THE ROSARY" DESIGN FOR WINDOW

But democracy seems jealous of the aristocratic ideal in art; it does not favour, but exiles it. That is why we should recognise any of those who are struggling to give expression to their personality in pursuit of their vocation.

We should be pleased from time to time to introduce readers of THE STUDIO to some of those rare men who understand that an age of civilisation like ours should translate its beliefs, its ideas, its tastes, desires and dreams, by a communion of expression everywhere recognisable; at once general and particular, indistinct and precise; in a word, by an art applied to everything, permeating our homes and personal belongings.

Decorative style only can give full, trustworthy and constant testimony to an epoch, a race, and a country; that is the reason why we attach so much importance to it.

OCTAVE UZANNE.

PROVINCIAL ARTS AND CRAFTS.

AMONG the more unobtrusive developments of things artistic in our day may be reckoned the progress of Schools of Industrial Art in villages and small towns. These schools, not State-aided and only to a very limited extent

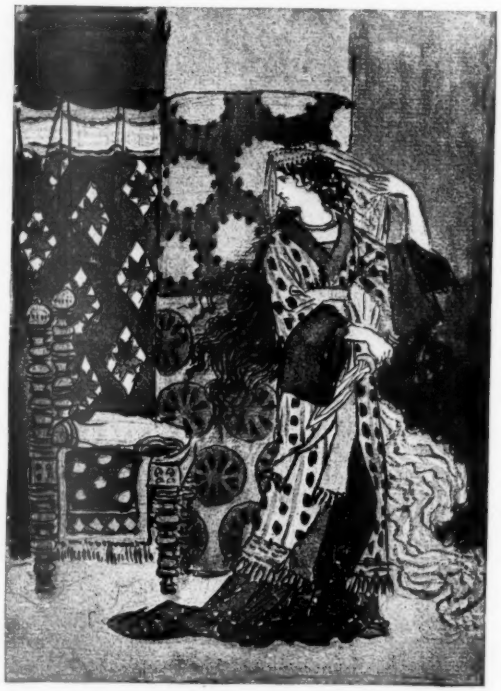
"L'ETUDE"

backed up by County Councils, are carried on by individuals for the benefit of rural populations. It is only necessary to point to Keswick, Kirkby Lonsdale, Ascot, and Devonshire cottage-art classes to show what good work can be produced in them. This is sound testimony to the taste and skill latent in English no less than in French or German working people. The substantial rewards which may be reaped, and the influence which the movement undoubtedly exercises in keeping the more ambitious artisans and labourers contentedly in the country, and so preventing them from swelling the struggling crowd in large towns, is abundantly proved by the fact that Keswick alone received, in 1892, more than £1000 in payment for articles made in its modest school of industrial art.

Depôts for the sale of wood-carving, brass, copper and iron work, pottery, embossed leather, lace and linen, produced in rural schools of handicraft, have already been established by the Home Arts Association, and by the Rural Industries Co-operation Society in New Bond Street. Local exhibitions are also organised in those parts of the country which have as yet paid little attention to the establishment of handicraft classes; and it is the avowed purpose of the promoters to make these displays object-lessons in technical instruction, and typical of the kind of work that County Councils should aim to encourage by means of the grant handed over to them from the Customs and Excise duties.

A short time since it was my fortune to be intimately connected with one of these exhibitions in a western county, and to pass almost a whole week within its walls. On the principle that an ounce of experience is better than a pound of theory, a brief record of the impressions made by the exhibition in question on the mind of a person who had previously had little experience of collective "Arts and Crafts" may not be without practical value.

Beautiful work was exhibited from all parts of Great Britain—splendid brass and copper from Keswick; fine carving from Kirkby Lonsdale; sparkling metal from Corstorphine (Mid-Lothian); bold bent iron-work from Sunninghill and Curry Rivel; wrought-iron from Kingskerswell; and rich carving in relief and chip from the last-named place, Chelston, Kenton, and other places. Masterpieces in carving also came from Arthur Simpson, the well-known professional teacher on the shores of Windermere, and some most interesting pieces of



"LADY MACBETH" . . . FROM A WATER-COLOUR

A STUDY BY MORTIMER MENPES

furniture were also exhibited, made by a class of working lads in the hall of Buckland Abbey, Devon, under the superintendence of Mrs. Phillips, wife of the present tenant of this grand old house, rich in memories and memorials of Sir Francis Drake, the great west-country naval hero.

More strictly industrial products included brown wicker baskets from the women's industry at Letterfrack, Connemara; and decorated pottery from Allervale, Newton Abbot. The Swedish School, established in Regent Street, exhibited a good collection of the gaily-painted wooden articles familiar to travellers in Sweden. The examples of spinning and weaving sent by the same school, were far superior in interest and artistic merits to the wood-work, some of the designs carried out in portières, table-covers and cushions being exceedingly rich and harmonious in colouring. Embroidered specimens of the Bective and Langdale linen industries were also sent, but the price of these was so prohibitive, that in the light of this exhibition the revival of hand-loom weaving can only be considered as an archaic experiment of little commercial value.

Nearly all the articles exhibited were for sale, and this point is worth comment. Naturally each school exhibiting marked its own productions. It is only fair to say that in most cases the prices were moderate, considering the beauty and finish of the work; but the tendency to charge fancy prices, in some other instances, cannot be too strongly deprecated. Nothing would more easily give the Arts and Crafts movement a bad name with the general public than a disposition to put too high a price on its work. Hand-work of an artistic and solid character cannot indeed be turned out so cheaply as machine-made imitations of no intrinsic worth or enduring value; but only a reasonable allowance must be made for this difference if the establishment of rural industries is to be placed upon a sound commercial, and therefore permanent, basis. In this, as in all other departments of trade, combination is needed, so as to lead to community of interest between the schools, and also to enable them to arrive at agreement on the question of fair remuneration for articles of a similar character produced in different workshops. Why, for instance, two small framed mirrors, made within thirty miles of each other, carved in much the same pattern on the same kind of wood, should be priced two guineas and twenty-five shillings respectively, is an insolvable problem to the uninitiated. It is almost needless to remark that the lower-priced article found a ready sale in the case in question, while the dearer one was returned whence it came.

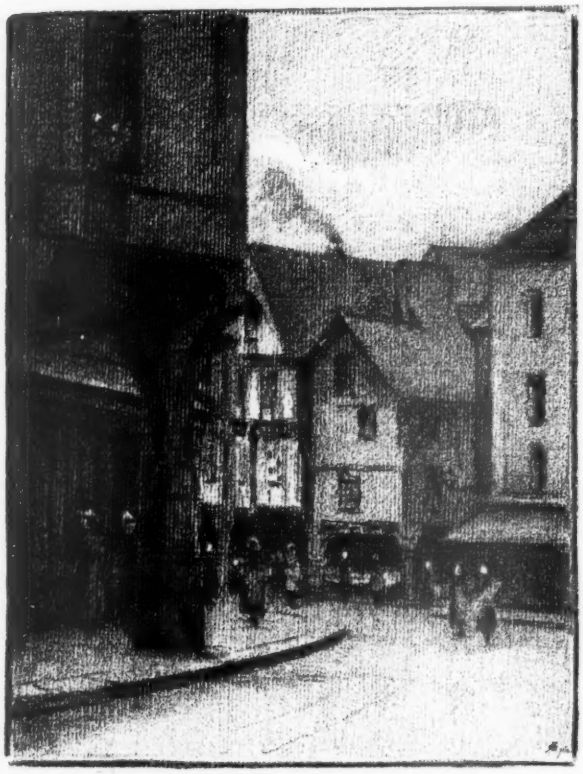
Agreement between schools of handicraft on the commercial side of the question would probably also lead to greater unity of purpose on the artistic side. At present it is bewildering to see so many different styles followed in even one and the same school, and disappointing to note the absence of any central idea on the part of English schools of handicrafts concerning what should be their aim either in reproduction or in original work. Oriental designs, Early English, and late Renaissance models, and realistic copies of natural objects, seem equally in favour with our art-craftsmen. The only novel departure in wood-carving is the chip, which has found great favour on account of the ease with which it can be worked after a little careful practice. But rich as the effect undoubtedly is on a small scale, this method of ornamentation is too formal and too closely resembles gem-cutting to be tolerable beyond a limited extent.

Genuine English taste probably prefers the oolder kind of semi-conventional carving associated with the Early Tudor period,* to either the luxuriant decorated of the Renaissance or the minute realism of later work. What is really needed to guide both craftsmen and buyers is a consensus of cultivated opinion on the direction that design and decoration, as applied to hand-made furniture and other household objects, should fitly take in the revival of home arts and industries which marks the closing years of the nineteenth century. Absolute uniformity would of course be most undesirable from every point of view, but no one can deny that the interior of most English houses are patchy in the extreme as regards the character of their adornment, and we legitimately look to the new schools of handicraft to correct this defect in the future by setting up a standard of suitability in design, no less than of excellence in execution.

The desirability of keeping the commercial aspect of Arts and Crafts well in view has not been ignored by some of its staunchest supporters. Mr. John Phillips, of Allervale, a successful west-

* A curious confirmation of the opinion that the natural direction of taste in England is for Early Tudor work recently came under my notice. Some fine old Flemish furniture, bought in Brussels in 1862, and said to have originally belonged to Rubens' house, in the Place de Meir, at Antwerp, was described in a sale catalogue at a southern watering-place as "Early English," and the auctioneer, on being remonstrated with for the incorrect designation, promptly replied that it was absolutely necessary at the present day to use the term in order to get people to come and look at the articles.

country potter and an enthusiastic handicraftsman, in a recent address strongly advocated the adoption of the domestic doll as a staple article of manu-



OLD HOUSES. DINAN

facture by certain provincial schools. He pointed out that thousands of pounds now sent annually to Germany for dolls might be thus kept in England, and that by the exercise of a very little ingenuity a much more artistic counterfeit of the human face and form could be produced. The address in question also contained a sound and much-needed reminder of the possibility of raising the general standard of good taste by the production of costly articles, *objets de luxe*, which can only be afforded by the very few.

It is evident that if genuine handicraft is to compete successfully with the machine-made articles with which the market is at present flooded, it must not work too exclusively on rich material, or aim in all cases at absolute perfection of finish. Fine design, simple decoration, and the suitability of both to the purposes which the various objects are meant to serve, are indeed indispensable; but utility and cheapness stand only next in importance. Many potters, now producing excellent work, lay themselves open to the charge of preaching and not practising, by manufacturing so large a number of purely decorative vases—many of which are of low price and lovely in form and colour—and at the same time devoting so little attention to objects of common daily use. Junket bowls at half-a-guinea are even in their own county not likely to attract housewives accustomed to give half-a-crown for this homely article; while a row of capable milk jugs or a butter dish in Devonshire *faïence* would be a sight to see in many a pantry, were they forthcoming at a moderate advance on the proverbial nimble ninepence. The instance of pottery is only one of many that might be selected for friendly criticism in connection with different schools of handicraft; but if the leaders of the movement will work together to bring about "the greatest good to the greatest number," we can have no hesitation in predicting that this interesting attempt to give fresh vitality to country life will prove of lasting benefit to all classes.

GRACE JOHNSTONE.

LETTER FROM ONE ARTIST'S WIFE TO ANOTHER. DINAN. ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR G. BELL.

DEAR N.,—I promised to let you have news of us from Brittany, and some information as to prices for board and lodging. I think the simplest plan will be to give you a rough summary of our own experiences and their money cost.

You know of course that we are a party of six—three adults and three children, the latter aged seven, eight and nine; so that wherever we go we have to multiply railway fares by six, though at hotels three children under twelve are counted as two.

Arrived at Dinan we decided to go first to one of the hotels on the Place du Guesclin. The drive there was delightful, the streets paved with uneven stones and lined with time-worn grey houses, their long roof lines broken by dormer windows, sloping up to a great height and brilliant with patches of many-hued lichens and stonecrops in full flower, proved a setting of wonderful beauty to the hurrying crowds. Clumsy carts drawn by two or three sturdy Breton horses wearing heavy wooden collars with the national dark blue woollen coverings, alternated with queer little equipages pulled by donkeys, country omnibuses with black awnings and curtains jostled those from

the hotels gorgeous with gold lettering, whilst now and then dashed past smart little gigs, generally containing two French ladies in brilliant summer array—one driving, the other chatting to her companion with much hand gesticulation.

As we turned into our Place we came into the very thick of the weekly market, and weary as we were we longed to set forth then and there to wander amongst the picturesque groups of buyers and sellers. All along the pavement were tethered cows and calves, many of the latter with their legs tied together in somewhat barbarous fashion; whilst in the centre of the market the peasants, some few in the true old costumes, were beginning to take down the booths and pack up their wares; others were harnessing the horses and donkeys to the queer old vehicles, many of which must have been made in prehistoric times; and others were making pathetic efforts to sell a promising cow or heifer even at the eleventh hour, the patient beast standing still whilst her mouth was pulled open to examine the teeth, probably for the hundredth time that day. If the sale were effected, the buyer struck the seller suddenly and sharply on the hand; if no bargain were made, the two parties in the discussion exchanged taunting remarks, to the delight of the bystanders, who were one and all ready with plenty of advice and criticism.

"I wouldn't have such a cow at a gift!" cried one. "I wouldn't sell her to you for a thousand francs!" muttered an old cowherd in cap and apron, almost crying with disappointment, and stroking the nose of her rejected treasure before fastening on a little basket to prevent the hungry creature from grazing on the way home.

Early in the morning of the day after our arrival in Dinan, we set forth in quest of a furnished house or rooms, and the further we went the more charmed were we with our surroundings. Set on the top of a lofty granite hill overlooking the valley of the Rance, Dinan retains a considerable portion of its original ramparts, all but hidden in the masses of ivy and valerian with which they are draped, whilst within its narrow streets, many of them with rows of projecting house-fronts upheld by granite or carved timber supports, survives a mediævalism which is all too rapidly passing away elsewhere. Some of the houses of Dinan date from the eighteenth century, and are good specimens of the work of the Louis Sèize period, being simple, dignified, and thoroughly well suited to the requirements of modern life. Nearly all are ornamented with fine specimens of wrought-iron work, but, alas! similar designs are never produced now.

Fortunately, the older part of Dinan is still uninvaded by the restorer or the destroyer, the grand old church of St. Sauveur, with its quaint combination of Romanesque and Gothic details, rises in solemn dignity just behind the principal ramparts; and the fifteenth century Parish Church, though the general effect is a little spoiled by the intrusion of modern houses within what should be its precincts, has been very successfully saved from decay.

As we wandered slowly along, looking for the legend *Chambres garnies à louer*, we came at every turn upon some characteristic scene. There in the arcades beneath the house-fronts are women selling fruit, vegetables, crockery or caps, piled up in many-hued confusion, parrots adding their screams to the babel of human voices. There in the open street, completely blocking up the roadway, are men chopping and sawing huge blocks of wood, the winter store of fuel is delivered outside the door of the purchaser, and carried down into the cellars by old women when cut into conveniently-sized logs. Here, seated in the low wall of the Place, are two old women in high caps and with

RUE DE JERSUAL, DINAN

white kerchiefs folded across their dark blue linen bodices, picking to pieces and beating vigorously the materials for re-making a bed; there files past a troop of hussars in pale blue jackets with silver facings, red breeches, and heavy boots; there flit by a group of Sisters of the Holy Spirit, all in white serge, with portentously huge wings to their high caps; here comes a funeral procession, the acolytes swinging censers, the crucifix upheld before them; as the long train files down the street the head of every man is bared, and many women cross themselves. Next comes a convoy of hay from the country in long, narrow two-wheeled carts, the white heads alone of the horses being visible, looking ghost-like with the drapery of silvery green falling about their ears. The carts pause at the door of the purchaser, the hay is unloaded then and there, the whole juvenile population assisting with shouts of glee. Here appears a very small man beating a big drum, pausing now and then to stroke lovingly his long drooping moustache. It is the town-crier; and a little crowd soon collects about him. He has news, great news! "President Carnot is dead! he is to be buried next Sunday! All good citizens are ordered to put crêpe on their houses!"

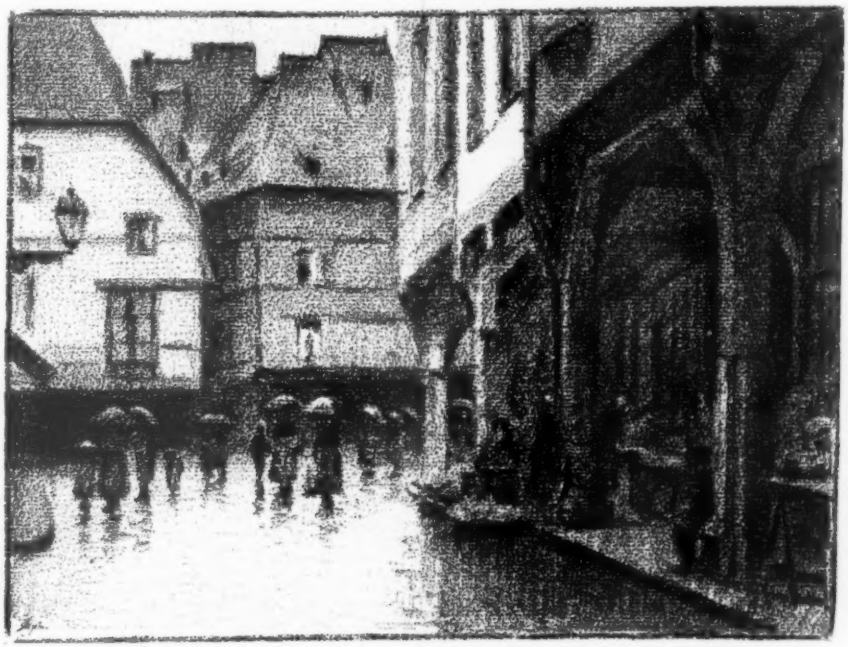
Most characteristic of all the streets of Dinan is the Rue de Jersual, leading down to the old Norman bridge spanning the Rance just below the imposing viaduct upheld by eighteen arches stretching from side to side of the whole valley, a wonderful example—though, from an artistic point of view, Dinan would be better without it—of French engineering skill, and the paternal care of a Government which is ever ready to make work for those unable to find it for themselves.

In this Rue de Jersual, which for steepness and quaint picturesqueness excels any I have seen in Europe, though in some of the old towns of Central America I know of many to match it, you can study the home-life of the poorest of the inhabitants of Dinan without any trouble at all, for that home-life is very much of it lived in the street itself. Here you come upon a group of old women plying spinning-wheels; there are two or three girls performing their toilette at an open window; here are father, mother and children sharing a humble meal of *croûte au pot;* there sits a woman roasting coffee in a revolving stove over a handful of charcoal. As you walk gingerly along, for the paving stones on either side slope so abruptly towards the gutter in the middle of the street that it is difficult not to slip unless you happen to have one leg shorter than the other, you peep into the interiors of many a home and workshop. There you see a blacksmith hammering at the red-hot iron in his forge, the bellows worked by a dog going round and round in a big wheel. He only works four hours a day, his master tells us, and he is as sensible as a child, going faster or slower at a word. In another dark room an old head in a white cap stands out in vivid relief against a sombre background, relieved perhaps by a piece of shining copper suspended apparently in mid-air; or attracted by the noise of a shuttle jerking to and fro you pause on the threshold of a humble home where a weaver is plying his trade at his clumsy, old-fashioned loom, with bent head and every limb painfully on the strain. He does not intermit his toil for an instant, though we are shutting off some of the very little light which enters his room; but from the gloom beyond the voice of his wife bids us enter, and we become aware of a second figure preparing the thread for the loom, seated on a block of wood with her feet in a hole in the ground, for the lowest room in these houses is literally the *ground-floor*—mother earth herself worn, hardened, and furrowed by the tread of many generations of her children, but undesecrated by brick, or board, or tile. This one ground-floor room is the only home of the family of four, or five, or six, as the case may be; but that seems no hardship to

A PUPIL OF THE CONVENT SCHOOL

them, and there is always a corner to spare for the old grandfather or grandmother who is past work. The weaver's little wife proudly points out to us her oak armoire with its shining hinges, her bed, her two chairs, her big copper saucepan. She says her husband can earn as much as one franc eighty a day, for the material is all supplied to them by their patron.

The projecting upper stories of this wonderful street are one blaze of wild and cultivated flowers, for the poorest French man or woman must have a pot of mignonette, or carnations, or a plant of creeping geranium, or clematis; and time, often so tender in its ministrations, has lavished treasures of stonecrop, ivy and lichen upon roof, gutter, and gable of these ancient tenements, converting them into regular aërial gardens. As you go further and further down, the houses become a little less rickety and are not quite so pathetically beautiful in their decay, but to make up for this you get picture after picture in quite another key, for here the pretty washerwoman does her ironing on a board outside her window, with a framework of white cap and drooping flowers setting off her dark hair and shining eyes; whilst opposite to her, in well-aired lofty rooms, the basket-makers work merrily to the accompaniment of a song.



A WET DAY IN DINAN

Once through the massive Porte de Jersual, with its lantern swinging beneath a shrine to the Virgin, we are in the Rue de l'Apport, and as we approach the Bureau de l'Octroi at the corner of the Norman Bridge, once the chief entrance to Dinan, we see the steamer from Dinard coming in crowded with well-dressed visitors. We have left the mediæval behind us and are back in the commonplace world of to-day, but no! from that stone house with every window broken, bearing date 1643, peeps out a wrinkled old face, and at that other corner stands a fisherwoman who might have numbered a hundred years at least, and have used her heterogeneous collection of rods and lines when the Rance was but a little mountain stream.

Soon the quays and bridges are thronged with tourists, their costumes, though aggressively inartistic when seen closely, giving just the touches of vivid colour needed with the lowering sky above and the prevailing greyness below. And lo! here is a link between the present and the past in the person of our friend the crier, perched in an old country cart, drawn by a white horse and beating his drum more vigorously than ever. He is at his grandest and most important to-day, for he has one man to do his shouting and another to drive him; division of labour is all the fashion in France. We listen eagerly, expecting news from Paris, or from the seat of war at least. "A grand sale of trousers!" shouts the deputy; "French trousers at 8 francs, English trousers at 11! Voila! who would not wear English trousers at that price?"

But cheap trousers are not everything, and you

will be wanting to know the prices of food and lodging in Dinan as well as of clothes ; for though man may seek the picturesque only, woman must feed him with food convenient if the divine spark of his art-life is to be kept alive.

Nowhere is it easier to live in luxury on a small income than in this primitive old town. In our search for rooms we saw nicely furnished houses to be let for thirty shillings a week, and we heard of large unfurnished ones with good gardens at twenty-four pounds a year. In one charming little villa, on the Place du Guesclin, the only drawback was that all the woodwork of two or three of the stairs had been cut away and iron bars substituted. I said to the man who was showing us the house : "Those stairs are dangerous for children ; if we take the house you will have them put to rights?" "Mais non, non," was the reply. "They are left like that to let the light through to the passage below ; those stairs are one of the chief advantages of the house!"

At another house the owner offered to take in and feed the whole party for twenty francs a day,

CLOCK TOWER, DINAN

and for that she would have supplied us all with everything we could possibly need. Oh, how hard she pleaded with us, and how readily we would have yielded to her blandishments, if it had not been for the children ; but in foreign lands one must control their diet oneself, so we tore ourselves away and went to see the rooms we finally took, belonging to a pleasant lady who spoke our language and had a special predilection for English people.

These rooms, five in number, bright and airy, are in one of the very oldest houses of Dinan, and the walls are as much out of the perpendicular as the ceilings and floors are of the horizontal. The staircase leading up to our flat must have originally been very beautiful. It is of massive oak blackened by centuries of use, and the steps are so worn that they are several inches higher against the wall than on the side of the banisters, which, with the handrail, are bent and twisted as if they were made of india-rubber rather than of timber.

When our decision was made, we agreed that we would keep out of the way of the lady who had offered to board us so cheaply, but a day or two afterwards we were all caught in a heavy thunderstorm not far from her house, and seeing us in distress she at once rushed forth and insisted on our taking shelter with her. Then we had to confess our misdeeds, and how pathetic was the lamentation she set up! "Alas! alas!" she cried. "Know you what will happen now? Madame will break her leg on those stairs as another English lady did who took those rooms instead of mine. She was brought round here on a stretcher to be nursed, and Madame will also arrive here in a similar manner." Fortunately for me she was no true prophetess, but probably her warning made us all more careful than we should otherwise have been.

For our suite of rooms we only paid twenty-six shillings a week, which included the attendance of two willing maidens, one as cook, the other as housemaid ; and if you have ever taken apartments in France you will know what an untold boon that ready-made attendance was. Generally *chambres garnies* are that, and that alone. Your landlady simply presents you with the key of your sanctum and retires. You must find servants for yourself, and your success or failure depend on causes altogether beyond your own control. In this favoured corner of Dinan housekeeping was the simplest thing in the world. Half an hour's marketing in the early morning at the fascinating

A CHILD'S HEAD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. H. CAMERON

stalls beneath the arcades, and in the long narrow fish market, supplied us with every luxury the epicure could desire, and the prices were such as to make the heart of the thrifty housewife bound within her. Plump young chickens at three francs fifty a pair, eggs at seventy-five centimes the dozen, fresh butter at one franc, meat at eighty centimes a pound, and enough fish for six for a franc; new potatoes at three sous the kilogramme (more than two pounds English), creamy milk innocent of the skimmer at two sous the litre! How many a poverty-stricken English family would have enough and to spare in Dinan! And how simple-hearted, how friendly, are all the market women with whom I deal, how anxious to help me carry my purchases or to serve me in any way in their power.

From our windows we look down upon the pump of our quarter; near the entrance to the large college for boys, where a good classical education can be had for sixty francs a year! And in the distance we can see the western Portal of the Parish Church, so that without leaving our rooms we are, so to speak, in touch with the life of the town. How many a charming group do we see collect for a chat about that pump! Milk-women from the country with their gleaming cans, women carrying old-fashioned, time-worn pitchers; goatherds and cowherds, priests and students, hussars and dragoons, firemen and lawyers, all in their distinctive costumes. What quaint, what characteristic, what pathetic scenes from contemporary life pass under our review as we look lazily up and down the street from our point of vantage! Now the day of the breaking up of the college has arrived, and from far and near the parents are pouring in to fetch their children home. The equality which is at the root of society in France is admirably illustrated here, for exactly the same is the reception given to the fathers and mothers, whether they drive up in their carriages in gala attire, or arrive in clumsy country carts in peasant blouse and cap. Priests and mashers bare their heads, and bow with equal courtesy to all. Here we see a tall lad in the dignified costume of the college; dark broadcloth suit, and cap relieved with a little gold braid, carrying under one arm a pile of prizes, and slung over the other a bundle of clothes and two or three pairs of boots tied together by their laces. He submits without a scrap of false shame to be kissed on both cheeks by his old father and mother, puts his prizes carefully under the rough seat of the cart, flings his other property in, pats the old horse, springs to his place, seizes the ropes which serve as reins, and drives off with his face beaming with happiness. As he turns out of the quadrangle a private carriage enters it, the occupants bow and salute the peasants, whom they feel to be quite their equals.

Only the other day I saw from my window two subjects for pictures which in my unprofessional eyes were altogether unique. Well do I know that the man whose jaundiced vision sees all things in hues of his own, fresh borrowed from the colour of his tie, will say that my ideas are quite wrong, that it is the ugly considered as the beautiful which is now the inspiration of the artist, and so on. But let talkers talk—*you* will understand me, I know. My first subject was a young man being taken home from the hospital by his father and mother in a donkey cart. The old couple had done all they could to make their suffering boy comfortable. They had arranged pillows against a number of branches in full leaf, and the invalid lay back on this extempore couch, his pale refined features, not less white than the linen on his cushions, contrasting with the bright green of the foliage background. I shall never forget the pathos of that procession as it crept slowly along, first one and then another of the old parents saying a cheery word to their child, who responded with a smile.

This is my other picture. A priest, with an acolyte holding up a silver crucifix, followed by a young mother weighed down with crêpe and weeping bitterly, whilst beside her walked her husband, carrying under his arm what I at first took to be a violin-case. It was the coffin containing the body of their first-born child. Can you not imagine with what reverence, with what insight into human nature, some poet-painter might render these two touching scenes?—Yours ever

NANCY BELL.

SOME VIEWS ON PHOTOGRAPHY. BY A PAINTER.

. IT is impossible for any one who has any knowledge of the question to review the progress made in Science, in Industries of very various kinds and in Art reproduction, without recognising the enormous assistance which Photography has rendered in the furtherance of them.

Its adaptabilities are so varied and its uses so numerous that it becomes difficult to imagine the carrying on of the present order of things without its aid.

In astronomical researches, for instance, the camera has observed and recorded, with a fidelity

which is magnificent, phenomena and objects absolutely invisible to the natural eye, though aided by the most powerful instruments invented; and the exquisite delicacy of the sensitised film has also been used as an aid to the microscope with an equal success.

For the purposes of industry the adaptability of the photographic image seems inexhaustible.

Each morning, by its means, we have served up for our intellectual breakfast the illustrated news of the preceding day with the same regularity that we demand in the matter of coffee and toast.

We are here specially interested in the aspects of Photography as they appear to the artist, and however much we may be impressed with its many material advantages, it is impossible to be blind to the disadvantages which have crept in alongside, or to hide from ourselves the fact that Art has suffered at its hands. That Wood-engraving should have been driven to the wall, as is practically the case, through the introduction of "process work," is deplorable; that the art in which Dürer and Bewick excelled, and by means of which they enriched the world, should have to flee in face of

"ACROSS THE COMMON" BY ROWLAND BRIANT

It is difficult to take up any illustrated periodical which does not owe its production directly or indirectly to the camera.

Very marvellous also are its powers in the so-called facsimile reproductions of works of art; etchings, for instance, and drawings by the old masters; etchings so imitated as to impose on any but a connoisseur, and drawings so reproduced that it is difficult, at first sight, to believe them untouched by the deft hands which brought them originally into existence.

All these and an infinity of other things we are accustomed to expect from the camera, and not to be aware in some measure of the multitudinous uses to which it is put is to betray a gross ignorance of modern innovation and research.

the demand for cheapness and speed, is regrettable beyond measure.

In photogravure we find mechanism riding roughshod over the charming art of mezzotint engraving.

It is a contest, nowadays, between the dawning taste of the multitude for things of beauty and Art—Art which, in its higher manifestations, *can* only appeal to the few; a contest between the obvious and the subtle, between that which he who runs may read and that which requires a patient research for its appreciation.

That such a widespread awakening should be evident is of itself highly satisfactory, but with the awakening it becomes of the highest importance that its demands should be complied with in such a manner as will best cultivate and guide. There

is a fear lest a fashionable display of taste be mistaken for the true appreciative faculty, a gift which is perhaps as rare as genius itself—if, indeed, it be not a manifestation of genius.

For the artistic needs of the majority of self-styled art-lovers a successful imitation of the obvious in nature is sufficient, and it is practically from this standpoint that the mass pass judgment upon the work of the artist. How far apart are the mere imitation of things and true Art should surely not be so difficult to realise.

The holding of a mirror up to nature will give us an image which is practically a counterpart of that portion of the scene reflected, but—in spite of a distinguished authority who said something upon the subject in its relations to stage purposes—the image has no affinity with Art.

Art must be a translation, not an imitation. No one, I presume, will be prepared to admit that a verbatim report of a conversation between two persons who may chance to be dramatically situated, could be esteemed as literature; or that a fair copy of the testimony of the phonograph on a similar occasion should form a dramatic dialogue which one would care to read.

Yet it appears to me that the result would be no more bald or unsatisfactory than the so-called Art which is merely imitative, and which to the majority *is* Art. Indeed, I see it as infinitely less tiresome, since our bookshelf may enclose and hide the one result, whilst the other little gems, being destined for our walls, are always with us.

Obvious as the differences between art and imitation would appear to be, it is undoubtedly the case that a great number of our writers and art workers fail to appreciate where the one begins and the other ceases.

Happily some are able to value the difference at its true worth, and, while taking nature as their highest guide, they allow themselves to be subservient to the needs of their art.

It is to such men that is entrusted the sacred flame which illumines the temple of beauty. Kindled in the remoteness of the past, the holy fire has come down through the ages; fickle it is—burning sometimes brightly where least looked for, ebbing and verging on extinction when apparently most carefully tended.

For centuries it shone with a weird but powerful lustre over the waters of the Nile, vital under the mysterious care of the Egyptian priesthood; it burned with a pure and smokeless flame under the influence of the Greek; in Europe it waned often after this, sometimes flickering apparently to its end, but came with a burst of fresh light and new purpose at the hands of the workers of Christendom and Islam. Dimly or brightly it has burned until to-day, and to the present generation has come the responsibility of keeping it alive.

"MAIDIE" BY J. CRAIG ANNAN

It is for us to seek to find something of its mysterious nature by a study of its past. The garment of the priest who may tend it falls as it listeth; on the shoulders of Oriental or Italian or Greek, on the dweller in the mountain or on the plain, on him who is remote from civilisation,

or on him who lives in its midst; it can be woven at the will of none, and comes ever as a free gift.

The untutored assiduity of thousands can never of itself bring sacred oil to the lamp, but it may render difficult or impossible the care of the few who are fitted to do so.

One thing is certain, however great the aptitude of the worker, he may only bring his work to perfection at the expense of much study, by much practice in his craft, and by a fixed purpose from which he is not to be turned.

Surveyed broadly, it is not possible to imagine anything more useful, more admirable, or more true than Photography in historical notes, in scientific records, and in a host of directions outside of the province of the fine arts.

How enormously interesting, for instance, would have been a series of photographs of Tudor celebrities and scenes, as companions to the superb work of Holbein. In each case the province of the worker would have been distinct, the photograph supplementing the art of the master draughtsman; the drawings giving us that to which no sun image could attain—Holbein's personal and individual view added to his exquisite perception of line.

To compare the two methods would be mere idleness; each would have its own particular quality of excellence, and at no point would they unite.

What, for example, could be finer as an historical record than the excellent photos of army manœuvres lately reproduced in the *Pall Mall Budget*? They fairly bristle with interest; but to pretend that they have affinity with fine art is to expose an entire lack of appreciation of the meaning of that subtle term; and yet many of these photographs are excellent in composition, good in tone.

Wherein, then, are they lacking?

Amongst other things, in that which, as it appears to me, every photograph must lack—*i.e.*, the individual view of things and the individual manner of recording those things.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. S. WEBSTER

The artist's position is distinct from that of the photographer in this, that the former is able, in dealing with nature, so to shuffle the cards, if he will, that he can get all the court cards of a suit into his hand at one time, whilst the latter has perforce to take his chance of a good hand.

The artist can choose that which seems to him the essential, and ignore the unnecessary, while the photographer has to take the tares with the wheat.

Even the works of Dr. Emerson, who is one of our most artistic photographers, and one who has studied the question deeply and with the insight of a true artist, will bear me out in this. How much of beauty there is, nevertheless, in his landscapes all who are familiar with his work will allow; and this brings me to the particular purpose of my paper, which is to give to the landscape photo-

grapher a few suggestions as they occur to a landscape painter.

Firstly, it appears to me that if he would forget more often that he is a photographer and be alive to the study of Nature's finer phases always, he would gain much.

If this were more frequently the case we should quickly find fewer pictures in which precision and mechanical excellence appear to be the chief qualities aimed at. The temptation to preserve a piece of good technique which is only technique, must be as difficult to resist for the worker with the camera as it is for the painter or other artificer. Yet technique alone never made a work of art.

It is a matter of wonder, since the photographer is deprived of the use of colour in his work, that he does not turn his attention with greater earnestness to design. Some doubtless do so and with success; there is evidence in the present Photographic Salon that the subject is having, at the hands of a few, the consideration which it deserves, but the majority appear to be satisfied with extremely ordinary and commonplace compositions.

Many subjects which spread over the whole surface of a plate are tame and uninteresting, might repay enormously for being cut down, in the same way that the painter cuts down his canvases and the etcher slices off portions of his plate if he finds his subject gains thereby.

Much good work is undoubtedly sacrificed by an inch too much at top or bottom, on one or the other side.

The difficulties of judging the proportions best suited to a subject are great, and require the most careful consideration, and it must need a very experienced worker to come to a rapid conclusion as to the best composition at the moment of taking his picture, and much must be left for afterthought.

How charmingly some motives might fill a long narrow space which on the ordinary stock proportion would be entirely banal; and to be able to judge rapidly in a case like this must need an immense amount of practice. If the photographer deign to touch anything so slow as the ordinary pencil he might, I imagine, by a slight sketch save many a plate and much disappointment.

In dealing with figures in landscape, it would appear that the worker with the lens is surrounded by pitfalls: if he desire his figure to be in movement and works with an instantaneous shutter, there are ten chances to one against his getting an image which *suggests* movement; if he wishes his figure to be in repose, the difficulties of obtaining an unconscious repose are almost equally great. An enormous number of pictures are spoiled in this way, and unless the model be unconscious it would be far better that he should not figure at all. Where success is attained the results are often charming.

It is a matter of surprise to me that more is not done in the way of foreground subjects. In their exquisite lace-like drawing, a great number of plants would seem extraordinarily well adapted to the sun picture, and one cannot but feel astonishment at the little use of which they are made. That they are capable of artistic treatment and repay for the closest study, there can be no kind of doubt. Look, for example, at the exquisite drawings of such things by Leon Bonvin, perhaps the best of their kind, or the best I know. From early spring to late autumn every river-bank and hedgerow present an overwhelming profusion of dainty forms: foliage and flowers and slender stems, which seen against the sky or silhouetted against water are so subtle and charming as to defy treatment, unless, perhaps, at the hand of a Japanese, but with which the photograph could apparently deal perfectly and with most interesting results.

The tracery of tree forms would give opportunities for admirable arrangements of line, and beautifully decorative designs might be the outcome of such a study.

In Painting, breadth of treatment is desirable, owing to the extreme difficulty, by reason of the material used, of obtaining effect and delicate detail at the same time; in Photography, breadth frequently borders on barrenness, whereas detail can be secured perfectly and with sufficient effect as well.

Many painters—and I record it with regret—have been carried away by Photography to a disastrous extent, believing that they had found in it an aid to their art, or at least an easier method for their study of nature. How dangerous their position is I endeavoured to point out in a previous paper in this journal. The opinions then advanced, and which were so adverse to Photography in relation to its claim as an aid to painting, I hold as strongly as ever, but they in no way affect my admiration for the former as an Art by itself.

That painters should be content to imitate the photographic image is as inartistic as that the photographer should try to imitate painting. Each unfortunately does it, and each party displays an equal lack of appreciation of the province of his craft.

One of the first attributes of the artist is a true perception of the use of his material, and when the photographer frees himself from an imitation of other arts, he will have made a great advance in his own.

His craft is strong enough to stand alone; it need make no pretence of being engraving, which is often obviously the intention; the qualities of engraving, the photograph can never attain to; the qualities which it possesses it may well be proud of. To push forward his researches and studies of nature on new lines is infinitely nobler for the photographer than to enter upon a profitless competition with workers whose work is in reality distinct.

This is in no way the outcry of a craftsmen who believes that he sees a dangerous rival to his craft: Photography may help to eradicate the commonplace landscape picture as it has helped to relieve us of the second-rate painted portrait, and the sooner it does so the better; but that there can be rivalry between the higher qualities ot paint as a recorder of impressions of nature and the most skilfully handled photograph, is not within the sphere of argument.

We work—or should work—on different lines; the painter's endeavour is to portray by means of his paint that which is noblest in nature, selecting for his use that aspect of things which is best suited to the material with which he works.

By his imagination he may give us an impression which is fuller than the impression made by nature upon the eye alone; he may suggest the breath of the morning air or the heat of the midday sun; he may paint not only what he actually sees, but something also of what he feels. The photographer can at present deal only with what is observed by the mechanical eye with which he works, and which records with a fidelity which is a magnificent triumph of mechanical skill; but the result is neither quite Nature nor quite Art.

With the form of the flower we want something of its fragrance, with the form of the leaf something of its tremor, and with the bending of the reed something of the breeze before which it inclines; and these are things which the camera wots not of. ALFRED HARTLEY.

The illustrations which accompany the preceding article are from photographs recently exhibited at the Photographic Salon. For permission to reproduce them our thanks are due to Mr. Craig Annan, Mr. Rowland Briant, Mr. H. H. H. Cameron, and Mr. R. S. Webster.

A NEW BELGIAN MONUMENT. BY GÉRARD HARRY.

THE monument here represented was erected last July, in the Bois de la Cambre of Brussels. The work, executed in stone and bronze, by Charles Samuel, a young but rapidly rising artist, is intended to commemorate the most original writer in the French language that Belgium has yet produced—namely, Charles De Coster, whose historical novel *Ulenspiegel*, although hardly known as yet outside Belgium, except by a few scholars, may be likened to such classics as Cervantes' *Don Quixote* or Lesage's *Gil Blas*.

Charles De Coster was born in 1827, and died in 1879. Although at that time Professor of Literature at the Brussels Military Academy, he passed away in comparative obscurity, leaving behind him such works as *Legendes Flamandes*, *Lettres à Elisa*, *Contes Brabançons*, *Le Mariage de Voulet*, *Le Voyage de Noces*, and, above all, that masterpiece, *Ulenspiegel*, published in 1867, which is an admirable picture of the struggle of the Flemings against the domination of the Catholic Spaniards under the Duke of Alva—a work so full at once of bitterness and fun, of poetical fiction and realistic observation, that it seems to reflect every mood of

SILVER KEY BY YOUNG AND HALL

"MONUMENT TO CHARLES DE COSTER' BY CHARLES SAMUEL

the Flemish race at the darkest and most moving epoch of its history; so much so, that latter-day critics are apt to describe *Ulenspiegel* as the "national Bible."

As stated above, however, De Coster's talent, bordering on genius, was but scantily recognised during his lifetime: he died very poor, and was buried shabbily in one of the most secluded and neglected portions of the Ixelles cemetery. It is only within the last few years, thanks to the literary revival which is taking place in Belgium, that the unique merit of his *Ulenspiegel* has come to be publicly recognised, and proclaimed outside the small circle of his admirers.

The monument which has just been erected to his memory has been described as a work of repentance, a kind of national reparation for long national neglect. The situation has been well

"A FISHERMAN" BY FRANK RICHARDS

chosen, as the weeping willow that overshadows it is the tree under which Charles De Coster played as a little child.

It will be noticed that Charles Samuel, who not only executed the work but conceived the whole scheme, has avoided a commonplace presentation of De Coster himself, who only figures on the monument in a small marble medallion; and has endeavoured to make the artist live through his work and spirit by introducing into the design some of the characters and accessories of his literary masterpiece; the spinning-wheel, the dog and cat, the faces of Lamme Goedzak and old Catherine; and in the foreground the two bronze figures of Ulenspiegel, the Flemish hero, whose adventures form the backbone of De Coster's great book, and Nele, the country girl, who suffers, laughs and cries with him throughout the four hundred pages of "the Belgian national Bible."

It may not be without interest to know that Mr. Charles Samuel, the sculptor, first exhibited his work four years ago at the Brussels Salon, where it attracted such notice that public opinion immediately urged upon the Government and the municipal authorities of Ixelles to purchase and erect it on some public square, as a double compliment to the beauty of the work itself and to the memory of the long-suffering Charles De Coster. Mr. Samuel, who is only thirty-one years of age, has just been made a knight of the Order of Leopold. He is the author of many other delicate pieces of statuary, among which a figure in ivory, exhibited at Antwerp, is on its way to England, having been purchased by Colonel North.

GÉRARD HARRY.

We illustrate, on page 64, the silver key, designed by Messrs. Young & Hall, and reproduced by Mr. Fisher, recently presented to the Duchess of Devonshire at the opening of the new Derbyshire Infirmary. The Tudor rose is a badge of the county, and the dates upon the key are those of the opening of the new and old buildings respectively.

FROM GALLERY, STUDIO, AND MART. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. FRANK RICHARDS, a young artist, from whose future much will be expected, has gathered together a roomful of his work at

"HAMLET" BY FRANK RICHARDS

BRONZE STATUETTE BY M. FRÉMIET

Dowdeswell's Galleries. We are enabled, by his permission, to give a reproduction of the most ambitious picture, a very fine, life-sized *Hamlet*. The scheme of colour is sober and dignified, the painting full of power, and the whole effect extremely striking. Mr. Richards' versatility is at once his strength and his danger; because in England, especially, the public love that a painter should always remain faithful to one particular class of work. Yet the skill which this young artist exhibits in work of very diversified handling and the high level throughout, combine to make his show a very memorable one. Some of his most successful things are heads in water-colour, one of which we also illustrate. In these, as indeed in his work generally, there is an equipoise between truth and beauty—a sense of the poetry of things prosaic—which separates Mr. Richards at once from the average, and promises for him a very high future.

The Corporation of Nottingham is to be congratulated on the loan exhibition of works by Cornish painters, which Mr. E. Harry Wallis, the energetic director of their Art Gallery, has gathered together in the Castle Museum. Never before have art students had an opportunity of examining the work of this vigorous school of young artists so completely — no large collection of their paintings ever having been previously attempted; and the result is that at last one sees these pictures forming a harmonious whole, and one can thoroughly grasp its aims and methods by studying this exhibition. One of the surprises is the excellence of the landscapes, the power and poetic feeling displayed in most of them by men, some of whom are hardly known to the general public of art buyers and art critics in the Midlands. We mention a few of the principal from Newlyn, St. Ives, and Falmouth, whose work is to be seen within the Castle walls. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., and Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A., receive the places of honour, the former being represented by *Forging the Anchor*, and the latter by the beautiful and pathetic *Hopeless Dawn*. Mr. A. Chevalier Taylor has a number of his brilliantly painted interior studies; Mr. Adrian Stokes, the head of the St. Ives band, is represented by *On a Cornish Cliff*, and Mr. I. C. Gotch by his best work, *My Crown and Sceptre*. The fine artistic work of Mr. H. S. Tuke is another distinctive feature of the collection. The charm and humorous fancy displayed in Mr. Fred Hall's pictures is seen in his *Twilight*, which is filled with lovely colour and tender poetic feeling. Mr. W. H. Y. Titcombe also exhibits particularly good work. In water-colour, Mr. Walter Langley stands first, with a series of his well-known drawings, delightful in handling, and filled with truth. *The Moorland Princess* of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, *The Magic Flute* of Mrs. Adrian Stokes, deservedly range alongside the foremost men. One is charmed to find Mr. Alfred East among the landscape painters, though Cornwall can hardly claim him; but his canvases are undoubtedly a feature of the exhibition, and include some of his most poetically conceived work. Mr. Annesley Brown, a young artist from Nottingham, displays similar qualities

in his land- and sea-scape work. Other young men are doing well, influenced by fine feeling for Nature in all her moods; but space forbids our adding their names to those already given. Many public bodies and private collectors have generously placed their treasures at Mr. Wallis's disposal, and he has issued an admirable catalogue, with over thirty full-page illustrations.

The Sculpture Galleries of Messrs. Bellman, Ivey & Carter, in Old Bond Street, at the present moment contain a number of bronzes and other objects of art of which many are pretty and some positively beautiful. It is late in the day to insist on the grace of Van der Straaten's work of which a large collection is shown, and our readers are familiar with the beautiful bas-reliefs of Mr. Frampton. Perhaps the most novel of the exhibits are a dance indicator and photograph frame in bronze, by Mr. Reynolds Stephens, whose wall-fountain in a recent Academy was so generally and so deservedly admired. The beauty of the dance indicator is discounted by a very serious technical defect, but it remains, notwithstanding, a pretty and a useful trifle. With the photograph frame little fault is to be found. Perhaps, however, the most interesting object which Messrs. Bellman are at present showing is the bronze by M. Frémiet, which we reproduce here. If we mistake not, Mr. Ruskin

A BOOK-PLATE BY R. ANNING BELL

A BOOK-PLATE BY R. ANNING BELL

has been severe upon the weapon with which the St. George on our own coins is armed for the slaughter of the dragon. M. Frémiet's St. George wields a weapon as formidable as the beast it is intended to destroy. The energy of the group is simply admirable, and it is difficult to know whether to admire more the tortured figure of the wounded dragon or the austere determination of the knight, no mere graceful stripling, but a vigorous bearded man of middle age, as he sits his prancing horse and pins the beast to the earth with his long spear. The group loses nothing inasmuch as it is touched with a certain grotesqueness. It is no mere literal transcript, but a vigorously imaginative handling of a very admirable and exacting subject. To say that its technique is above criticism would be going a great deal too far. At the same time, M. Frémiet's work is thoroughly alive, and this does much to minimise any small technical deficiencies.

We have much pleasure in illustrating two new designs for *Ex Libris* by Mr. R. Anning Bell. There is a charming freshness about this artist's work which is ever gratifying.

"THE JAPANESE GOWN"
FROM A PAINTING BY
P. WILSON STEER

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB. BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUCH may be said, and truly said, about the almost sectarian limitations, not of method, indeed, but of treatment, which the New English Art Club seems to impose upon itself. At that haunt of French-trained young men, they often appear to be not only indifferent to completion, but regardless of composition. Yet is their work generally interesting. They are clever men, for the most part, and many of them, as I trust, men who can afford to be independent. Not for them, as I suppose, the more vulgar and more lamentable temptations. At least they are not dull, they are not mechanical, they avoid the commonplace—even at the cost, sometimes, of drifting into the ugly. At the New English Art Club, more even than elsewhere, it is the unexpected which happens. You go to the Exhibition, as a matter of course. You probably find it interesting.

Their sympathies being what they are, it is no wonder that the members of the New English Art Club welcome the appearance on their walls of a Claude Monet, a Blanche, a Helleu, from over sea. There is a Blanche, this winter, and a Helleu too—the latter, a large oil picture of the *Fountain of Latona* at Versailles; a somewhat fascinating, if not a finally satisfactory example of the spontaneity and charm of a man who has been recognised as one of the most brilliant sketchers in etching or dry-point that this generation has seen. Here, in this Versailles canvas, are statue and basin, drenched and drowned in swiftly-rushing water; the motive of the work being, as we may take it, rather to depict that daily inundation than to show—as Mr. Fulleylove would have shown better—the garden's stateliness or the figure's grace.

To my own mind, a picture by Mr. Wilson Steer is, at least, the most pleasure-giving of the more serious and more important efforts made this winter by the members of the New English Art Club. Its title may be just a little deterrent, as suggesting triviality—it is called *The Japanese Gown*. But, however small may be the expectations aroused by the title, there is nothing trivial in the canvas, though there may possibly be points that are faulty—intentions for which quite adequate expression has not been found. It is a beautiful creation, and such as could come only from the hand of one sensitive beyond common measure to the fascination of line and the grace of selected youth. She has, as Mr. Steer depicts her—this slim young thing, standing with upraised arm before the mirror—Lord Bacon's highest beauty, the beauty of "decent and gracious motion"—she has that and more besides. Mr. Steer is a colourist. Whatever he may have learnt of his craft of brushwork or draughtsmanship from Frenchmen who, in matters like these, have

"COSTER GIRLS" FROM A PAINTING BY WILL ROTHENSTEIN

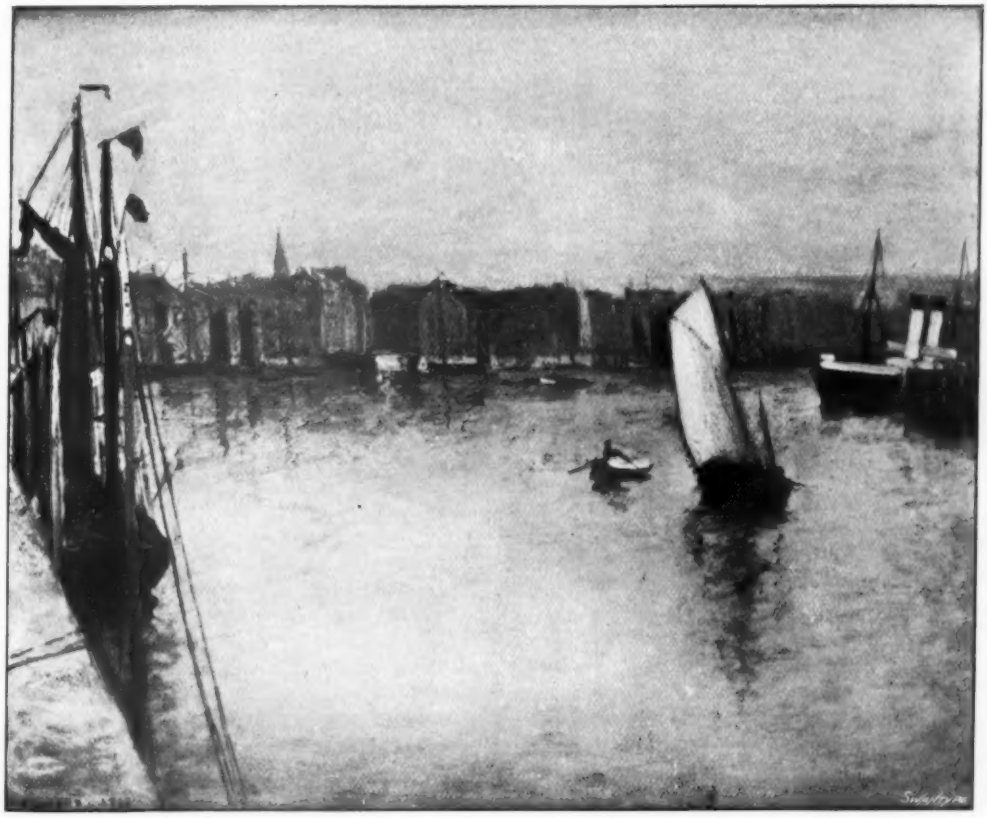
much which they may teach, Mr. Steer's sense of colour, perhaps his most fortunate, is certainly his purely English gift. It is his—let me dare to remind him—not because he is an admirer of Claude Monet, but because he is a fellowcountryman of Gainsborough, Turner, Etty.

A portrait of Lord Monteagle—grey and violet tinted—by Mr. Furse, albeit it is not carried further than a sketch, would be to any owner of it a possession of quiet and refined charm. The work witnesses, also, to the variety in Mr. Furse's method: it recalls not at all the painter of *Lord Roberts of Candahar*, the essentially masculine and spirited, pompous, Rubens-like effort, in this year's Academy; hardly even the painter of the *Robert Bridges*, pale and meditative before his carefully realised array of many volumes. In its method it suggests a new influence—the influence of Mr. Sargent; but it betokens an influence only—not a domination.

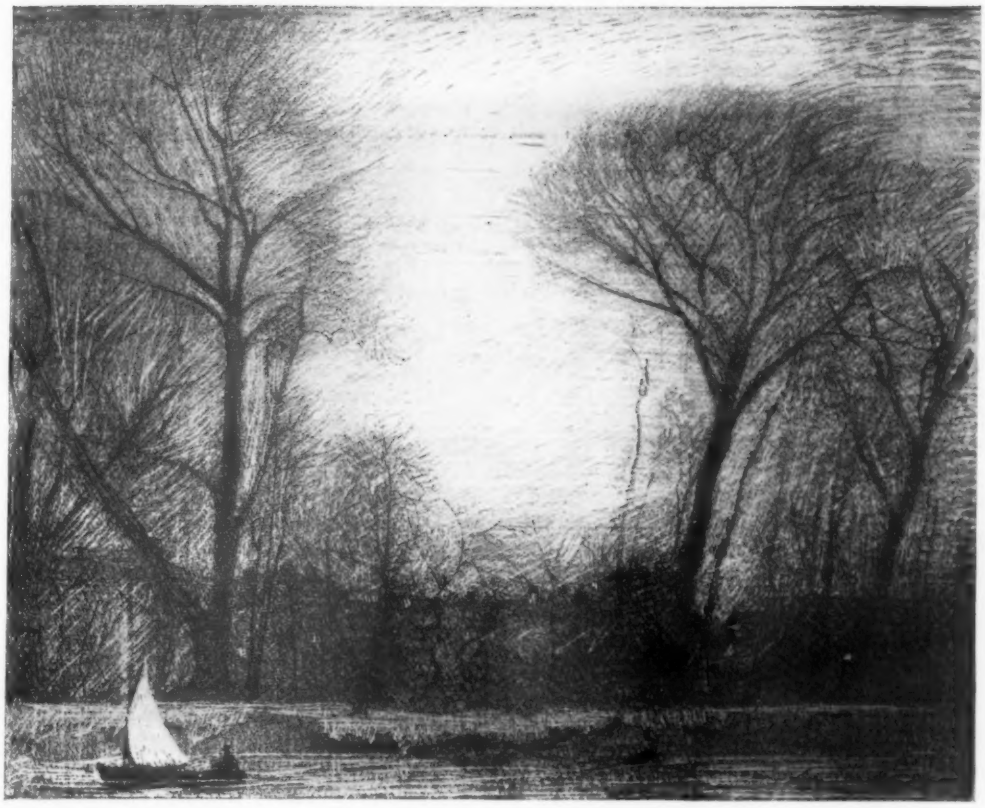
Among the younger members of the New English Art Club, no one is more conspicuous than Mr. Rothenstein. Trained in Paris, in very recent years, and taking up his abode directly afterwards in Oxford—passing, as it were, at a bound from the purlieus of Montmartre to Academic groves, and gracefully foregoing the portraiture of dancers at the Moulin for the portraiture of Heads of Houses — Mr. Rothenstein is likely to be an interesting personality; he must be possessed, already, of an experience more than commonly varied. Moreover, even his membership of the New English Art Club has failed to convince him that it is the bounden duty of an intelligent painter to leave his work before it is quite finished. His ambition would seem to be by no means restricted to the production of sketches elegant or smart; and, though in his performances I sometimes discern just that indifference to composition which I permit myself to chide not a few of the young men of the day for entertaining, Mr. Rothenstein does clearly intend to impress and to satisfy by the grip and quality of his work. Leaving again this winter the prosperities of Oxford—its immense correctness and its obvious *bien-être*—his themes, for the time being, are once more sordid. One of his pictures he calls *Porphyria*, with an allusion to Browning, which, in his treatment of the subject, we may not perhaps fully understand. Anyhow, forcibly enough depicted, there faces us, dressed in magenta, on a red-striped sofa, some gaunt, singular, mysterious woman—the Mona Lisa of a Brompton side-street. Is Mr. Rothenstein aware that in the original publication of "Porphyria," in *Bells and Pomegranates*, Mr. Browning classed it, with "Johannes Agricola," as one of two "Madhouse Cells"? The one was a study of religious, and the other, as I take it, of erotic mania. Mr. Rothenstein's *Coster Girls* tells its story plainly. A pretty little doll, comparatively inexperienced, sensitive and shy, stands—with the Thames for background—side by side with a creature at all events less winning, portrayed so realistically that she suggests to me that her claims to have had "a Past" might fairly rival those of some disordered heroine of fashionable melodrama. Many are the painters more agreeable than Mr. Rothenstein; but it is scarcely possible to be more clever than he. And, at the Egyptian Hall, cleverness abounds. There is Mr. Walter Sickert, for instance, flashing the lime-light on the "serio-comic" of a music-hall, and painting quite impressively, with more than cleverness perhaps, the "Rosace" of a church at Dieppe, seen massive in the semi-darkness.

The very modern young man, apt to be somewhat chary of indulging us with comeliness in face or figure, does not bar the vision of beauty in Landscape. Form appeals to him less than atmosphere or colour; so, even in that which, for the purposes of broad distinction, we must call "Landscape," the hour that he seeks is often twilight, and the place often a harbour, or a tidal river, or an evening street. Mr. Bernhard Sickert's *Chiswick* is a case to the point. Mr. Francis Bate's charming *September*—the September of the fields—is an exception. A case to the point, again, is Mr. J. L. Henry's *Boulogne*, in which a vision subtle and poetic, the vision above all things of a colourist, comes almost to consecrate or sanctify a spot associated to many of us only with the nuisance of the Customs, the discomforts of the *mal de mer*, or the garishness of an Etablissement where, in the intervals of feeding and flirtation, second-rate islanders bestow faint praise upon very creditable music. In the *Boulogne* of Mr. Henry, all these things are far from us; he devotes his canvas to the sensitive registration of an enchanted and serene evening.

Mr. Fred Pegram sends a pen-drawing, a portrait-sketch, of a seated youth for which it is not possible to have anything but the warmest eulogy. Character and form are seized, therein, with extraordinary success. In the thing's vivid reality, there is no sacrifice of grace. The observation is penetrating, and the handling admirably flexible. In the way of Etching, there is nothing very noticeable, but of Lithography there is at least one good example. I am referring to



"BOULOGNE HARBOUR—TWILIGHT." FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES L. HENRY.



"BRENTFORD EYOT" FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY GEORGE THOMSON

Mr. George Thomson's cluster of tall trees, close together—he calls it *Brentford Eyot*. A screen of trees it is—a web, I had almost written, but it is beautifully patterned—between the spectator and the sky. Conceived simply, it is a piece of Nature finely selected and delicately arranged. Moreover, Lithography is the medium in which it has been right to execute it, and that is saying much in a day when the misuse of a medium, its arbitrary and uncalled-for employment, is the commonest of faults. There is a fashion for Pastel. Hurry then to execute in pastel that for which oil were fitter! There is a fashion for Etching. Hurry then to engrave with the etching needle, to bite in with *aquafortis*, the theme which a pencil or a brush might better express!

"The misuse of a medium"—that is not a crime with which we can charge Mr. Francis James, whose flower-pieces, occasional landscapes, occasional interiors—all in water-colour—alike reveal him, not as faultless, not as complete, but at all events as artist to the core. The feeling and the freshness of his work, the impression that the particular theme makes upon him, and his own fortunate effort to dispense with the conventional methods of expression, and to speak, so to say, his own and no other painter's tongue—these things account for the charm of his slightest drawing. The work has a certain magnetism—the interest of a distinct, refined, and powerful personality. Some of us may think this season that that personality is best revealed by the accomplished drawing of iris and apple-blossom; some, that it is betrayed most fully by Mr. James's little private revelry in scarlet. What is certain is that it is not flowers alone—good as his flowers are—to which his rendering lends a peculiar fascination. Is it a scene outside a wheelwright's shop, is it a church interior at Nüremberg or Spezzia, is it a corner of some modern drawing-room, is it a rose in June?—the charm or pleasantness of each is arrested by his swift perception and his sure and delicate handling.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

A DESIGNER OF PAPER-HANGINGS. AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. WALTER CRANE.

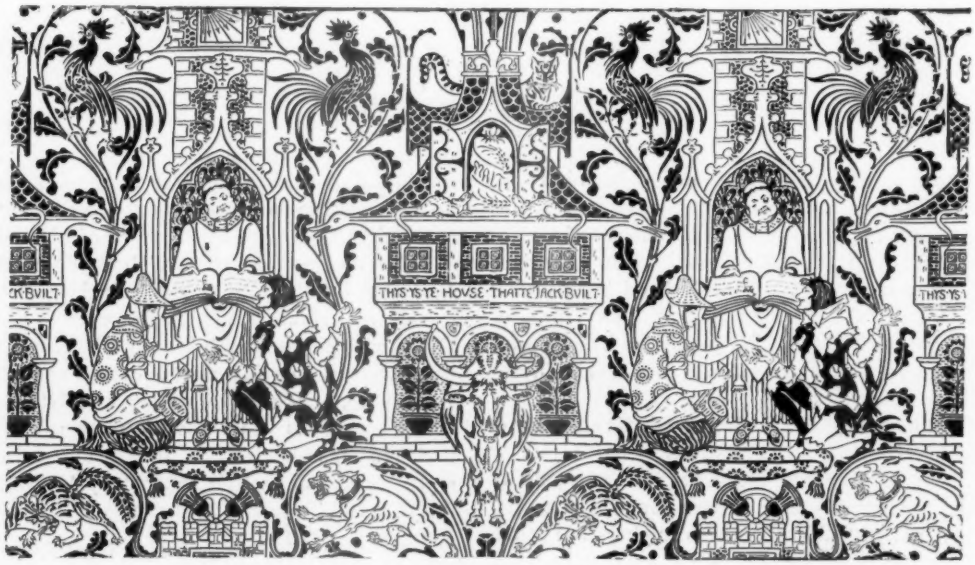
THE home in Shepherd's Bush having been given up after Mr. Walter Crane returned from his visit to America, it was necessary to seek a fresh abode. A suitable house, which joined the advantage of a more central position to the possession of the indispensable garden, was eventually taken in Holland Street, Kensington; and there, when I called, he received me in his study, the studio being some little distance off, in the region of Notting Hill.

"When did it first occur to you," I asked, "to design wall-papers; and how did it come about?"

"It was briefly thus. My nursery papers grew out of my nursery books; from the nursery paper to those for general use was but a step, and one that followed naturally enough. In the end, the number of papers I have designed for general purposes has far exceeded that of the nursery papers. I own there is not necessarily much in common between books and walls in the abstract (except when walls were people's picture-books), but in my case the connection is obvious; for, you see, if I had not first been a book-decorator, I might never have become a designer of wall-papers. It was in 1874 that Mr. Metford Warner, the principal of Messrs. Jeffrey & Co., invited me to prepare a cartoon for a nursery paper as far as might be in the manner of my illustrated toy-books, a certain number of which, as you are aware, had then already appeared This first paper comprised three groups of pictures illustrative of popular nursery-rhymes—*Little Boy Blue, Sing a Song of Sixpence*, &c. It was issued in 1875, and was succeeded by the *Humpty Dumpty* paper in 1876, the *Froggy would a-Wooing Go* in 1877, and the *Sleeping Beauty* in 1879. Meanwhile an enterprising manufacturer, to my great surprise (for he had neglected to ask my authority), made up of pictures extracted from my book "The Baby's Opera," a nursery paper that was badly printed, and, in fact, a regular caricature of the original work. After a certain interval—that is to say, in 1886—Messrs. Jeffrey & Co. brought out another nursery paper from my design, *The House that Jack Built;* and lastly, in 1890, one entitled *The Fairy Garden*, being founded on my book "Flora's Feast." The nursery papers, although the other series have been coming out simultaneously from almost the beginning, form a distinct class from the rest, not only on account of their subjects and the purpose for which they are intended, but because they are of a cheaper quality, being uniformly produced by machine printing; whereas the other papers—those, that is, for general use—are all printed with hand-blocks."

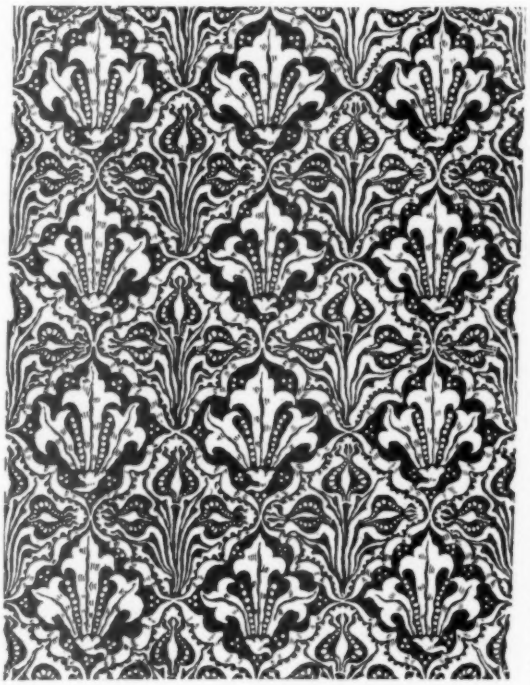
"What is the date of the earliest of this second series?"

"It was issued in 1876, the year after the first of the nursery papers, the occasion being furnished by the Philadelphia Exhibition. It is named *La Margarete* from the subject of the field, taken

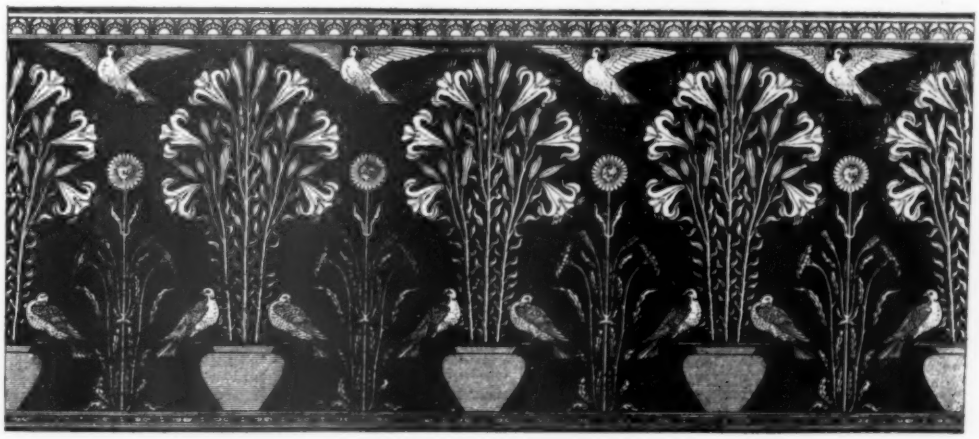


A NURSERY WALL-PAPER

from "The Flower and the Leaf," a poem ascribed to Chaucer. The frieze is a set of six figures, including the God of Love, with Alcestis and allegorical personages, so placed as to form caryatids. I also provided, as an alternative frieze, a design of doves. The dado is of lily plants and doves; while a ceiling paper of doves with olive branches, a somewhat rigid design divided into squares, completes the set. In 1877 appeared another paper, with a dado of swans, with irises and kingfishers in the field, and a frieze with boats. In 1878, with a view to the Paris Exhibition, a successful experiment was made in the shape of an embossed and gilt leather-paper from my design, of peacocks and amorini, with a frieze of peacocks, their tails outspread, alternating with winged figures, holding sickles in their hands. The same year witnessed the production of the *Almond Blossom and Swallow* frieze with the paper of wallflowers and of falling petals of almond blossoms. In 1879 appeared the *Billow* paper, the field of which consisted of waves with fish appearing here and there. The design, by the way, was also printed without the fish, to suit some tastes. The fricze is peopled with mermaids; the dado representing the pebbly sea-bottom, with starfish, shells, &c. The *Scallop Shell* ceiling, a bold pattern in one print, was designed to go with the *Billow* decoration. In 1880 appeared a staircase paper, a set pattern of hounds, hunting-horns, cocks and doves, &c., to carry out the idea of awakening day; and also the *Rose* decoration, of which the field was made out of the briar-rose branches of the *Sleeping Beauty* design of the previous year, by omitting the figures and filling in the sprays; while the frieze and dado (the blocks for which, I may mention, were accidentally destroyed in a fire at Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.'s premises in 1881) consisted of garden-rose plants with cupids' heads, hearts and arrows, arranged in panels. One's art, no doubt, passes through various stages, and if you care to classify my work, you may regard the *Wood-Notes* design, with its intricacy of detail, and what Mr. Lewis F. Day calls its tapestry-like quality of colour, as marking a fresh phase, compared with



"SEED AND FLOWER" WALL-PAPER

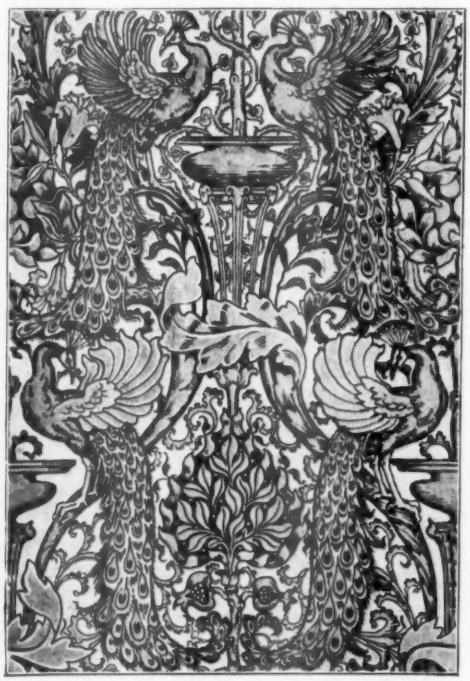


DADO OF "THE MARGARETE" WALL-PAPER

what had gone before. The size and prominence of the fallow-deer and pursuing hounds were alone sufficient to be remarked as a new departure. But that was not all. I had introduced human shapes, it is true, in the *Alcestis*, the *Mermaid*, and other friezes, and in all my nursery papers, and also there were amorini in the embossed paper of 1878. But hitherto my ambition had not tempted me to repeat the figure on so large a scale in the field. Mr. Warner could tell you of his astonishment when I first showed him the drawing. The *Wood-Notes* wall-paper and frieze were issued in 1886, and followed in 1887 by a large design, with many analogous features, called *The Golden Age*, executed in embossed leather-paper. For the Paris Exhibition of 1889 was brought out my *Peacock Garden*, with its frieze of white peacocks."

"MUSIC," "PAINTING," "POESY." FROM THE "TRIO" PILASTER DECORATION

"Ah! that is a magnificent design, no mere background, but a complete decoration in itself. It is out of the question to hang pictures on a wall papered with the *Peacock Garden*, except when printed in low tones of colour or when treated in raised material in the manner of an old embossed leather. Moreover, the pattern is of such a size that it cannot be seen to advantage except in large halls, hotels, public buildings, and such-like."

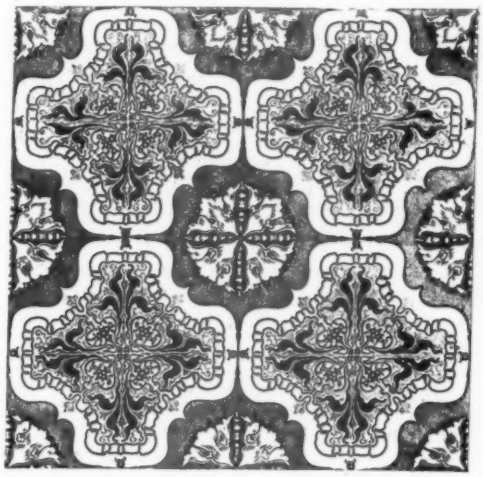


FIELD OF THE "TRIO" PILASTER DECORATION

"Yes; I believe it has been used mainly for purposes of that sort. To continue: in 1890 appeared another elaborate paper—field and frieze—called *Corona Vitæ*. Belonging to it is the *Four Winds* ceiling, the drawing of which, I remember, required particular pains and care."

"I can well believe it. Do you, Mr. Crane, admit the justice of the criticism that a doubled pattern, such as to all intents and purposes is *Corona Vitæ*, is less suited for the decoration of a flat surface than is what I may call a freehand or running pattern on the principle of the *Peacock Garden*, for instance, and that a design of the type of the former is rather adapted for a textile to hang in folds?"

"Well, it is a matter of opinion. But no doubt, in designing the *Corona Vitæ*, I was influenced by the fancy for a textile motive somewhat after the manner of the Sicilian silk hangings, or those sumptuous brocades one sees spread behind royal seats in early pictures and woodcuts."



"HAMMERSMITH" CEILING-PAPER

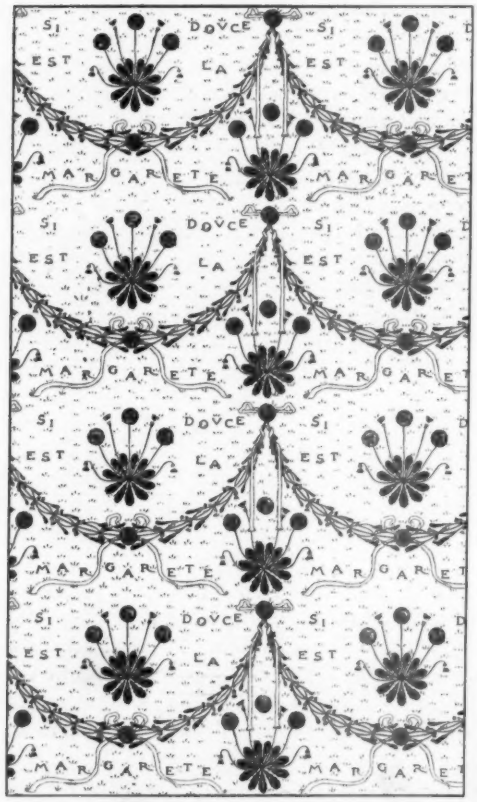
"Yes; that is the meaning I wanted to express."

"In 1891," resumed Mr. Crane, "was brought out the *Cockatoo* decoration, so called from the distinguishing feature in the field, which also includes peacocks, squirrels, irises and pomegranates, the two last named forming the basis of the ornament of the frieze and of the *Hammersmith* ceiling which goes together with it. For the Chicago Exhibition in 1893 I designed the *Trio* decoration, the speciality of which are the pilaster strips by which the field may be divided into panels. The scheme is an elaborate one with allegorical figures in the pilasters, while the principal features in the frieze are starlings, irises, &c.; and in the field, which is a net pattern-are alternate apple and pomegranate trees growing out of tripod-supported vases and flanked by peacocks arranged in pairs. The latest papers published show perhaps a return to a simpler mode of treatment—viz., the *Seed and Flower* wall-paper and the *Juno* ceiling, the latter founded on the form of an outspread palm-leaf. The most recent papers (indeed, they are not yet issued), are the *Pomegranate and Teazle* and the *Lily and Rose*, respectively. There, I think, you have a tolerably complete list of my wall-papers; at any rate, I have not forgotten any design of importance."

"Thank you. And now do you mind telling me whether, at the time of giving you a commission, your manufacturers restrict you in any way or indicate to you at all the sort of scheme they would prefer to have worked out for the next season's paper? Do they, for instance, suggest a limit for the repeat, whether the design shall consist of field and frieze, or field alone; whether it shall include human figures as well as birds, beasts, and flowers, or be confined to floral forms alone, and so on?"

"Well, yes, they do not infrequently propose a *motif*, but all the same they leave me quite free to take my own line of treating it. And somehow or other I find the idea develops itself in the working, sometimes beyond all recognition, so that Mr. Warner is sure to declare, when the result

"FOUR WINDS" CEILING PAPER. FROM THE ORIGINAL CARTOON



FIELD OF "THE MARGARETE" WALL-PAPER

comes to be laid before him, that it has turned out something entirely different from what he had anticipated. I should say, however, that of late they have begun rather to urge me to adopt a broader effect and severer methods; hence you will observe that the two most recent papers, which they have in hand for the coming season, are produced with no more than four blocks apiece, quite a moderate number for me."

"Have you designed paper hangings for any manufacturers besides Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.?"

"They are the only paper-stainers for whom I have designed in this country, but I have recently supplied a design for an American firm."

"For wall-paper printing have they in America any different processes from those which we employ?"

"No; their methods and ours are the same—the roller for machine-printing, and the block for hand-printing."

"I have noticed, Mr. Crane, that many of your cartoons are comparatively rough and sketchy. That must surely make the block-cutter's task a difficult one?"

"That may be; but in translating it into a more finished form one's original conception is so apt to lose vigour and character. And, fortunately for me, Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.'s block-cutters are among the most skilled in their craft. Moreover, their manager is a man of taste and judgment, who spares no pains to get the proper effect of a pattern. The best design may develop unforeseen defects when executed in the mass; and the art lies not so much in detecting them as in the ready resource which is able to devise a remedy, and Mr. Warner seems never at a loss. For instance, a pattern will perhaps come out hard and stiff in the printing, and some such device as over-printing parts of it with a wash tint, or otherwise according to circumstances, may be the only thing needful for pulling a pattern together—may, in fact, prove to be the making of the thing."

"What do you say of the relative merits of the craft in the two countries, England and America?"

"THE PEACOCK GARDEN" WALL-PAPER, FRIEZE AND FIELD

"WOOD-NOTES" FRIEZE

"In my opinion, we are decidedly superior. In the case of the design I made for an American order the block-cutters out there had serious misgivings as to whether they should be able to execute my cartoon; and so I had to furnish a duplicate set of drawings in black and white, with sharp lines, and all in exact precision for the guidance of the cutters."

"What was the design in question?"

"It was one that was drawn specially with a view to exhibition at Chicago. The scheme comprised allegorical figures, ships, &c., representing the four quarters of the globe."

"That sounds as though it was rather elaborate."

"Well, not more so than the majority of my designs for Messrs. Jeffrey & Co. Speaking generally, it does not seem to have been worth any one's while in America to cultivate the art of wall-paper design and manufacture as we have done in this country."

"Am I to understand that it is not the custom to use wall-papers over there to the extent we do in England?"

"On the contrary. The demand is great, and the manufacturers are so numerous and influential a body that they have formed a ring for excluding imported papers."

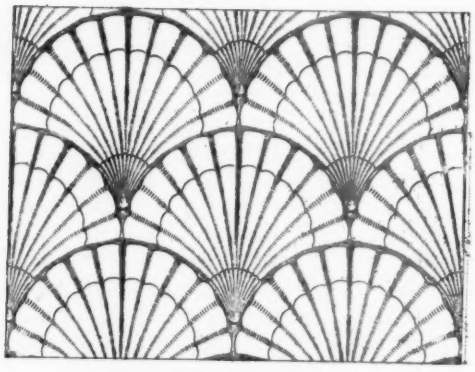
"Is that course likely to be for the advantage of the country?"

"Certainly not for the interest of art, whatever it may be for business."

"You mean that the American designs are not up to the standard of our own?"

"They are not. The fact is, the manufacturers do not scruple to pirate our wall-papers very largely. It is the more unfair because the patterns, by no means improved in the process of reproduction, are then palmed off as though they had been printed at first hand from some well-known artist's cartoon, if not actually under his immediate supervision. The facilities for pirating are such that there is no inducement for the manufacturer to

"WOOD-NOTES" WALL-PAPER



"THE SHELL" CEILING PAPER

purchase designs, as is commonly done in England, expressly from first-rate artists. And as to those of their papers which may be described as original, they appear to be designed for the most part by some member or other of the regular staff of the several firms."

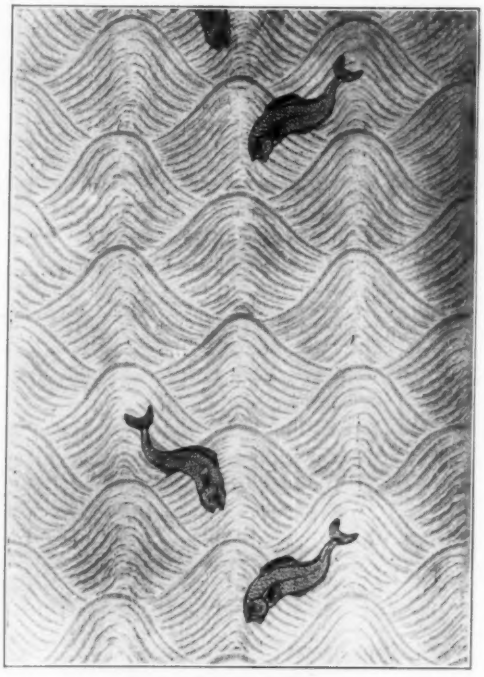
"What of such artists as Mr. Tiffany or Mr. John La Farge? Are they not general decorators?"

"Yes; and of course, like our English decorative artists, they undertake various branches of design, paper-hangings among others, I believe; but these men are exceptions to the ordinary rule, and the whole thing is on a totally different footing in America. With them decoration appears to be simply and solely a matter of business, and the American artists themselves regard and speak of it as such quite frankly."

"LILY AND ROSE" WALL-PAPER

"Did you perceive any signs of a distinctive style in American art?"

"I may say yes with regard to architecture. I refer to that which is associated with the name of Richardson. He has not been dead many years, but he has a considerable following; though I am afraid there are scarcely any with his capacities. There is a certain vastness and grandeur about their larger blocks of buildings, but many of the details of carving, &c., struck me as being poor



"THE WAVE" WALL-PAPER

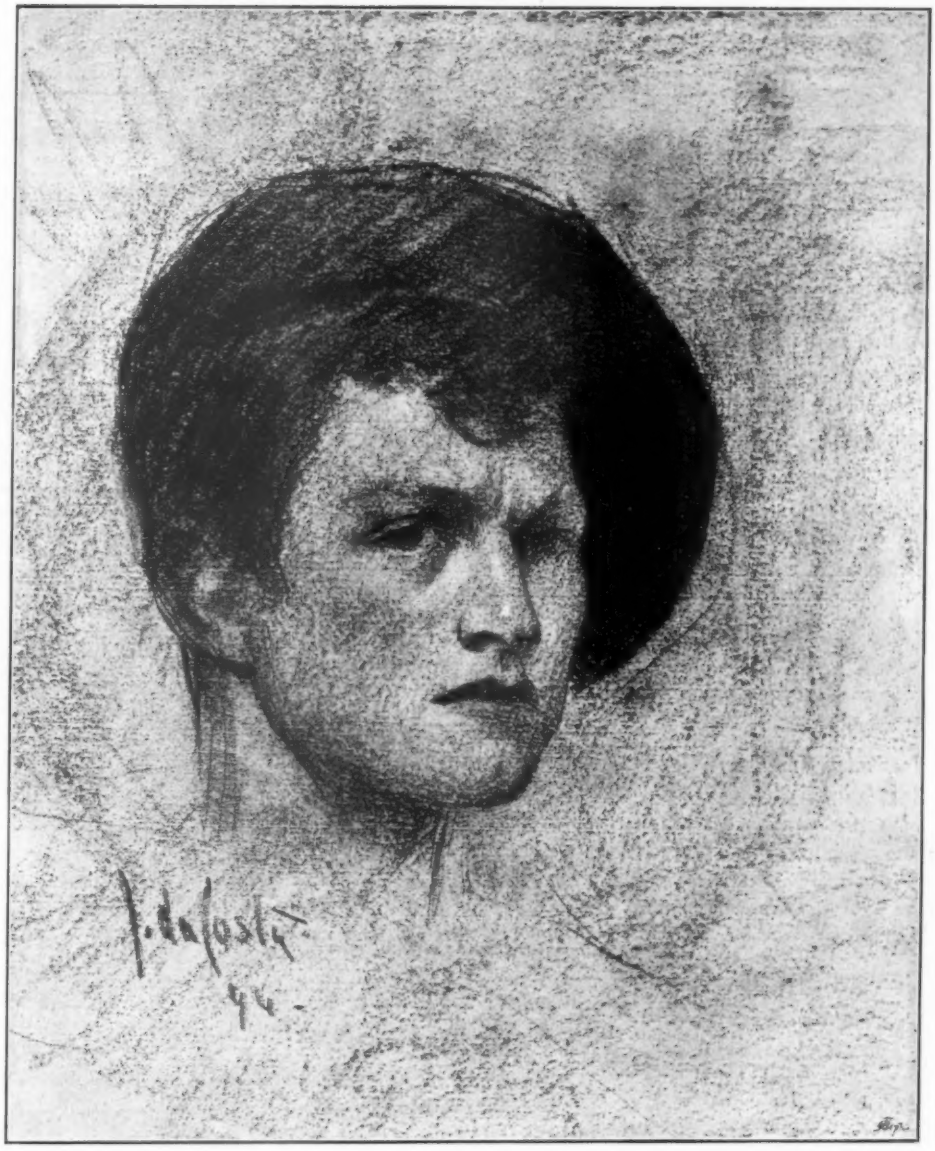
and superficial. I do not quite know how far this class of work ought rightly to be reckoned as native, for in the workshops I visited I noticed many foreigners employed, particularly Germans. Their recent timber country-houses are the prettiest things they do, and most characteristic."

"Do the Richardson school of architects make a point of designing all the interior fittings and decorations in keeping with the houses they build?"

"As a rule I should say not. These matters are mainly regulated by fashion."

"It varies then, just as is the case with us?"

"Yes, exactly; only in America the rage for this or that particular style does not last so long, and the transition from one 'period' to another takes place even more rapidly than in this



PORTRAIT OF JOHN DA COSTA.
BY HIMSELF.

country; but of course the periods come from Europe."

"I see, Mr. Crane, that I am leading you away from the subject in hand—a sign that warns me it is time to go."

AYMER VALLANCE.

A NOTE ON MR. JOHN DA COSTA AND HIS WORK.

THE younger men whose work has been introduced for the first time to a wider public in the pages of THE STUDIO have chanced to be mostly of the "decorative" school. This, not so much by any defined purpose, as because, first, the most active movement to-day appears to be in the direction of the Pre-Raphaelites; and secondly, because work designed for black and white reproduction can be offered without the loss of effect inevitable when colour is translated to be a mere shadow of itself by the so-called "half-tone process block." The artist whose work forms the subject of this note may indeed be reckoned "decorative," if seen from the standpoint of pure naturalism, but is equally naturalistic if looked at through Pre-Raphaelite spectacles. Although he is for the present, as for some years past, a native of Newlyn, he has little of the manner or technique of either Mr. Stanhope Forbes or Mr. Walter Langley, the most representative of Cornish painters. If one considered his earlier work only, the school of Bastien Lepage might be found an easy label, for those who are never content until each new variant of that wonderfully diverse order of humanity—picture painters—is classified and placed. Without attempting to place him, judged by his present work he is one of our younger painters whose pictures obtain warmer welcome in Paris than at Burlington House. Of these there are more, even in these days when the Academy has welcomed many who had hitherto been excluded, than it is pleasant to recall. Mr. John Da Costa may be taken as a type of painter who, without adopting any violent extravagance of method, or choosing un-English subjects, has not yet secured the position on the walls of the Academy which very competent judges, both outside and within its fold, consider that he merits. Still, he is young enough to wait, without undue impatience, the public recognition which, it seems certain, is merely delayed. For although his early work is not without traces of Paris influence, it is often as English as the painter himself, despite an inherited name which tells of foreign descent. Mr. Da Costa studied in Paris for about three years under Boulanger—prince of draughtsmen—Lefèvre, Cormon, Donat, and Alexander Harrison the American painter, who has also had work with the honours of the Salon upon it,

"YOUTH AND AGE" BY JOHN DA COSTA

"A PASTORAL." FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN DA COSTA

although mercilessly "skied" at Burlington House. The future immortality of "the sky line" compares at times not unfavourably with the very brief immortality of "the line" below. Mr. John Da Costa, as his pictures, *A Pastoral*, and *Youth and Age*, here reproduced, show clearly enough, is not to be classed with the most rabid realists any more than with the ultra-romantic schools. *The Pastoral* is seen with the eye of a poet. Something in it, as it appears in black and white, inevitably suggests Bastien Lepage, but in itself the handling and colour are so different that it would be unfair to consider it merely a proof of loyal admiration of a painter, just at present peculiarly distasteful to the "advanced" critic. *Youth and Age* reveals, so far as I can see, neither in its motive, nor its colour, its composition, nor its incident, any trace of the creator of *Joan of Arc*.

The studies reproduced here bring one as nearly face to face with the original drawings as is possible with any paraphrase printed with type. The curious eerie charm of the childish face (page 89), originally done in red chalk, is not quite kept in the reduction, but enough remains to prove that Mr. Da Costa sees with his own eyes certain aspects of his subject, in a way all his own. The impress of personality distinguishes this study from others that are, in their own way, hardly less attractive. To analyse their merits and describe their handling were folly, when the camera, a far more literal reporter, has put them on the same page. In Mr. Da Costa's portrait of himself, one finds a happy example of a class always interesting, often as much from their entire lack of resemblance to the man himself as others see him, as by their likeness. Here, while the portrait is very faithful and the character of the face well expressed, one recognises also a most clever bit of technique, on the merits of which it were superfluous to dwell. Young, accomplished, and full of energy, the author of these dainty portraits has started on a very honourable career. Indeed, if a work he is now engaged upon is carried triumphantly to its finish, this introduction does well to appear at the present moment; for, unless one's forecasts are incorrect, when it is well hung at the Academy or elsewhere, any future attempt to discover Mr. Da Costa will be made absurd, unless the explorer is bent on the rediscovery of the obvious—a quest which attracts so many pens to-day.

E. B. S.

The story is told of a certain collector, who wrote two letters to a printseller about Whistler's etchings, an interval of five years elapsing. The first letter says: "I do not want etchings by Whistler. They impress me as if flies that had fallen in an ink-well had walked on old paper." The second letter says: "Send me every etching by Whistler the price of which is not ruinous."

CRAYON STUDY BY J. DA COSTA

THE VALUE OF PRECEDENT. BY C. HARRISON TOWNSEND.

A YEAR or two ago I was more or less interested in promoting the scheme of an Art Workers' Guild expedition to Italy. When the question of getting together members for the party was to the front, I asked one of my friends—a man of such great power, that in place of the word talent as applied to it, another and a higher word might be used—to join us in our travels. "Come with you to Venice, Verona, and Padua?" was his answer. "And why? To see, you will tell me, the work of the older men, to study it, perhaps to sketch it. Why should I do that? To my thinking, only harm could ensue from contemplation of work done 'in the elder days of Art.' Such study binds originality fast in the bonds of copyism, and can but injure the student. No, for me the sculptors and painters of the Italy that was have no lesson to teach,—none at least that can compare with that taught me by Nature, here, at home in England, where my lesson-books are the trees, the flowers, and the sky of my own country."

Such, in substance, was his answer; one that had for me all the force of a sudden shock. For it came from a man whose poetry of invention and keenly sensitive appreciation of that Beautiful—so rare about us here and now—emphasised wonderfully the unnaturalness of his reply. It was strange that he of all men should join the ranks of those "who would," as Ruskin puts it, "substitute the rush of a new nation . . . . for the dreamy sleep of Italy's desolation, for her sweet silence of melancholy thought, her twilight time of everlasting memories." I could have understood his echoing Smetham—that strange artist—and saying, "I shrink from Italy. . . . . It is too rosy, and odorous, and relaxing, as it proved to the Goths and Huns. I love the northern greyness, and hardihood and repression." Such a point of view would have been, as I say, intelligible, and the expression of a feeling with which one might or might not agree. But it was a very different one from that put forward by my friend, whose refusal to come abroad with us meant more perhaps than he wished one to read in it, and was a typical outcome of a tendency of to-day.

CRAYON STUDY BY J. DA COSTA

And I want to say, and say plainly, that I think that tendency—however specious and fair-sounding may be the shape in which it is formulated—one founded on illogical premises, and fraught with much danger to Art. I have no brief for the man whose sketch-book is his stock-in-trade, whose book of photographs is his substitute for inspiration. Before him, "her dignity profaned," the should-be radiant figure of his Art stands bare—"half-starved for want of her peculiar food—Sacred Invention." To deride

FROM A CRAYON STUDY
BY JOHN DA COSTA

the stylist would be waste of time, to attack the copyist a needless mutilation of the slain.

But as between even him and the man who shuts his eyes and plugs his ears against the great lessons the Past teaches us, there is not the least doubt that bad though the practice of the former be, the principles of the latter are likely in the end to prove far more destructive to Art. Sins of omission are often worse than those of commission. Better too much precedent, that is—Copyism, than too little, that is—Ignorance.

Precedent is a word that connotes many things, both good and bad. And the only way to separate

CRAYON STUDY BY J. DA COSTA

these its two qualities, is by trying it in the alembic of that wide and cultured common-sense by the aid of which alone we "see things steadily and see them *whole*."

In every branch of knowledge or science we feel ourselves the richer for the accumulations and accreted experiences of our forefathers, and gratefully use and acknowledge the worth of the foundations they have raised in chemistry, astronomy, and history. We crave no right to start afresh *ab imis*, but on the understructure of our predecessors we strive to rear their buildings higher still, and to see our common edifices capped at last by

"... the soaring spires
That sing their soul in stone."

To borrow from the phraseology of science, Art is not an affair of spontaneous generation. The artist does not come into the world, "as came Melchisedek, fatherless, motherless, ancestorless." No, he is, as all of us, the creature of evolution and the slave of heredity. He stands midway between the Past from whom he takes, and the Future to whom he gives.

That "something outside himself which makes for" Beauty—which we are wont to call Inspiration—is not of itself a sufficient equipment for him. Inspiration, invention, creative power—name it what you will—without Knowledge is nothing worth.

The methods of Art are synthetical, not empirical; it is in great measure acquired, and not wholly intuitive. And this synthesis of knowledge means, and can only mean, the reading and studying the experiences and lessons of the past, the profiting by its gains, the avoiding its errors. "No plagiarist," Mr. Beerbohm Tree said the other day, "is so prolific as he who does not read." It is not enough to sit, like the faithful Buddhist, wrapped in solitary contemplation of your umbilical centre, insensible to outer influences, and brain-numbed with silent introspection. That were to end with his Nirvana and to enter into the state of nothingness, in which Past and Present and Future alike have ceased to be.

Self-isolation is the bane of Art. There is no despotism so ghastly, so disastrous in its results, as that state in which each man claims to be a law unto himself. And of all codes of ethics, surely the lowest is that where every man doeth that which is right in his own eyes.

In Art it is an illogical, because an impossible, rule of life. You cannot, if you would, escape your environment. You hold that you, *quâ* artist, have no need to go to any work of man's to help you in your art of to-day, and that, entirely self-sufficient, you will shape your course unaffected by, and apart from, what has been done in the

past. Well, can you? Can you wipe the tablets of your mind clear from that which has been written on them by what lies around you? Is it possible to point out the result of the working of your own or any man's brain in which we shall fail to see the influences that have gone before? In the dawn of an early world, seen but dimly through the mists of time, sits your first teacher and master, and the forms he carves on the blade of his oar, the crude patterns he daubs in coloured earths, are the alphabet of that language in which Art will ever hereafter speak to the world her message of aspiration and satisfaction.

"When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the tree and scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty, but is it—Art?"

And the whisper of the Devil is not hushed yet.

Again, it is mere convention to think originality in method as in idea of an importance that constitutes it the be-all and end-all of a man's life-work. If this were so, surely the logical step in literature, for instance (even if each of us did not replace his mother-tongue by his own brand-new Volapük), would be to discard the stately rhythm of Shakespeare and Milton for some form entirely and absolutely new. Suppose them thus removed, is there room in our affections think you for many Walt Whitmans, nay, for nothing but Walt Whitmans?

That Wagner's genius crowned with success his departure from the rules of musical art, that in his hands rank discord becomes harmonious, cannot reassure us when we reflect what would be the consequences if those canons were henceforward and on all sides abandoned. "To be free," says Sidney Lanier, "is not to be independent of any form, it is to be master of many forms."

And so in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, we should seek to show "the scholar's, not the child's simplicity," and not "to bow the knee to strange, new, misbegotten gods" of our own fashioning. Nor should we pour scorn on what we should venerate, nor despise the outcome of the past world's striving after the "Wahrheit und Dichtung"—Truth and Poetry—the ideals of the old artists as of ourselves.

The protest raised in favour of cutting ourselves apart from the methods and principles of our predecessors is not now heard by any means for the first time, nor is it one confined to that class of thinker whose thought crystallises into what is known as Art. It is due to that reactionary force of which the faint upheavals are to be seen around us in religious as in scientific thought, in politics as in painting, sculpture, and architecture.

Men groan under the conditions of their times; they feel, as Wordsworth says, that "the world is too much with us day by day." The result of this striving against what is stronger than themselves is a Pessimism which in the Arts finds its expression in a feverish desire to be entirely free from the precedents which a less morbid and self-conscious habit of thought would use and value on their merits. Better, as I said before, for the Present to submit to the domination of the Past, than embrace the Pessimism, and—its *sequitur*—the Nihilism, that mean the ruin of the Future.

What does much of the work of the present day for which the artist claims originality show us? Do we not find in the examples that at once rise up in the minds of all of us that the cardinal idea of the designer has been to differ from the old men by *omitting* what they had done before him? That they, for instance, worked on for centuries using strings and cornices, moulded or carved, is enough for him. In his building, to avoid the precedent he loathes, the man of the latest fashion cuts out all strings and cornices, loses all the beauty and interest of their play of light and shade, and calls the result the "simplicity of originality." It is not. It is, instead, *the simplicity due to omission*, a negation that is a poor substitute for invention, a cowardice pretending to be courage!

The true lesson of precedent is not to teach us, on the one hand, to distrust ourselves and to become tame copyists; nor, on the other, to repulse with scorn all it has to offer us. No, we should use it for our own help, inasmuch as we are "comrades of the past"; and since our difficulties are those of our forerunners, we should be grateful in remembering that they conquered their obstacle for us as well as for themselves. We are the heirs of the ages; let us not scorn the splendid heritage bequeathed us.

Let us try to enrich the soil in which our ideals are to find root and fructify, by an absorption of all that is best in the past as in the present, by widening, not narrowing, our sympathies; in a word, by a generous and discriminating self-culture, or, as Symonds phrases it, the "self-tillage, the ploughing and harrowing of self by use of what the ages have transmitted to us from the work of gifted

minds. It is the appropriation of the heritage bequeathed from previous generations to the needs and cravings of the individual, in his emancipation from 'that which binds us all—the common.'"

A NEW GERMAN DESIGNER: JOSEPH SATTLER.

To introduce a new designer to the Art public is always a matter of some nicety. On the one hand, the writer is tempted to treat his subject as a whale among minnows; on the other, a too great timidity induces one to underestimate the artist's talent. It is curiously difficult in such a case to achieve the golden mean of critical wisdom. I confess I do not know whether to regard the work of Sattler as mainly derivative or mainly original. It is legitimately derivative; it is emphatically personal. A few words as to his career may lead us to its just appreciation. Sattler was born at Schrobenhausen in Bavaria, and when he was sixteen years old he entered the Academy of Art at Munich. The routine of an Academy was, however, little to his taste; he resented perpetually copying from the antique. It was all very well for the normal art student, but Sattler was anything but a normal art student. He very soon severed his connection with the institution, although it was prepared to cultivate his recognised art gift. He determined to emancipate himself, but happily he was impressed with the strange emblematical imagery of ancient German Art, and he therefore apprenticed himself to the great masters of his Fatherland. He turned quite naturally to the Cabinet of Prints at Munich, and found there endless food for study and contemplation. He immediately apprehended the great and little German masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and these artists influenced the direction of his talent in no small degree. Differing in many things, they were yet similar up to a certain point, and Sattler proceeded at once to assimilate their spirit. The first result of his study was the production of a work entitled *Scenes from the Peasants' Revolt of* 1525, which was published last year. It was printed in a very limited edition, but at once drew the attention of German connoisseurs to the young artist. Sattler was, however, not content to rest upon his laurels. He craved new fields to conquer, and he naturally turned his eyes to Paris, the centre and cradle of so many modern art movements. Paris is nothing if not insular in matters of art; it appreciates little which is produced outside the fortifications. It is therefore the more remarkable that the talent of Sattler, a stranger and a German, was freely, and even enthusiastically, recognised. He received the somewhat questionable distinction of a *mention honorable* at the old Salon, and the French press recognised in him an artist whose work was worthy of generous recognition. His exhibit consisted of part of a series of designs entitled *The Modern Dance of Death*. One critic of eminence voted these illustrations "the most curious things at the Salon," while another considered that they were

BOOK-PLATE BY J. SATTLER

permeated with national feeling, and declared that it was a good thing for an artist to be imbued with the spirit of his own country. It was no small matter for Sattler to obtain such ample approval from a press none too well disposed towards foreigners in general, and towards Germans in particular. The encouragement thus received induced Sattler to further effort, and the most recent outcome of his talent is a collection of book-plates, some of which are reproduced here. The entire series will shortly be published in England by Messrs. H. Grevel & Co. in an edition strictly limited to a hundred copies for the English market.

FROM "THE PEASANTS' REVOLT."
BY JOSEPH SATTLER.

FROM "THE FEASANTS' REVOLT" BY J. SATTLER

Two new works by Sattler are nearly completed, one entitled *An Artist's Home*, and the other a series of illustrations of Schiller's *Revolt of the Netherlands*.

I have pointed out that Sattler has been profoundly influenced by the German designers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With the unerring instinct of real talent, he inevitably went to the greatest of them. The vast and sombre imagination of Albrecht Dürer, the splendid symbolical and decorative power of the creator of the *Melancholia*, fascinated him, as indeed they must fascinate anybody possessing any feeling at all for decoration.

It is quite clear that Sattler paid to Dürer the complete homage of imitation. He could hardly have done less. From some masters you may learn lessons without becoming their imitators; the genius of Dürer, on the other hand, is so commanding and so compelling that imitation is positively forced upon you whether you will or not. Imitation, however, is of various kinds. It may be the mechanical reproduction of manner and mannerisms, or it may be a similarity produced by the absorption of the very spirit of a man's work. Sattler's imitation of Dürer is of this latter and wiser kind. It is an imitation which is infused with his own personality, not an imitation which is mere unintelligent plagiarism. If, in the majority of Sattler's designs, there is something of Albrecht Dürer, in every one of them there is much of Sattler himself. His designs, it is true, would not have existed in their present form if Dürer had not lived and worked, but they could never have been produced by anybody but Sattler himself. None of the examples which we reproduce here seem to me more thoroughly characteristic of Sattler's talent than that from the *Modern Dance of Death*. The

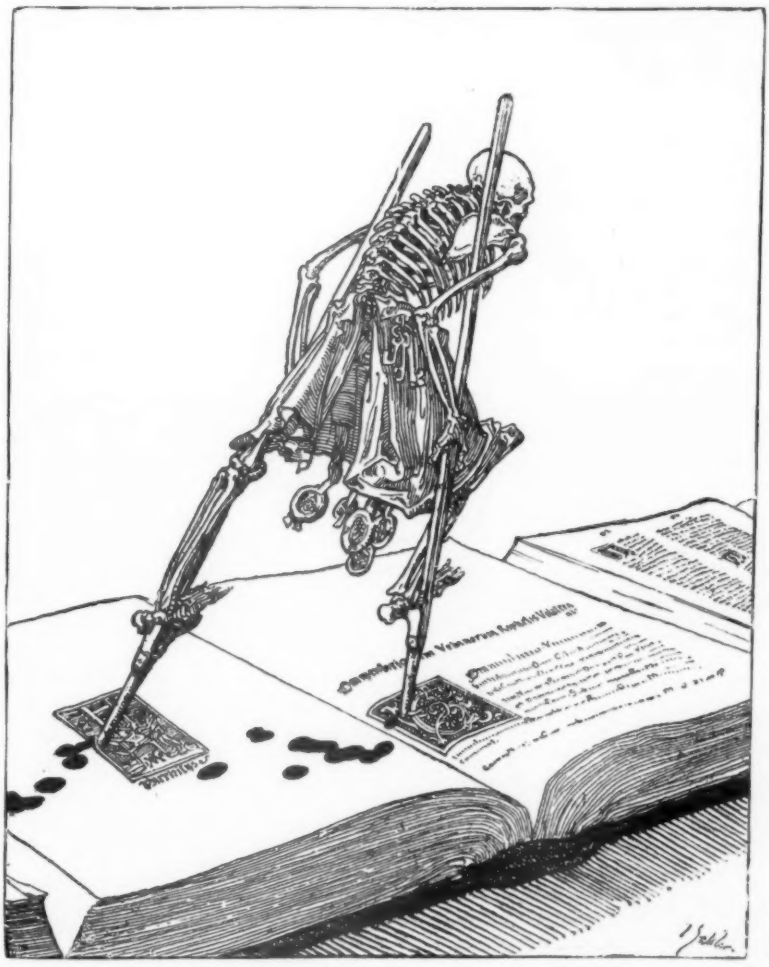
BOOK-PLATE BY J. SATTLER

Dance of Death is a weirdly fantastic idea which appealed acutely to the curiously mystic and morbid imagination of the ancient German designers. It was frequently treated by them, and it formed one of Hans Holbein's most famous subjects. The version which Sattler gives us now is full of weird power—full, moreover, of mordant personality. It is utterly unlike anything which, so far as I know, has come from the hand of a modern designer. The grim skeleton, with seals and keys dangling from its bones, crossing a row of mediæval books on sharply pointed stilts which leave on the pages over which they pass a tortuous course of worm-holes, is at once repellent and fascinating. The design leaves on the mind an acute and powerful, if a grotesquely unpleasant, impression.

In the crowded illustration which is reproduced here from the *Revolt of the Peasants*, we meet with Sattler in another and a less morbid mood.

BOOK PLATE BY J. SATTLER

This design shows how intensely the artist has appreciated the spirit of the old German school of illustrators. Its vigour is immense. In the crowd of faces there is infinite variety of expression. One face is marked by malicious humour, another by lurking cunning, another by severe determination of purpose, and yet another by stolid self-satisfaction. The use of the tall upright posts is most ingenious, and the very signature of the thing recalls the land and period from which Sattler has drawn his inspiration.



FROM "THE MODERN DANCE OF DEATH" BY J. SATTLER

But it is, I venture to think, in his bookplates that Sattler gives the most convincing and most interesting proofs of his talent. In England, as these pages have often proved, the artistic bookplate is by no means uncommon. We have the delightful grace of Mr. Anning Bell, the gallant and correct heraldic work of Mr. Sherburne, the wonderful imaginings of

BOOK-PLATE BY J. SATTLER

Mr. Charles Ricketts, to say nothing of the pleasing designs of Mr. Edmund New, and a host of others. While, however, we possess so much that is charming and artistic, we have nothing, it seems to me, so fascinating and so curious as the book-plates of Joseph Sattler. And moreover, in his *Ex Libris*, Sattler gives convincing proof of very considerable versatility. He is decorative, weird, quaint, picturesque, humorous, grotesque by turns. There seems to be no limits to his invention, no bounds to his ingenuity.

The examples which are reproduced here give some hint of his variety. The bold decoration of the plate bearing the legend *Evigilia et Tecum Esto*, with its crowing cock; the picturesque landscape of the plate for G. A. Süss; the grimness of the little plate for A. Marzolff, show widely different aspects of Sattler's talent, one might almost say, genius. The majority of the plates are in colour, which is admirably managed, and in gold, which is used most judiciously. The colour is generally sombre, but the effects obtained are very rich indeed. One of the plates, representing the head of a Cardinal, is positively magnificent, and in its austerity it suggests, to a certain degree, the grand manner of Hans Holbein. It will be observed with what enviable skill Sattler manages to make the name, and, where there is one, the legend also, an integral part of his design. Once these things are removed, you reduce, rather than enhance, the charm of the design. It is needless to point out that this is as it should be, and in this matter some of our English designers might do worse than take a lesson from the young German who has made himself such a master of this important detail of his art. Moreover, Sattler manages to introduce his own signature into each book-plate with no ostentation, but with rare felicity. Another point strikes me: one can look at over forty of Sattler's book-plates without feeling any sort of monotony. Each design by him is easily recognisable as his work; but he is remarkably varied within the limits which his subject imposes on him. Each book-plate is a separate invention, and not a mere re-arrangement. Sattler is not for ever manipulating a single type. Every new plate is a creation without reference to those which have gone before.

The business of assigning a place to a living artist, however fascinating as a pastime, is a dangerous affair for the critic. In the case of Sattler, looking at the small amount of his output, it would be mere foolhardiness to attempt it. And yet it seems to me that without indiscretion we may be sure of some things in regard to him. In the first place, he has very little in common with other designers of the day. Some there are, whose art is less strikingly the outcome of what has gone before; others, again, have perhaps made a more gracious and serene use of the art of the past. On the other hand, there are very few who have worked in old methods, and preserved more of their own personality. And, moreover, there are not very

BOOK-PLATE BY J. SATTLER

BOOK-PLATE BY J. SATTLER

many whose work, if much of it be seen at the same time, is less monotonous. It appears to me that nothing about Sattler's work is more welcome and more surprising than the variety and freshness of his invention. He is master, practically, of a single method, but he employs that method with amazing elasticity. Entirely fortunate is it that Sattler, being a German, turned for inspiration to the masters of design of his own country. It is a truism that that art is most valuable which is most racy of the soil; the art of Sattler gains much from the very fact that it is essentially Teutonic, essentially the product of its native place. None but a German could have shown so great an insight into, or have assimilated so completely, the tradition and spirit of German art. For the rest, I claim for Sattler that he is new, though new in an old sense, and that he is interesting to the point of fascination. It is no small thing to be either of these; to be both is indeed a very considerable thing. Any attempt at technical criticism would, it seems to me, be out of place in an introductory note such as the present, and I have therefore abstained from it. I shall look forward to Sattler's future work with interest and curiosity, and if I have induced any of my readers to share my feelings in this matter, I shall have realised my expectations to the full.

CHARLES HIATT.

FROM GALLERY AND STUDIO. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE exhibition at the Westminster Aquarium has done us the service of showing exactly where we stand in the matter of the artistic poster. The most famous of Chéret's productions were included: the *Buttes Chaumont*, the *Saxoleine*, the *Loie Fuller* series, as well as the best of those done for the Paris music-halls, were all there. In addition, there were the four unlettered decorative panels in which the artist has sought to sum up and to epitomise his talent. While, however, the work of Chéret is a charm, it is not a revelation, to the English connoisseur. We have known him long and rated him highly. On the other hand, the remarkable productions of Toulouse-Lautrec are known comparatively to few. Their originality, their ferocity, and withal their fascination, prove that Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec possesses a talent quite apart. His *Reine de Joie* is the most compelling, and perhaps the most revolting, poster ever designed, while his *Jane Avril* is monumentally grotesque in spite of its delightful scheme of colour. Both Chéret and Lautrec are born poster-makers: with Willette, on the other hand, the making of posters is an accident. His *Pauvre Pierrot*, his *Exposition Internationale*, are charming things, but they are advertisements which do not advertise; his *Candidat Anti-Sémite* is a ferocious and a fascinating thing which like-

BOOK-PLATE BY J. SATTLER

wise fails to advertise. Only when dealing with Van Houten's Cocoa does this admirable artist achieve advertisement; and advertisement primarily is the absolute *raison d'être* of the poster. To some extent this objection applies to the charming productions of Grasset. In the *Sarah Bernhardt* (illustrated in the last number of THE STUDIO), there is a splendid dash, in the *Fêtes de Paris* a flamboyant mediævalism, in the *Odéon* a grace, all very different, but all the outcome of something that has gone before. To pass from Grasset to Guillaume is to pass to a distinctly lower plane, and yet the posters of the latter are better advertisements than those of the former. Of this kind the *Chapeaux Delion* and the *Pole Nord* are admirable, but their kind is not the best. Very different are the exquisite *Petite Pousset* and *Dentifrice* of M. Boutet de Monvel, an artist whose decorative charm is most alluring. Extremely distinguished as a painter, M. Boutet de Monvel is too wise to disdain the *affiche*. Utterly different, infinitely less interesting, is the *Chocolat Menier* of Bouissot, which is commonplace, though good and ingenious commonplace. In passing from Bouissot to Ibels, we pass to an artist of rare power and originality. His *Irène Henry*, a delicate arrangement in violet and green, is one of the most beautiful things in the show. The line is excellent, and as a portrait of the artiste whom it represents, the thing is most striking. Among others, *L'Escarmouche* and the delicate little *Salon des Cents* of this artist should be noticed. One of the most brilliantly successful posters ever produced is the *Pépinière* of Valloton, which represents with immense verve a grotesque audience screaming with laughter at a play. Of its kind it is a masterpiece. Before passing from France to England, one must say a few words about three of the most able and original French artists who have ever essayed the *affiche*. First among these comes Bonnard, whose *Revue Blanche* is entirely original, entirely charming, and most conspicuously successful. The *France Champagne* pleases me less, but its originality is emphatic. Less original, but still curiously interesting, are the productions of Métivet, whose advertisements for the French music-hall singer, Eugénie Buffet, in her répertoire of realistic songs, are serious works of art pregnant with the spirit of their age, and thoroughly artistic in colour and design. Steinlen, like most eminent poster-makers, has done an *affiche* for Yvette Guilbert. The appearance of this extraordinary person is at once alluring and grotesque, and she should prove an inspiration to the artist. Steinlen has succeeded brilliantly in design, but not altogether in colour. In his *Lait Sterilisé*, on the other hand, he has succeeded to admiration in both. The work of Choubrac, Lunel and Paléologue, while it compares ill with that just discussed, at least deserves passing mention.

In England the young men of to-day have inaugurated a new era by appreciating the fact that an advertisement which does not advertise is a contradiction in terms. Mr. Dudley Hardy is not yet a Jules Chéret, but he has produced some capital posters which are most highly appreciated in Paris. Mr. Greiffenhagen's single essay is delightful and fulfils its primary purpose excellently. Again, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is seen at his best when advertising a play or a series of books. Nor should the clever work of Mr. Raven Hill be overlooked, while Messrs. J. & W. Beggarstaff will undoubtedly do good and original work. Our hoardings will not become artistic in a day, but already in the deserts of vulgarity and stupidity there are oases of art. In our view, the outlook is more than hopeful: the English hoardings are destined for the artist.

In the seventeenth annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society, held in Glasgow, there are not many of the exhibits which can claim to be of more than ordinary merit, and the exhibition generally is neither better nor worse than previous ones held by the Society. Too many trifling pictures have been hung. It is, however, pleasant to come across one of the exhibits which has many outstanding features, and by kind permission of the artist we reproduce it. The drawing is by Mr. George Henry, who has but lately returned from Japan, where he has been painting for some eighteen months. The colour scheme, of light grey and black, with notes of orange and pink, while not brilliant, is sufficiently full to be easily discernible as the work of a fine colourist, and the quaint *kanzashi*, or hair ornament, the sprig of cherry blossom, and arrangement of dress, all help to make the interesting design typical of the Yoshiwara beauty.

The students of the National Art Training School have just held the annual exhibition of their Sketching Club, in one of the unsightly but useful erections which are familiar in South Kensington Museum. We go there expecting to find a series of antiquated and laboriously stippled pro-

"A JAPANESE BELLE" BY GEORGE HENRY

ductions—the only kind of work which can be produced at the School according to a certain class of critics, unwise with the ignorance of a bygone generation. When we see, on the contrary, a collection of paintings and drawings, of which the prevailing characteristics are their modernity and their diversity from each other, we are pleasantly impressed with a kind of shock. And we appreciate very fully—and charitably—the out-of-date reminiscences of our friends the pessimists aforesaid.

Not that all the exhibits, or indeed many of them, are good in the final sense. But, as studies, exercises, or whatever you please to call them so long as the experimental principle is admitted, they are excellent; quite the best the School has produced for a number of years. There are, indeed, a few which reach gallery form. Of these the large water-colour by Mr. Hankey, which gains a first prize in "Section A," is to be noted. It shows a great mastery of technique, and a very pretty appreciation of colour; although one must feel that it is somewhat large, in dimension, for the subject. In this class, comprising, we understand, the senior students now attending the schools, Messrs. H. R. Rook and F. V. Burridge also exhibit sketches in oils, which in each case show more promise than most of the finished work, and are all the more valuable for it. They are both working out their salvation independently; and while they have quite enough technical skill to satisfactorily *imitate*, if they so wished, they wisely prefer their own impressions, carried out fearlessly to the end. Of the other exhibitors—and those mentioned are to be considered simply as representatives—we have only space to refer to the sympathetic drawings of Old Rouen by Messrs. Lenfestey and Burnand, the very dainty colouring of Miss C. A. Jones, Messrs. R. J. Bush, H. Watson, and W. R. Cooper. Good colour is indeed a strong point throughout—witness the almost masterly treatment of sunlight and shadow

"LOW TIDE" BY FRED V. BURRIDGE

in Mr. C. B. Ward's charming little sketch; Messrs. H. D. Clifford, W. R. Cooper, and E. A. Brown are also not without success in studies of atmospheric effect.

The black and white is very weak. The technique of most of the exhibits suggests general ignorance of this most useful art. Possibly there is no instruction in it. However, Miss Miles has a very charming set of illustrations to *Undine*, in wash; and the work of Miss Stratton and Mr. Vanderlyn is also good. On the other hand, the etchings are technically of a high order of merit, though without over-much individuality. Mr. Burridge gains the first prize, and Miss Harrison's *Rouen* well merits the "honourable mention" awarded it. Miss C. Pott, Miss Hayes, and Mr. Schröder also show good work. The study of aquatint is still continued; but this difficult process apparently finds a few practitioners.

It is not generally known what an admirable surface slate offers to the painter in oils. When one is suddenly seized with a desire to sketch, it is often impossible on the spur of the moment to procure canvas or boards on which to work; but an ordinary school slate can generally be purchased, and will prove itself an adequate substitute. The school slate, moreover, has its advantages, since it is cheaper than a canvas, and as cheap as a Birchmore board or panel of similar size; it is not fragile, and one's sketch is already temporarily framed. Any number of wet sketches can safely be carried together, as the wooden frames round the slates will keep the painted surfaces apart. The sole disadvantage of the slate is its weight, which, however, is not sufficient to prove a serious drawback to its more general use. Linseed oil rubbed over the surface before use will be found advantageous, after which the usual painting mediums may be employed. Slate, again, should be a durable substance on which to paint large decorations for interior or exterior use.

We understand that Mr. Herbert J. Draper, whose picture *The Sea Maiden* was reproduced in the September number of THE STUDIO, has undertaken the management of Mrs. Edward Walker's Art Class for Ladies, at Inglethorpe, 2 Challoner Street, West Kensington.

"IN HARBOUR" BY H. R. ROOK

J. W. WATERHOUSE AND HIS WORK. BY A. LYS BALDRY.

In these days, when considerable importance is attached to the manner of the training which the would-be artist receives, and when a great amount of consideration is given to the respective merits of the different centres of art education, it is interesting to note with what success a man, in a measure self-taught, can follow the artistic profession. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, whose position among the younger painters in this country is to-day so well assured and so frankly recognised by the public, is a very striking example of an artist who owes almost entirely to himself the steady progress that in a comparatively short time he has made towards the front rank. He has had little of the ordinary training, the conventional round of school exercises and class-room practice which is followed as a matter of course by every student. He has worked in no Continental studios; and his acquaintance with the curriculum of the Royal Academy schools is a matter of a few months only. His knowledge of art has come from no systematic building up, nor from any observance of the regular sequence of processes which is supposed to be indispensable for the formation of solid and stable convictions on questions of practical æstheticism. On the contrary, he has acquired his experience in a somewhat desultory manner, and has established his reputation without the assistance of those preliminary introductions which are supposed to result from membership of certain coteries and groups.

Mr. Waterhouse, however, began his practice with one great advantage. His father was an artist, a copyist of the works of the old masters, and a firm believer in the advantage of studying their masterpieces. Therefore, from the first, the education of the son was influenced in a wholesome direction, and was kept steadily in the track which seemed likely to lead to the best results; but the special value of the particular method of acquiring art knowledge which he adopted lay really less in the fact that he occasionally copied the pictures of

"FIELD FLOWERS" BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.

the great artists of the past, than in the manner in which he turned to account the observations he made of their devices and performances. By constant analysis of æsthetic principles and by incessant effort to formulate the results of this analysis, by continued investigation of technical details and subsequent attempts to express the executive conclusions to which he was led by his inquiries, he accustomed himself to depend to an unusual extent upon his powers of memory, and to turn a natural capacity for making mental notes to exceptionally good account. The advantage which has in his more mature practice resulted from this assiduous cultivation of an innate gift has been almost incalculable, and to it must in some considerable measure be ascribed the success with which he has been able to strike out for himself a line that is lacking neither in originality nor charm of manner.

It was in the course of his studies at the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum that he laid the foundation of that power of forming mental images which has since helped so much to give to his pictures their peculiar individuality. The method which he then employed involved no slight strain upon his ability to remember and keep stored up in his mind facts which came under his daily observation; but the very extent of the effort made more permanent and valuable the effect which this system of study produced upon his artistic nature. His method was in many respects quite opposed to the ordinary technical practice of the schools, and was little in sympathy with the Academic traditions. He concerned himself hardly at all with the minute imitation of set subjects that occupy the working hours of the average art student, and gave no great portion of his time to the acquisition of that ability to copy servilely which is in the art class-room accepted as the supreme essential. On the contrary, he went so far as to make investigations into the theories of art before he had mastered more than the rudiments of its practice. He was actually unconventional enough to inquire the reasons why the greater artists did certain things before he had learned how to do these things himself; and he had so much want of respect for custom that he preferred to train his intelligence even more highly than his hand, declining to depend merely upon manual dexterity to get him through the difficult places in the path of art.

"HAMADRYAD" BY J. W. WATERHOUSE

His principle was, indeed, pre-eminently an intellectual one, making demands upon his sense of observation and analysis, and upon his power to re-create. It was one which guided him first in the collection of mental material, and afterwards in the assimilation of the items of knowledge so gathered. He would in the National Gallery get by heart the colour, the composition, the design, the handling even, of some selected picture; or he would at South Kensington examine a terra-cotta bust or marble statue, making now and then slight and rapid sketches, mere

"CONSULTING THE ORACLE." FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.

(By kind permission of Henry Tate, Esq.)

hasty notes, and would later strive to reproduce at home from memory the facts and details he had noted. He would even try to apply to some piece of work of his own initiating the modes of interpretation which he had found adequate to express the intentions of the master whom for the time he had selected to study. As a result of all this he has habituated himself to depend largely upon mental preconceptions in designing works of art, and to use ideas much in the same way that other men use studies, painted or drawn. He has for this reason been able to train himself to dispense almost entirely, in the preparation of his more recent performances, with detailed preliminary sketches. He has made it practicable now to depend upon a design photographed, as it were, upon his imagination; and it is possible for him to keep this imaginary picture unchanged through all the stages by which it is transferred to the canvas, and is translated from the substance of a dream into solid and stable pigments.

At the outset of his career as a producing artist, Mr. Waterhouse did not confine himself to painting only. For a while he gave a good deal of attention to modelling, and there are still in existence examples of these, his youthful attempts to master the sculptor's art. As he progressed, however, and as with practice came greater facility in painting, he devoted his energies more and more to work with the brush, and to that branch of artistic effort which concerns itself with both form and colour rather than with form alone. The advantage which he gained by these excursions into varieties of art production was undoubtedly considerable; he was led to form wider conclusions on technical questions, and he was able to secure for hand and eye a training far more thorough than would, perhaps, have been possible under a system more closely specialised and more exactly defined.

His first essays in pictorial art were, as they so often are when made by an imaginative youth, studies in symbolism, attempts to realise and personify abstract ideas. He painted a succession of allegorical subjects dealing with what may be termed the mysteries of human existence, and illustrating its emotions and deeper imaginings; but he was too sincerely inclined towards the study of Nature to remain long occupied with such speculative abstractions. From them he turned to motives that were inspired more directly by the world that he found about him, to subjects that brought him actually into contact with Nature, and that were expressive of facts rather than suggestive of fancies only. It was characteristic of this, his second period, that he began to hold as of greatest importance the manner in which his observations should be presented. It was equally characteristic that he inclined towards a somewhat unusual combination of naturalism and invention, and chose to clothe the expression of his ideas in a guise that was in details faithful to Nature as he saw her, and in general effect adapted to certain preconceived views about the selection of subjects.

He had by this time, in his choice of pictorial motives, fallen perceptibly under the influence of Mr. Alma-Tadema, and was seeking among the fascinations of classic genre the direction in which he might occupy himself with best effect. But even then there was something of originality in the shape which he gave to his interpretations of themes comparatively well worn. They became in his hands the means of setting forth problems in colour, shrewd observations of arrangements of light and shade, quaint observations of lines and masses; and were valuable especially because they enabled him to study natural subtleties in a fashion that was a little apart from every-day commonplace. Classic genre, as he treated it, was less anecdotal than reflective, less pictorial story-telling than an excuse quite sufficiently plausible for presenting Nature in a shape all the more becoming because not strictly in keeping with modern conventions. People who remember the sunny, sparkling canvases, small in size and glowing with colour, which Mr. Waterhouse was contributing to the exhibitions at the end of the seventies, and in the early eighties, will feel even now that there is due to him a debt of gratitude for such glimpses into a brighter world.

In all the work which he executed during this period of youthful enthusiasm he was concerned most of all with the presentation of colour under effects of brilliant light. To ensure the exactness of chromatic statement which seemed to him to be of chief importance, he painted this series of pictures out of doors, posing his models in the bright sunlight, and working unhampered by the conventions and limitations of the studio. It was not merely that he studied his subjects in the open air, noting the more important facts and sketching the chief details and colour transitions for later putting together within doors, the pictures were actually painted on the spot, and were kept free from any influences that might disturb the vividness of the impression which he wished to convey. They were frankly literal, slight and direct in handling, and displaying no artifice nor effort to suggest any-

thing beyond the one main motive. Their classicality meant nothing. It was not made important by any straining after abstruse archæology, nor used to illustrate historical incidents. It was simply adopted because by its help textures and colours not commonly accessible in the present day could be pressed into the service of the artist, and because under its glamour trivial occurrences, commonplace in themselves, could be treated picturesquely and be made really pictorial.

"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI" BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.
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This phase of his art development lasted a comparatively short time; and, strangely enough, his next step was in a measure retrograde, in the direction of Academic painting. He changed his cheery suggestions of a life that was full of vivacity and varied movement for a more sombre and ponderous type of art expression. His colour and light impressions gave way to dramatic and historical compositions. There began now a period which was devoted to the creation of elaborately combined and laboriously arranged exercises in pictorical story-telling, to the production of a species of illustrated commentary on the writings of historians. In such weighty pictures as *Mariamne*, *Consulting the Oracle*, or *St. Eulalia*, he dealt with subjects that were less appeals to the eye and pleasant reminders to Nature-loving minds than definite and serious demands upon the memory and intelligence. The whole of these pictures, which by their importance of scale and by a certain freshness of treatment characteristic of them attracted to his work a great deal of popular attention, was, perhaps, too deliberate and exactly planned to be quite in keeping with the mental view of an artist who was still young; there was about such productions a hint of set conviction and fully matured belief. They implied that he had already made up his mind on all the vexed questions of art practice and had reached the end of his career as an intelligent observer and receptive thinker. They seemed to presage the condition of formulated belief which comes to every worker in art as soon as he ceases to be impressionable.

Fortunately, there was for Mr. Waterhouse the possibility of recuperation. He was not long detained by the plausible suggestions of the historical school; and that his dallyings with a class of art, for which he must all along have had few real sympathies, were not actually serious, was sufficiently proved by his return to subjects that had in them much that was reminiscent of the earlier stages of his practice. He reverted in fact to symbolism, but it was of an order that had infinitely

"OPHELIA." FROM A PAINTING
BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.

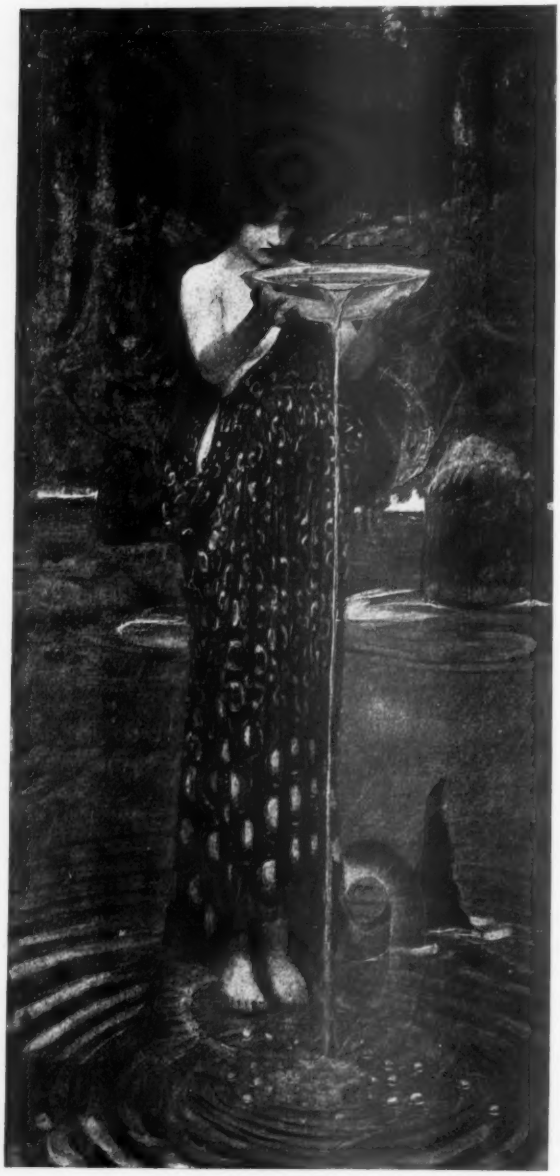
more originality than the abstractions of his youth. He betook himself again to allegorical painting, in which the subject was once more subordinated to manner of expression and design of form and colour, and in which there was less theatrical effectiveness than emotional feeling; but he combined with it something of the vigour in the handling of colour masses which had been emphatically his during the period of his classicalities. And his allegories were not mere personifications; they were far more dramatic than the subjects which he chose from the byplay of history. He was studying in these, his newest motives, the whole drama of human thoughts and actions, and was touching with no little insight on the real significance of the emotions and instincts of mankind.

To this newer conviction, this definite inclination towards a picturesque mysticism, we owe the group of successive canvases that have during the last four or five years brought the artist into the front rank of the men who are leaving a mark upon the art of our times. The transition from the previous point of view was in his case indefinite and gradual enough, and it is only by the consideration of his work during a space of some years that the change can be even approximately marked. Perhaps it was in *The Sirens*, exhibited in 1891, that the painter, as we know him now, first began to appear. He was certainly present in *Circe*, which was one of the successes of the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1892, and in *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, which was in the same galleries in 1893. To this latter year belong also the *Naiad*, and *Hamadryad*, which represented him at the New Gallery; while the series is still further enriched by the notable canvases, *The Lady of Shallott*, and *Ophelia*, which were seen in the spring of the present year. How far he has put away from him the perfunctory anecdote of the historical subject these last two works show with absolute clearness; and an even more convincing proof will be provided when the large *St. Cecilia*, now on his easel, comes in its turn to be submitted to public attention and expert criticism. This one, of all his pictures produced up to the present time, bids fair to make most evident the strength of his claim to recognition as a chief of the small band which in this country upholds the credit of that art which bases its claim to acceptance upon its own intrinsic merit.

It is a peculiarity of the practice of Mr. Waterhouse that technically he is but little bound by fixed and immutable ideas, and that he is less disposed towards a rigid system than towards a method that will allow him sufficient latitude to turn to the best account new ways of expression that may come under his notice. He has in the variety of his earlier work, and in the course of his boyish comparisons at the National Gallery, arrived at a very fair estimate of the limitations of the painter's craft, and knows when to forbear in that pursuit of the impossible which is the inconsiderate occupation of many men of less discretion. This is very evident in the manner in which he now regards the question of how to deal with combinations of strong colour. There is in his mind, still unsubdued, the same inclination towards the use of brilliant hues which governed him when he painted the classic flower-shops, the street scenes, and the river-side groups, which were the results of his actual studies of colour in the open air and under the magic influence of blazing sunlight. But to-day he recognises that to handle out of doors anything larger than a cabinet picture, of the type that he prefers, is practically impossible, while he also perceives that these clamorous effects are not to be attempted in the quieter light and gentler shades of a studio. He knows, too, that to strain, in spite of all, after chromatic vehemence indoors is but to invite failure and to join hands with vulgarity. So he accepts what is, in fact, inevitable, and reduces his ambitions within the limits that are imposed by the conditions under which he, with the majority of modern artists, has to work.

All through his career as an artist this question of the right way in which colour should be used has interested him and has taken up a great deal of his attention. By instinct he is a colourist of distinctly individual tastes and preferences, and by education he is a colourist of considerable judgment as well. Therefore he has been at some pains to work out for himself a rule by which he might simplify his practice and arrive at the best results within his reach. He started with the conclusion, forced upon him by experience in his very early days, that a combination exquisite when its power is softened and harmonised by the all-pervading influence of sunlight, is in a room as often as not unpaintable. Therefore he had to experiment until he could satisfy himself what was the scope which still remained to him after admitting the necessity for adopting the illumination of a studio as his standard of light. The results of these experiments were embodied in his pictures, accounting, perhaps, in some measure for the variations in his manner; and from these experiments he evolved the conviction that there remains to the indoor painter, as naturalistic strength is impossible to

him, an alternation between colour that is subdued and harmonious because it exactly reproduces the studio effect, and colour that is brilliant up to a certain degree, and yet harmonious, because it is conventional. In the space between these two limitations he would contend that there is sufficient room for reasonable variety, and that nothing is to be gained by attempting to pass the boundaries.



CIRCE INVIDIOSA" BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.

It follows out of this that, as outside colour is beyond the reach of the painter in the studio, outside effects of atmosphere are also to be forbidden. On this point, Mr. Waterhouse, most of whose pictures, by the way, are now treated with landscape backgrounds, has equally rational convictions. To paint the conventionalised figures in accordance with the studio theory and to juxtapose with them a realistic landscape would be obviously jarring, and the result would be disjointed and uncomfortable. Therefore, if the setting of the subject chosen for the picture must necessarily be trees and sky, or a blue sea, these details must be in their turn conventionalised and treated as colour masses alone. The landscape must, in fact, be of the nature of a tapestry backing, real enough in form, accurate as it can be made in drawing and perspective, and possessed of all possible charm and harmony of colour, but without any suggestion of atmospheric variation or change of effect. Of this use of out-of-door material for pictures that have to be painted under a roof, Mr. Waterhouse has given excellent examples in his *Naiad* and *Ophelia*, both of which owe not a little of their refinement and charm of colour to the sensitive treatment of the backgrounds and accessories of leaves and branches. And in the *St. Cecilia* he is applying the same principle on a larger scale and in a more complex manner. In the place of the greys and greens and warm browns of the woodland in which his nymph is set in the *Naiad*, he is dealing with an expanse of sky, with a wide stretch of sea, with trees and distant buildings, drawn with close attention and painted with no lack of colour. How far it will be possible for him to carry the realism of the surroundings without giving artificiality to the group of figures, the Saint and her attendant angels, has yet to be seen. The test will be, perhaps, the most severe to which he has, as yet, subjected his theories.

The technical processes by which his pictures are developed are straightforward enough, and differ only in details from the usual methods of the figure painter. Of the chief individuals in an important composition he would in the ordinary

"THE LADY OF SHALLOTT."
FROM A PAINTING BY
J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.

course make preliminary black and white drawings, dealing both with the pose of the nude figure and with the castings of the draperies, and these would be carried to a considerable degree of elaboration. For minor figures, however, he would not, except in rare cases, prepare anything but the slightest notes of their general aspect, stating their characteristics of attitude or movement with sufficient accuracy to impress upon his mind anything which might in his original mental image be incomplete or not sufficiently explained. For the rest he would be satisfied to depend almost entirely upon the view of his projected picture which had been already recorded in his mind by the combined influences of memory and trained imagination; and he would be prepared to work out his intention on the actual canvas without the assistance of sketchy reminders. The process is a simple one and practicable to a man of his exceptional training in mental vision, but it might, perhaps, seem to an artist who was not so fully equipped to be lacking somewhat in adequate safeguards and liable to lead him into that hesitation which in art means destruction. That Mr. Waterhouse has in his pictures rarely shown a trace of uncertainty or mixed conviction goes far to prove that in his case, at all events, the method is justifiable.

In matters of handling and brushwork his pictures are, indeed, attractive even to the technique worshipping present-day students. There are in his manner of painting a directness and simplicity which are in a sense reflections from the personality of the painter, and which give to his execution a significance and exact meaning that are not to be ignored. These qualities, which were evident years ago in his earliest work, have never entirely deserted him, not even during the less characteristic labours of his historical period, and are now acquiring day by day greater value and importance. By their help the adequate presentation of his thoughtful designs and the successful realisation of his picturesque fancies become possible; and it is by the influence of such indispensable aids to fluent expression that his whole appeal to the attention of his contemporaries is made intelligible. Without the power to give shape to his own convictions and to present them to the passer-by in their most persuasive guise his effort would remain ever ineffectual. To treat his quaint imaginings with a clumsy hand or with an uncertain and wavering touch would be to destroy their credibility and to make them affectations. For it is only by his own absolute sincerity of thought and expression that a painter of mystic suggestions can hope to convince a public that is matter-of-fact and commonplace. The influence of fine technique is not confined to people who can understand it, and perceive its inner meaning; by its aid an artist can hope to eventually convert the world, but without it he is merely a preacher incapacitated by an incurable impediment in his speech.

What will be the future developments of Mr. Waterhouse's art it is impossible now to say. That he has arrived at anything like final conviction no one who has followed his growth and progress would dare to assert. His life, hitherto, has been one of change and evolution. He has passed almost unconsciously from one step to another, and has, in apparent obedience to the æsthetic instincts which control him, varied his performances to suit each phase of his own belief. Where he is now can only be regarded as a temporary stopping-place on the road to achievements greater than any that can be credited to him in the past. It is, perhaps, permissible to express a hope that in the near future we may find him again attempting the problems of colour combination to which he gave so much attention years ago. There is in the class of subject to which he seems now to be wedded nothing incompatible with exquisite decoration, nothing inconsistent with the expression of the highest qualities of colour design. Even within the limits which his experience has taught him must necessarily be laid down, there are worlds full of variety which he may yet conquer, and possibilities of great discoveries that he may yet be able to realise. He has, more than most of our younger artists, the chance of securing real consideration and willing acceptance for any new departures that he may be moved to make, for he has already gained for himself a place which he shares with no one else. He has the reputation of being an innovator of judicious and well-balanced views; he is, with justice, given by the popular voice a position among the most capable of his profession; he is well established upon the ladder of official recognition. With popularity, capacity, discretion, and success, everything should be possible to him. And he is by inheritance and nature an artist, therefore he has that most commendable of ambitions, the desire to do justice to himself. He may be trusted to waste nothing of his energies on trivialities, to make no mistakes that are not sincere; but he may also be inspired to deal at times in the unexpected. Indeed, we may reasonably look to him as one of the rarest types of modern artists, one who, having had a past, has still left a future.

A. Lys Baldry.

AFTERNOONS IN STUDIOS.—A CHAT WITH MR. WHISTLER.

To an Englishman the Faubourg St. Germain seems always the most Parisian district of Paris. Withdrawn as it is from tourists and the cosmopolitan crowd of the Rue de Rivoli, it remains stately yet domestic. The Rue du Bac is one of its most typical streets. Despite the shops in the lower storey of every house, the atmosphere keeps an old-world distinction. But although Mr. Whistler's address is Rue du Bac, the house itself is approached by a long passage beneath an archway, so that you feel it is hardly more in the Rue itself than Fountain Court, Temple, is in the Strand.

As you knock at the green door and glance around the paved courtyard, your eye is caught by divers sculptures, inset by some builder of the past. Whether ancient or merely coeval with the house, there is no time to see, but you feel, as in the Square of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, that there is a flavour of classic art in the air, if only from its dead body transfixed like a hawk on a barn-door.

Through the portal you are ushered down steps to a low, softly lighted vestibule, that leaves an impression of cool mattings and Japanese blue and white, into a drawing-room, and told that Mr. Whistler will be with you in a few minutes. As the footman withdraws, you cannot help your eyes glancing round the room—a room obviously decorated to the order of a master of the craft. Yet beyond a general impression of good taste there is nothing to distinguish it at first sight from many a beautiful parlour in an English manor-house. But if you have a taste for the applied arts, you study it closer, to discover that the dainty simplicity is the result of a charming scheme of colour, at once splendidly reticent, yet not arrogantly non-obtrusive. The panelled walls betray the colourist; and you leave the whole effect to search into details. A green, or a blue, call it which you will, of a sort to be matched in the semi-opaque water in the wake of a big steam-ship, is used with a lighter shade in a perfectly logical but novel manner. The ceiling itself, and the wall surfaces to the dado rail, are in the darker colour, with light mouldings, the dado itself in the lighter colour with dark mouldings. Light and dark, dark and light, only that; the counter-charge of heraldry suggests as much. A thing anybody could have done if he had had the mind to do it, and Mr. Whistler had the mind to do it, just before the others thought of it, that is all! The walls at once seem to have listened to the secrets of an artist. As, however, you are not making an inventory, but calling upon a resident in a city distinguished for its attention to the amenities of life, you do not leave your chair, and are content to note at a distance the two pictures on the walls, the cool hangings of Japanese printed chintzes, some charming furniture, a grand piano, and here and there a sparkling note of low-toned pottery or china. Not an inch of Art, as she obtains in Bedford Park, anywhere. Nor is it a typical French salon any more than a typical English drawing-room, but just a pleasant room arranged by Mr. Whistler.

As the sunshine at the open window attracts your glance to the garden, you realise the scheme of the room was designed to accord with its delicious outlook. There, patches of daintiest green (surely the very foliage of France is of a different colour from English leaves), with masses of pink flowers, supply the pattern absent from the room. Was it a latticed porch that shelters the steps to the garden itself? Is there a sundial in the centre of the flower beds? Are the buildings that surround it domestic or ecclesiastic? You cannot remember afterwards, for the effect is so complete that the impression which lingers comes back to your memory like a panel by Watteau, the accomplished artifice of a designed pastoral, a bit of Nature trained to accord with the courtesy of urban need and brought to perfect repose. Repose, that is the missing word! The whole house suggests, from first to last, not art, nor taste, but aristocratic repose.

Mr. Whistler enters gaily, carrying a birdcage, which he hangs under the verandah. As he comes in he suggests indefinably one of the old-world *noblesse*, who must needs have dwelt here; chiefly, perhaps, by the sprightly daintiness of manner that the Faubourg St. Germain has always prized so highly. You feel the new tenant is able to live up to his home, and that the old house must be charmed to meet its new master on terms of equality. In a word, it supplies a home for one who is at home in it. Nowadays most people "at home" look like scene-shifters accidentally intruding upon a gorgeous *mise en scène*. Their family mansions hang on them like the faded robes of royalty on a stock-broker at a fancy ball. Here the house is the background to its hero, and his personality keeps it in a secondary place. Also a thing quite easy to accomplish when you know how. Then Mr. Whistler talks to you, not down to your level as from a pedestal, in messages that befit a moralist with a mission, but as a host

amusing his guests, and as he talks you make an effort to record mentally what he says. In a second you discover that he is not conversing—he is sketching in words, giving impressions in sound and sense to be interpreted by the hearer. In his correspondence you may find the masterly compression of infinite facts into the limits of a few etched lines; here, on the contrary, the other method rules. A half-finished sentence, a detached phrase, a gesture, a laugh, a wayward argument not carried to its expected conclusion, an interrupted anecdote; so the monologue runs easily, with here and there a gay note of colour, a word, a twinkle, an unfamiliar idiom. The meaning of what he says is flashed hither and thither, bewildering, charming, provoking, and yet at the end you have understood what he intended to convey in a curiously vivid way. Is it the chanting of the monks that at twilight floats into the garden? the fact that, owing to international differences of time, you anticipated your appointment by a few minutes? or an anecdote of somebody not quite so important in Mr. Whistler's eyes as in your own? Whatever be the topic, it has floated before you, and you caught its essence clearly, but the form escaped. So you reflect that, if on oath in a witness-box you were pinned down to the words used, it were easier to remember a statement of Mr. Gladstone's. Yet the meaning is never confused, nor even the double meaning below it. The many-sided presentation of the fact reminds one of a thing between mirrors facing each other, where there is apparently no end to the reflections of the incident itself.

He repeats, without effort, chance incidents that names of people and places suggest; tells you, for instance, how a director of a great gallery, years and years ago—not now, they are better informed—came to see one of the most famous of his portraits. He saw it, turned to the dealer, and asked, "Is this what painting has come to?" "Of course," says Mr. Whistler, "you knew what to reply—there was only one answer?" But the dealer confessed he had said nothing. "No, no! that was what you ought to have said."

Then, recalled to the commonplace, you remember your Editor has asked you to interview Mr. Whistler; so simple a request, but not so easy to accomplish against the victim's wish. You suggest diffidently the ulterior motive of your visit. Mr. Whistler is amused, does not reply, but goes on saying charming things. You declare to yourself that when he has caught your proposal he will decline, but he does not. Nor does he even appear to have noticed it. Then you realise that it were almost as easy to snatch up a paint-brush and portray him in the way he could portray you if he cared to do so, as to induce him to stand and deliver clean-cut, definite, remarks of the sort the interviewer can set down in hard accuracy of phrase; and you feel you cannot hope to report the syncopated rhythm of his sentences, the *pizzicato* of the accent.

Other people told you all this before, and you felt it was merely a blind to avoid betraying confidential matters, or perhaps a proof of their dull memory. Now you know that they were right, and that it were more hopeful to send an Icelander an exact description of the odour of the mignonette at your feet, which should bring its perfume to his mental nose, than to report an interview with Mr. Whistler in the ordinary way. But you make a plunge in conventional fashion. "You have done some new lithographs, I think; I hear you are to have a show of them in London shortly?"

"Ah! people always say that," Mr. Whistler rejoins. "It is a long time since I stopped the traffic of Bond Street, mounted policemen, and all that sort of thing. But not yet! I may by-and-by. I am only beginning lithography. There is a lot to be done yet. Presently we shall have something worth showing." Yet, as you persist, Mr. Whistler fetches you a print of one of his latest songs on stone, and as he sets it in a chair before you, you notice—as sharply as if the same irresistible conviction had not struck you a hundred times before, both in his etchings and paintings—that the insight into beauty for its own sake, the love of lovely things because they are lovely, is his ruling passion, as evident in the lithographs as in any previous method.

Here he is at his old quest of discovering beauty in places where people first said it could not be, and then later on pointed out that it obviously was there long before Mr. Whistler discovered it. Most of the subjects are from the streets and public gardens of Paris, or the pleasaunce itself, by the open window. *Confidence dans le jardin*, two figures by rose-trees is one of the first, and as you note its wonderfully expressive contours, the modelling achieved by the most direct methods, its apparent economy of line, and yet its prodigal expression, you ask stupidly if Mr. Whistler has employed new chalk, or new transfer paper, for the new effects.

In a moment he pounces on you. "That is what people always ask," he says. "They think it

is only necessary to get the right materials, that is all. The chalk does not matter. It happens to be black. That is an accident. It might be yellow or blue; it might be merely grease. You are not drawing in chalk, you are merely putting down grease on the stone or paper. It might be transparent if you liked. It is not until the printer's ink is applied that you are concerned with black at all." And he rapidly explains the technique of the art, showing an intimate knowledge of all the conventions and tricks of the craft. You explain, abjectly enough, that all you meant was that the newer lithographs seem to have kept more of their original effect, that the marvellously delicate stump-work is nowhere lost, that the lines are now richer, and even more delicate than in the early ones.

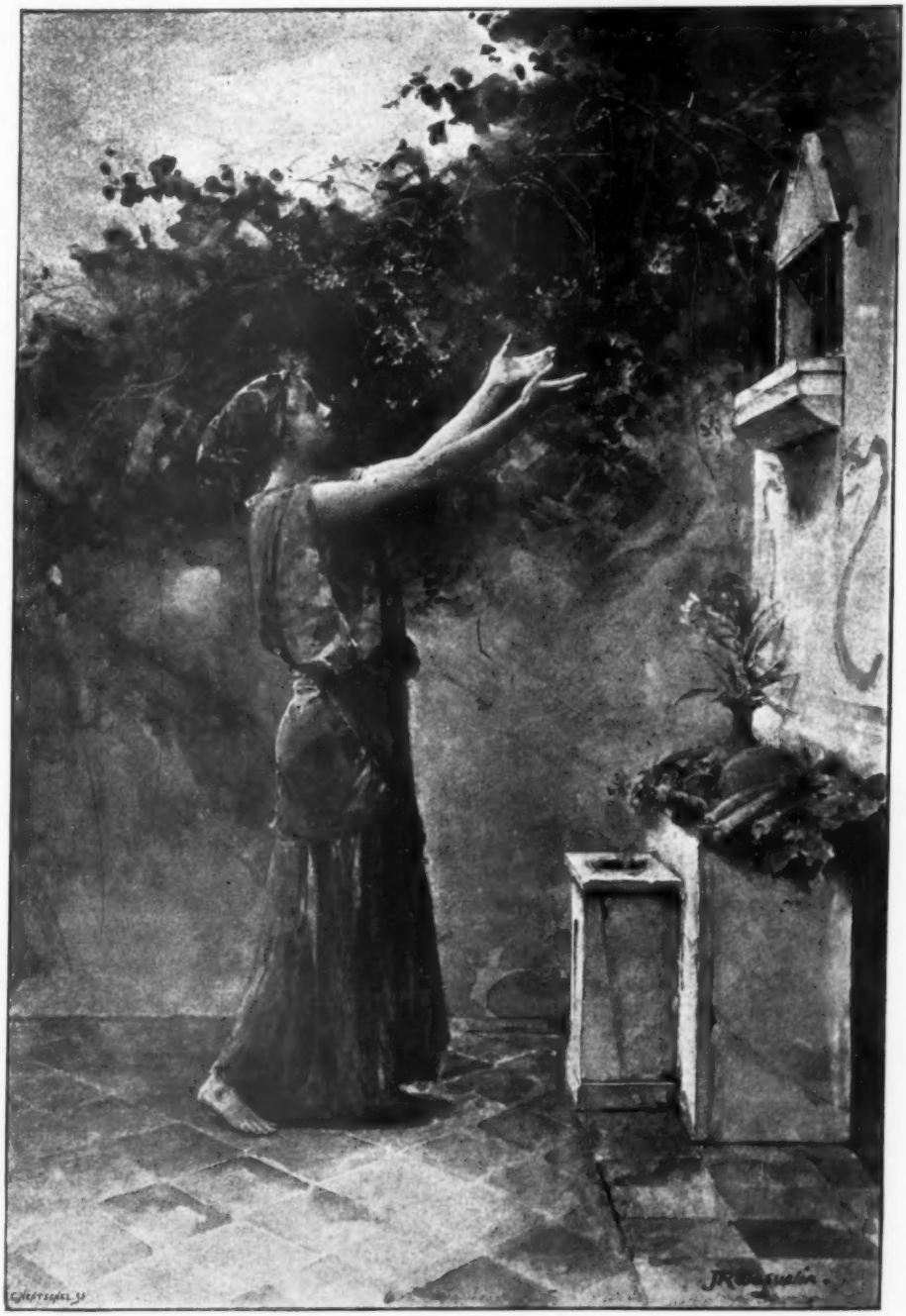
"One is always finding out more," Mr. Whistler says, as he accepts your explanation good-humouredly, and shows you other prints. The *Rue de Faustinbourg* and *La Blanchisseuse;* one a wonderful street scene, the other a most delicate group. Then a marvellously decorative panel—*La Forge de la Place du Dragon*, a thing as realistic as a photograph, and yet by subtle selection as purely decorative as the work of an Italian primitive; *The Little Café*, a delightfully gay impression of an open-air meal; *The Gardens of the Luxembourg*, a view on the terrace that is curiously Japanese in its scheme of pattern; *La Belle New York-aise; La Belle Dame Paresseuse* —a most beautiful figure, in an easy-chair; then a delightful nude study, and so on, until your praise is exhausted and your appreciation rising to indecently open comments. Then he shows you the portrait of Mallarmé the poet, and it astounds, captivates and bewitches you, to the point of purloining a copy when Mr. Whistler's back is turned; but you leave it, as fresh proofs appear of other things, yet clear and distinct long afterwards you wonder if it be not the best of all—this poem of a poet. It would be no use to catalogue these things in dull words. The chalk has been coaxed to new feats, the despised art of the stone long in commercial bondage is again set free for the artist's service, a craft that had gone into trade takes its place again among the aristocracy of the portfolio. You try to say something like this, but he laughs it aside, and you know that he knows, and you hope that he knows that you know, that it is not the material but the treatment of it that has bewitched you. With a red-hot poker and a board such fine things as these would have resulted, had he felt inclined to experiment in pyrography.

"I want to make lithographs just as important as etchings," he says; "there should be no difference in their rank." "Certain things can be done in etching, others in lithography."

You suggest that larger impressions are possible by the latter. This does not evoke Mr. Whistler's sympathy. "That was not what I was thinking of," he says; "I do not do these things with a view to their appearing in periodicals. Art is the worst aristocrat of all, it has nothing to do with the masses. A certain number of people appreciate etchings, buy them, have learned to have them for their portfolios; I don't know why. Now they are beginning to appreciate lithography in the same way. I intend that my lithographs shall be just as valuable as my etchings." Then he touches lightly on the rise in price of these latter; of things bought long ago as "cheap curios," now being sold at many times their cost. He also bids you note that while he was left to fight the battle, to win reputation, which has caused these things to run up in price, that the owners were indifferent, but that since the Goupil show of a year or so back brought all men to applaud, the speculators in Whistler "stock and scrip" are eager to sell. Now, when the pride of possession should be most keen, when not only the approbation of artists has been gained, but the accredited fame an auctioneer's hammer bestows, the unanswerable logic of a Christy-marked catalogue is added, they who remained inert when his art was unpopular, do not even care for the glory of victory, but prefer the solace of cash profits.

He tells you a story of a collector who bought certain pictures for trifling sums, who has just sold them hastily for fully ten times as much. "Did he put the money, the couple of thousand pounds, say, on a cushion, and bring it to me?" says Mr. Whistler; "did he kneel and beg me to accept at last the value he would have given at the time could he have afforded it? No!" And he goes on to tell you of other owners who objected to pay for the cleaning of their works, under the artist's own directions, when they were lent for an exhibition, that doubled their market value, objected even to the cost of refurbishing their tarnished frames, and many another instance of the economic collector.

"I asked one man," Mr. Whistler says, "I did it to test him, if he would send me here a picture of mine for which he had given eighty pounds. I think I told him I could easily get him eight hundred guineas now, if he wanted to part with it. He wrote back instantly that he would be, and



"RUSTIC PHIDYLE" FROM A PAINTING BY J. R. WEGUELIN

that he would give me a commission of 5 per cent. on the transaction!" The humorous side of this business strikes the artist as he recounts it. He feels evidently that an offer of 5 per cent. as a reward for a life of fighting for artistic principles is a thing that deserves more than personal recognition.

Then he mentions one other owner, who was approached by a public institution that offered him far beyond the first cost for the picture, and who replied that he should never think of selling it at a profit; he did not wish to part with it, but should he ever do so he would present it, not make a profit out of a value the artist's later efforts had bestowed upon it.

These little anecdotes he tells you with the keen interest of a sympathetic onlooker at the game; not with the moody disappointment of an injured man; lightly, and with airy scorn, but with a grim delight in the humour of the sordid joke. The imitators who profited by travesties of his works, his methods, and his discoveries all interest him; old passages of arms are recalled, old criticisms recaptured; not without a certain relish that shows you, as it always must be, that the wit himself appreciates the delicately keen point of a joke the world has laughed at, far more subtly than any other person could.

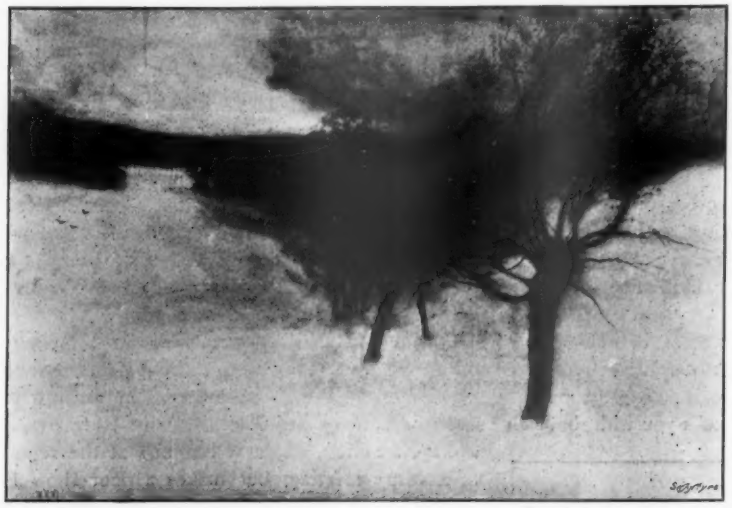
So you go! charmed, confused, with a memory of lovely things; and you try to put it all down on paper, and feel that again even an attempt to describe a really great artist is not given to the average art critic, who may be good at the report of a vestry meeting, but makes a poor show in recording the confidences of diplomatists. But when you are back at home, you value all the more the few lithographs you are lucky enough to possess, thanks to the artist's courtesy in allowing certain editors to issue them with their periodicals, and only hope to obtain some of the new ones—now so rapidly soaring into figures that seem alarming at first—conscious that the selfish delight in possessing things of inexhaustible beauty is also permissible to the most Nonconformist conscience, since they are evidently most excellent investments; and that the lithograph is again floated into new favour, although the school who may spring up are at present represented by a very few; and Mr. Whistler alone seems to have conquered the apparently easy but really very complex materials.

"THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE" BY J. HENRY HENSHALL

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS. BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THOUGH the present generation has been compelled to recognise what the last generation ignored—that Mr. Ruskin's brilliant criticism of Art has its vices and its failures as well as its virtues and successes—we shall still have to turn often to the utterances of that charming master of English writing; and, *à propos* of the "old" Water-Colour Society, I turn to him to-day.

In the "Notes" which fifteen years ago Mr. Ruskin published on the works of two painters who, forty years before, had been among that Society's ornaments, he truthfully expressed what were the modest aims, the modest requirements of those artists and patrons of his earlier days who



"IN WINTER" BY W. EYRE WALKER

were wont to exhibit, to admire, and to buy, in the Gallery in Pall Mall East. "And I cannot but recollect," said Mr. Ruskin, "with feelings of considerable refreshment, in these days of the deep, the lofty, and the mysterious, what a simple company of connoisseurs we were, who crowded into happy meeting in the first Mondays of Mays of long ago, in the bright large room of the old Water-Colour Society; and discussed, with holiday gaiety, the unimposing merits of the favourites, from whose pencils we knew precisely what to expect, and by whom we were never either disappointed or surprised." And he goes on to tell us of the modest records of travel—home or foreign—which formed the staple of the show. With one or two romantic exceptions, like Mr. Cattermole, the men were all landscape painters; and, save that Mr. Ruskin somewhat exaggerates the homeliness of Dewint and David Cox—in whose hands, after all, lay the secrets of Art—what was expected was chronicle, not imagination; prosaic, faithful report, and not poetic invention or brilliant pencilling.

More than a trace of this still lingers in the Exhibitions of the "old" Society—and lingers perhaps nowhere else. Hence, in the gatherings in Pall Mall East, an element, still, of the old-fashioned—the presence even of much with which the younger Art of to-day finds itself out of sympathy. But really it is almost too much to suggest that there has been any estrangement between the older art of the Royal Water-Colour Society and modern juvenile craftsmanship. My words were not meant to imply the existence of any such condition—estrangement there can hardly be, where there has scarcely been acquaintanceship. If the acquaintanceship were really made, the Society, for its part, might profit more than it has done (and some of its recent elections show that it has already begun to profit) by the recognition of the newer craftsmanship and the newer aim; while younger artists, for their part, would assuredly benefit by close and sympathetic observation of the best of the more traditional work—they would discern in it qualities which they themselves, in the long run, if they are to last, cannot afford to dispense with. I mean

"BRISTOL: WINTER EVENING" BY MATTHEW HALE

"BRIDGENORTH" BY ALBERT GOODWIN

especially, qualities of Composition, qualities of Style.

Is there any artist, young or old, for instance, who may not find something to profit by in the study of Sir John Gilbert's grand manner, in the study of Mr. Albert Goodwin's self-forgetful observation, and dainty, concentrated, and refined labour? Here you have, on the one hand, a man confessedly old, simplifying, abstracting, idealising broadly, if you will, with mannerisms of his own, no doubt, with the defects of his qualities, but imbued always with the great traditions; and, on the other hand, a man, middle-aged, in fullest, in most fertile activity, the inheritor likewise of a great method — the method Turner's, rather than Rubens's or the Venetians—but able, at the same time, to absorb into his art much that is in the atmosphere of to-day.

And so strongly is Mr. Albert Goodwin represented in the Exhibition which is the text of my discourse, that this winter may be called, almost, "Goodwin's winter." The presence of no less than twelve drawings—not one of them are ill-considered, or even a slight work—gives opportunity for the study of nearly all the characteristics of this subtle and expressive draughtsman, this wielder, from time to time at all events, of a potent brush, this master of composition intricate and delightful, this poet—this poet, I say, *par dessus le marché*. It is Mr. Goodwin's possession of a vision obviously romantic and poetic—now dreamy, now dramatic, never lapsing into the levels of uninspired prose—together with a grip, unquestionably close and healthy, of all the actual facts of which the record is compatible with his own delightful and various reverie—it is the union, in Mr. Goodwin, of these two powers, a power of radiant and impressive dream, the power of exact and dainty record, which constitutes so much of his charm.

"ST. MARY REDCLIFFE, BRISTOL" BY ALBERT GOODWIN

It would be foreign, altogether, to the purpose of the present Essay, were I—button-holing my reader, so to speak, and compelling him to follow me—to plod, laboriously and conscientiously, through an examination of Albert Goodwin's dozen drawings. I note in them only, in a little more detail, one or two characteristics. It may have been noticed perhaps that, in my praise of Mr. Goodwin, I have said nothing about his colour. I could not praise it without qualification. His success with colour, though often very marked and satisfactory, suffers sometimes, as I suppose, by reason of the very multiplicity of his experiments. There are hours, at all events, in which, in the common studio slang of our period, he does not "sing true." It may be that the *Portsmouth*, in the present Exhibition, is the product of one of those hours. The *Mentone* fortunately is not; and that it is not is a circumstance not alone lucky but rare. For it is in his Riviera themes that discords of colour creep into Mr. Goodwin's work most frequently. I have known him on the Riviera, gaudy and garish—appealing only, in such drawings, to those whose colour-sense is wanting as much in refinement as in true vigour.

But there are some people who, ready, like myself, to perceive his not infrequent lapses in colour—nay, I think, even exaggerating them—pass on to blame Mr. Albert Goodwin in that his water-colour drawings are "not pure water-colour." He allows himself body-colour; now and then a dry powdery surface, like the surface of pastel; and then again, his outlines—buildings especially or group of buildings—are often in frank and simple pen-work, by which, like an Old Master of the days before English water-colour existed, he gets emphasis and accent. Yes, he departs from the methods of pure water-colour very often, but he has his reward. He not only strives for, he almost invariably obtains, effects unaided water-colour could not compass. If *Schaffhausen* in the present Exhibition shows his Turnerian dignity and delicacy, *Bridgenorth* and *Bristol* show—perhaps best of all in some respects—that which may be so splendidly accomplished by the freedom and range of his method. One other glance before we leave him. *Wells* displays him in his most quietly poetic, *Dartmoor*—with the gaunt prison, the flying convict, and the wild sky—in the most dramatic of his moods; a firm draughtsman always, yet an imaginative artist noting or creating like a fine writer, a significant accord between the face of Nature and the fortunes of men.

Bristol: Winter Evening, is a work, refined and strong, by Mr. Matthew Hale; who possesses, by this time, the resources of his art so firmly that he has the right to break new ground. More familiar in method and motive are the delicate drawings of Mr. Alfred Hunt; more rigidly modern, more prosaic, by no means weak, the visions accorded to Mr. C. B. Phillips, of Scottish landscape. The work of Mr. Eyre Walker has always some sincerity and charm. Mr. Little is a recent Associate, whose labours in the record of a formal garden have the fashionable quality of "strength." "Strength" beyond everything, strength and solidity—and it is not often in these matters that Water-Colour treads so closely on the heels of Oil Painting. Mr. Little calls his piece *Strolling Players;* the people are well enough in their way, but the terraced garden is the main theme. One is sorry to find that neither in landscape nor the figure is there anything of Mr. Clausen's. Miss Montalba makes no fresh revelations in her notes, harmonious and forcible. Mr. Tom Lloyd and Mr. E. K. Johnson seem disposed to vary their themes. Mr. Lloyd's, now refreshed and vivified, had indeed become somewhat threadbare. Mr. E. K. Johnson, whatever be his wanderings, finds still, I am glad to say, and still does justice to, models of characteristic and healthy grace.

We are brought by this to the figure-pieces, and need examine here but a few, in an Exhibition whose strength, from the time when it was started to this present hour, has never been in its figure painters. Mr. Radford, whose contributions have been wont to be agreeable, even when they have seemed a little meretricious, contributes nothing. Mr. Lionel Smythe imparts to his group of children in a coppice no sense of *la vie vieux*, no suggestion of the common or the chosen day. The children are but sentimental and unreal: were they away we should the better enjoy the landscape. But on the screen the same painter exhibits a delightful drawing of a peasant girl, with something of the natural rusticity of a Millet and with the full colouring of a Clausen of the later period. Mr. Henshall's *Stool of Repentance*—the little auburn-haired child, perched aloft to her discomfort—has some realisation of character and texture, and strength of light and shade. Its colour is not faultless: a purplish tint in the dark background makes a jarring note. But, like most of Mr. Henshall's work, it is at least interesting.

A large illustrative drawing of the nude, by Mr. E. R. Hughes, *Biancabella and her Snake Sister*—I do not claim acquaintance with the Italian fable on which it is supposed to throw light—has some-

"BIANCABELLA AND SAMARITANA HER SNAKE SISTER" AFTER A PAINTING BY E. R. HUGHES

(By kind permission of Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen)

A SUBURBAN HOUSE — BY M. H. B. SCOTT

thing of the charm of a good composition, and something of the interest of a good figure study, and, to boot, some realisation of pleasant colour. Of the two figure-pieces with which Mr. Weguelin, in taste so admirably classic, and in touch so essentially modern, ornaments the walls, one is the nude figure of *Pelagia*, large and firm of contour, gleaming against Southern waters, and the other, draped and decorous, yet impulsive and fresh, is *Rustic Phidyle*, seen in the gesture of the ancients as they addressed themselves to the celestial gods. The hand is "innocent," indeed, that touches the altar, and a "magnificent victim"—Horace assures her—could not pacify more acceptably than a "consecrated cake and crackling salt."

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

AN IDEAL SUBURBAN HOUSE. BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT.

EVERY ONE who has experienced the discomforts of the average suburban house will admit that there is ample room for improvement in its arrangement; and it is with a view to show how a few of its most glaring defects at least may be corrected that the present writer has designed the house which is here illustrated. It is not supposed to be a model house, which may be built in any position or on any site—for the local conditions of almost any particular site will, or should, materially affect the plan of a house to be built on it; but it may be advanced as an example of certain points to be aimed at in planning a house to meet the requirements of the average householder. The key-notes of the design may be said to be simplicity and homely comfort, and the doll's-house-like prettiness of the so-called Queen Anne bijou residence has been held to be as undesirable on the one hand, as the stolid ugliness of the commoner box of bricks style of suburban house on the other. The study of the economical side of the question is also important in a house of this kind, where no money is to be wasted in useless ornament; and so we find simplicity desirable, not only from an artistic but from an economical point of view.

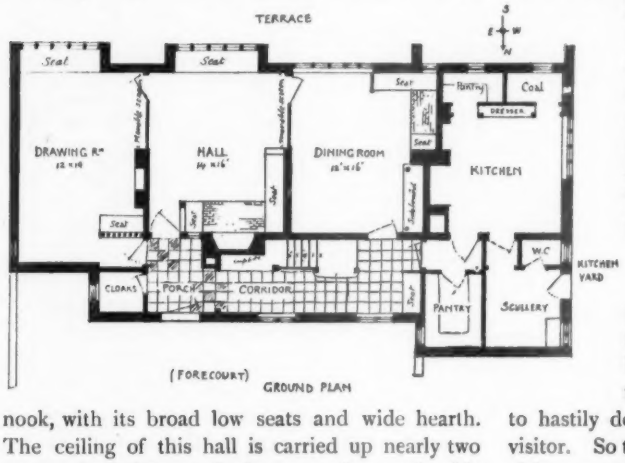
Turning to a consideration of the ground-plan, illustrated. On entering by the front door we find ourselves in a wide and low porch from which, through an archway to the right, we catch a glimpse of the staircase which rises from a wide corridor leading to the kitchen. On the left is a small cloak-room where hats, coats, and boots can be disposed instead of being hung up on the usual barbarous construction called a hat-stand, which generally bars the way to the entrance in the average house.

From the porch there are two doors, one into the drawing-room, the other into the hall, and the object of this arrangement will appear later on. It is difficult for me to picture to you the appearance of this porch with the vista-like effect of the broad corridor; but to get some idea of its general effect I must transport you to some old Cheshire farm-house, somewhere in the country where people have not yet grown to be ashamed of plain bricks and whitewash, and where the marbled wall-papers and oil-cloths which greet us on the threshold of so many modern villas are unknown.

The next portion of the house which claims our attention is what may be called the family sitting-rooms. These consist of the dining-room, hall, and drawing-room, all lighted from the sunny side of the house. These rooms are divided by panelled screens which are removable and when taken from their position may be used as folding screens in the various rooms. By this means the inconvenience which arises from the inevitable small-

ness of rooms in a house where economy is to be studied is obviated, and in a small house on festive occasions a large amount of space can be obtained.

The principal feature in the hall is the ingle nook, with its broad low seats and wide hearth. The ceiling of this hall is carried up nearly two storeys in height, and above another noticeable feature is the music gallery, where a piano or even an organ may be placed and heard to far greater advantage than in the usual suburban drawing-room, where its tone is muffled and lost in the surrounding draperies.



GROUND PLAN

I should like to picture to you a musical evening in this hall. In the ingle, seated on the broad seats, a company of friends are gathered around the blazing wood fire on the wide brick hearth, which lights up the burnished copper of the fire-dogs and the heaps of logs piled on each side of the hearth. There is no glaring gas, but here and there lamps and candles throw a soft suffused light. Above in the gallery are the musicians, and the strains of a violin are heard to their best advantage, while the position of the player gives an air of mystery to the music which greatly adds to its effect. Or if we imagine a more festive scene, we may picture the three sitting-rooms combined for a dance, and here again the central and elevated position of the musicians will be found appropriate to the occasion. This lofty hall may appear to be rather an expensive luxury for such a small house, but as it is not carried up quite through the two storeys it allows of a picturesque room partly in the roof over it, while it is a desirable relief to the comparative lowness of the ceilings of the other sitting-rooms. Of late years there has been a great revival of the hall as a central feature in a house, but as a rule it is practically a sitting-room where no one sits, a kind of show place forming a passage for the servants to the front door and for visitors to the drawing-room. This is all very well if we can afford to sacrifice a sitting-room in this way, but in our small house space is far too valuable. The hall is to be a place where the family may assemble round the fire in the evening, without being disturbed by servants passing through it, or without being obliged to hastily decamp on the arrival of an unwelcome visitor. So there is a separate door through which visitors may be shown into the drawing-room, and the servants never need pass through any of these three family sitting-rooms, as will be seen by a glance at the plan, so that our hall can form, as it should, a family gathering-place.

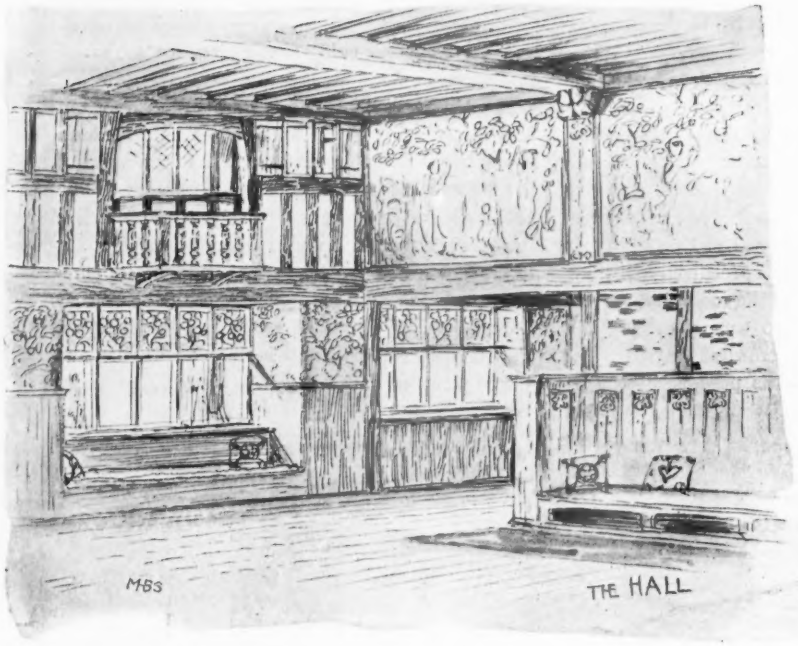
Passing from the hall into the drawing-room, we find ourselves in a long low room, which, in the delicacy and daintiness of its treatment, presents a pleasing contrast to the broad and homely character of the hall. The woodwork is here all finished white, and the walls are covered with a wall-paper of soft green leafage, amongst which glows golden fruit with the blue sky between. Above is a broad frieze, where, amid flowing leafage, blooms the flower that never grew on sea or shore.

The furniture is simple and dainty in design, and everything in the room is disposed with quiet dignity of effect, while conspicuously absent are the host of so-called decorative articles which make locomotion perilous in so many drawing-rooms, and which tempt one to exclaim with the carpenter through the looking-glass, "If these were only cleared away, oh, wouldn't it be grand!" The pictures are few and choice, not dotted over the walls, but carefully grouped. Everything, in short, appears to have been specially designed to fit its particular position in the room, and we feel that the aim has been not to try and get as many pretty things as possible crowded together, but rather to eliminate as far as possible everything which is unnecessary. Here again simplicity is hand in hand with economy, and the price of the thousand and one nicknacks which destroy the repose of the average drawing-room is saved.

And here one may insist that the great advantage of a well-designed house is that it requires none of that palliative furniture which becomes a necessity in the average house to hide defects of proportion and construction. There are no large expanses of plate-glass windows to shroud in curtains, and no handsome marble mantelpiece to drape. Our object is, in fact, rather to display the beauties than hide the defects of the house, and so a far less amount of furniture is required than is usually considered necessary. The dining-room next claims our attention, and here we have a treatment more in character with the hall. In the fireplace we have revived the old-fashioned chimney-corner, with the addition of a hood of hammered copper to take the smoke from the fire. The whole of the back of the recess which forms the chimney-corner is in red brick, the joints not too neatly finished, and the brickwork not too uniform in tint. On the wide hearth a wood fire may be made, or a fire-basket in wrought-iron may be used for coal. A small window high enough up to prevent draughts is to give light at the fireside, and ventilation if required.

The seats at the sides of the fireplace are made sufficiently wide and low for comfort, and are fixed at just the right distance from the fire. On the beam over the chimney-corner is carved an appropriate motto, and in the half-timber-work frieze above is framed a mezzotint portrait. The ceiling shows the joists with a central massive beam, while the sideboard is specially designed for its position in the recess at the side of the fireplace. A separate door near the sideboard may be used for serving. The dining-room as well as the hall and drawing-room is floored with oak and pitch pine in narrow boards laid alternatively, and these are covered in the drawing-room with a carpet and in the hall and dining-room with rugs. The contrast between the oak and pitch pine boards tends to emphasise the lines formed by their edges, and thus adds to the perspective effect of the vista when the movable screens between the rooms are taken down.

The kitchen of the average suburban house does not present so much room for improvement as the family rooms. Here at least, where things are for use and not for show, some approximation is made to a successful interior effect, and here we find perhaps a fine old copper scuttle and some brass candlesticks which have not been considered genteel enough for the front parlour. Our kitchen then presents a simple and homely character,



two staircases, and as our staircase is to be used by both family and servants, it has been placed in this neutral territory rather than in the hall.

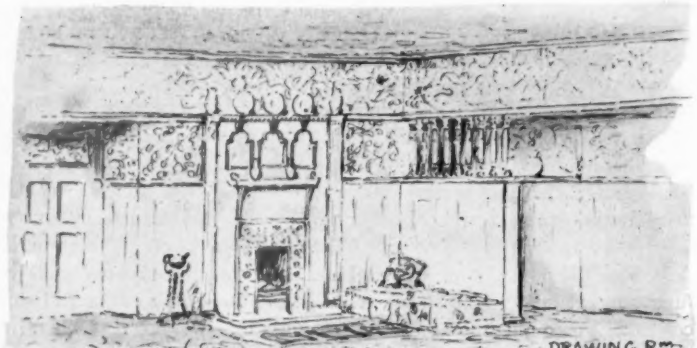
The staircase is carried out in the same homely and picturesque style as the hall and corridor, and our illustration shows the grouping of posts and brackets on the first-floor landing which overlooks the hall. To the right and left extend passages from which the bedrooms open.

In the treatment of the bedrooms, of which there are five on this floor, it is suggested that as much variety as possible should be introduced. One bedroom may be finished in white enamel, with perhaps a blue wall-paper; another may be treated in golden yellows or flame tints; while a third may suggest the homely character of the hall. In any case, it must be borne in mind that a definite final effect should be aimed at, and the room should not present the usual accumulation of articles, which, however pretty in themselves, bear no actual relation to a definitely conceived scheme. In selecting the furniture, it is easier to point out what to avoid than what to choose. On the one hand, we have the handsome mahogany suite; on the other, the "Art" suite in painted deal,

and much of the wall surface is finished in brickwork, the range being set in a recess spanned with a brick arch. The window is so placed that it will not overlook the terrace and garden to the south, and the kitchen, while being completely isolated from the family rooms, is sufficiently near for convenience of serving.

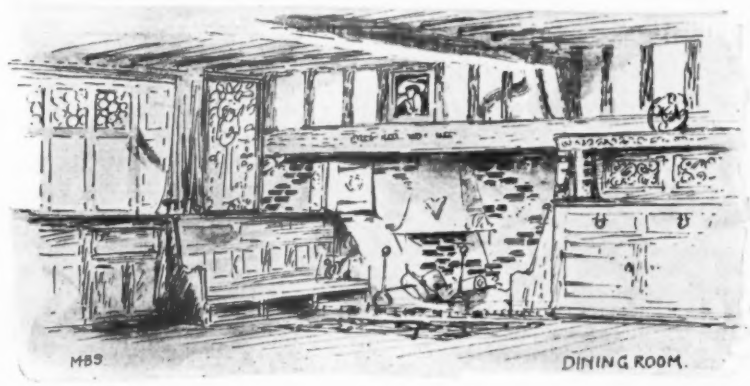
Adjoining the kitchen are the various servants' offices, all finished inside with red brick, while in the basement is a coal and wood store, and provision is made also for a larder and wash-house.

The exact position and extent of the basement depends so much on actual levels of the site that it has been considered undesirable to prepare a separate plan for it.



It may here be noted that the ground-plan of this house may be divided into three distinct portions: (1) the private family sitting-rooms, the exclusive domain of the family; (2) the kitchen and offices or servants' portion; and (3) a portion of neutral territory comprising the corridor and porch which is used both by the family and the servants. As economical considerations will not allow of

neither possessing the quality of simple dignity which is regarded as essential. The use of "fitments" will often result in a very good effect, but they should be used with due consideration of their limitations in rooms which are sufficiently broken up in their outline to suggest this method of furnishing.



It is difficult for the architect to draw a fixed line between the architecture of house and the furniture. The conception of an interior must necessarily include the furniture which is to be used in it, and this naturally leads to the conclusion that the architect should design the chairs and tables as well as the house itself. Every architect who loves his work must have had his enthusiasm damped by a prophetic vision of the hideous furniture with which his client may fill his rooms, and which looks all the more incongruous if the rooms themselves are architecturally beautiful.

The illustration shows a view of bedroom No. 3 on the plan, which it is proposed to treat as a bed-sitting-room, the bed being placed in a recess.

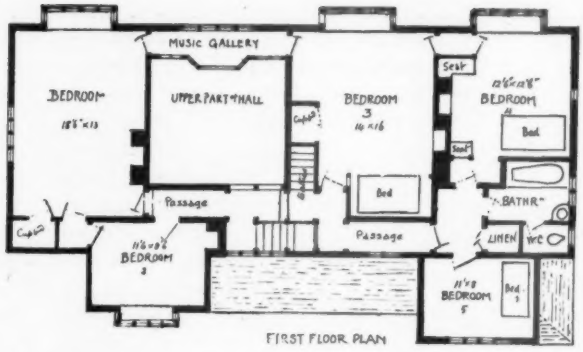
The bath-room is placed as near as possible to the kitchen range, so that no long lengths of piping are required for the hot water; while the w.c. being immediately over the servants' w.c. below, the whole of the plumbing is grouped within the smallest possible compass, and this is an advantage not only from an economical but from a sanitary point of view. Adjoining the bath-room is the linen closet, where the hot-water cylinder will be fixed.

The possibilities of the attic as a sitting-room or bedroom have rarely been fully recognised. The sloping roof and the dormer windows give an opportunity for artistic treatment which can hardly be afforded by the unbroken walls and flat ceilings of the lower rooms. It is proposed that the attic over he hall should be used for a study, work-room, or studio, according to the tastes of the occupier. The furniture in this case would consist largely of fitments, which may be used to their best advantage in an attic.

The remaining three attics may be used for servants' bedrooms, lumber-rooms, &c., as required.

An exterior view of the house is shown at the head of this article, and it will be noted that it presents the same simple and homely character which has been the key-note of the interior. The walls are built of brickwork to the first-floor level, while the upper portion is constructed of a strong timber framing filled in with brickwork and finished outside with rough-cast. The roof is boarded and felted, and covered with red tiles. The windows are casements opening outwards and constructed so as to be perfectly wind and water tight. The overhanging eaves not only add greatly to the picturesque character of the building, but afford protection to the walls from

rain. The house is approached from the road through a fore-court, which gives a certain quality of homely dignity not to be gained by the front garden of the usual type. If a stable is built in connection with the house, it should be placed on

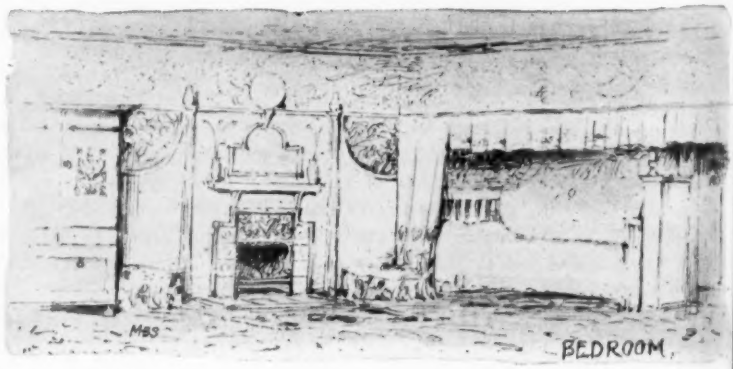


one side of this court, so that house and stable form a picturesque group of buildings.

A well-designed garden is almost as important as a well-designed house, and alas! almost as rare. Space will not permit of the discussion of the subject here, but we can hardly do better than to try and reproduce some of the beauties of the old English gardens, with their terraces and courts and dusky yew hedges, which make such a splendid background to the bright colours of flowers; while we must carefully avoid such conceits, dear to the landscape gardener, as artificial ruins, the stream which is turned on with a tap round the corner, or the "wilderness" of cinder slag.

It is a common belief that to build an artistic house a large sum of money is required. Art and ornament are often understood as synonymous terms, and the house which possesses the largest amount of ornament is often held to be the most artistic. It will therefore be necessary to state that the reverse of this is very often the case, and that a house is artistic in proportion to the amount of skill and thought displayed in its design, and not in proportion to the amount of decoration it possesses.

Again, the intrinsic value of the materials of which a house is built is often taken as the measure of its artistic merit, without regard to beauty of workmanship or design. Such a method of judging is almost as unreasonable as if one estimated the value of a picture by the price per pound of paint or per yard of canvas.



What is really required is that we should spend more thought on our houses rather than more money, and that we should demand not only convenience of arrangement, but beauty of proportion and design. The English people pride themselves not a little on their love of home, a word which, indeed, hardly has an equivalent in other languages; but how can we dignify with such a title the cheerless dwellings in which so many of us live? Greater attention, it may be, is now being given to practical sanitation than formerly, but from an æsthetic point of view the healthy house is still an object of rarity. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when people who love this English home-life will refuse to associate it with the houses they now inhabit, and that the increased demand for a better class of buildings thus created will result in the erection of houses which we may be proud to call our Homes.

"WINTER" DESIGNED BY
T. VAN HOYTEMA

FROM GALLERY AND STUDIO.

THE *Head*, by Ernst Klotz, reproduced on this page, although striking in its reduced monochrome, hardly suggests the very powerful original which is an etching printed in colours in one impression. Although the exact method of procedure is kept secret by the artist, as the plate is a pure etching and neither an aquatint, sulphur-grain, nor any of those modified forms of *eaux fortes* which come near to mezzotint in their effect, one is driven to believe that the process employed is akin to the *rétroussage* of etching with the colour painted on the plate, not unlike the method used in past years for coloured mezzotints, and at present for some forms of photogravure in colours. Roughly speaking, it may be defined as completely colouring the plate with pigments that follow nature. These yield local shadows in deeper shades of the high lights; as opposed to pigments applied in stipple or on plain surfaces where the shading and modelling are effected by a key-block usually in black or dark grey. In place of a printing for each colour, here one printing suffices; but commercially the saving is more apparent than real, for the cost of "inking" is exaggerated beyond all proportion. For a photogravure printed in many colours after this fashion the trade cost was 7*s.* 6*d.* an impression, against a possible three or four pence for an impression in sepia or black. The author of this etching is a native of Leipsig-Reudintz. Influenced by the work of Ludwig Richter and Moritz van Schmid, he devoted himself to art, studying under Defregger at Munich, and Frithjof Smith at Weimar. For a while he intends to issue etchings, many like the subject of this notice, in polychrome, and among other subjects intends to depict man in Arcadia.

FROM AN ETCHING IN COLOURS — ERNST KLOTZ

On the 7th and 8th of December an interesting exhibition of the work of Miss Alice B. Woodward was held at the Trafalgar Studios, Manresa Road, Chelsea, consisting mainly of sketches in water-colour, and designs for what we may call applied black and white. The former are notable chiefly for their colour—as a rule, pure and harmonious—and for a good sense of atmospheric values. If they are to be looked on as studies, they may worthily receive praise; but one often has a feeling of disappointment that an admirable suggestion has not been carried a step or two farther. The sketches of Norman peasants are in this respect more satisfactory than the later landscapes from Gloucestershire, although the latter are distinctly good as impressions.

"PANDORA" — BY ALICE B. WOODWARD

The designs in black and white are also good. They have the valuable quality of practicability, and show a rare knowledge of the requirements of process. The programme for the Hon. Artillery Company's Concert calls for especial mention as a good design, while the *Pandora* is really an exquisite piece of work. Miss Woodward must certainly cultivate her undoubted talent in this direction. She has originality, and a sense of humour.

"A WET DAY." FROM A COLOURED WOODCUT BY UTAMARO

THE ART OF UTAMARO.* BY S. BING.

ALL works of art of an elevated order, however varied their nationality, will, when closely examined, be found to exhibit a strong relationship, from the point of view of inspiration. Great artists are everywhere influenced by the same innate and deep-seated sentiments.

In those cases where the aspects and moods of free, untrammelled Nature are dealt with, this quality of kinship appears very clearly to the intelligent observer.

It is otherwise, however, when the artist undertakes to represent his fellow-creatures, or those entities whose primitive and natural aspect is liable to modification by the hand of man: for then national influences come into play. Sometimes, indeed, the result is such as to offend those who would be inclined to take for æsthetic failings appearances which are admissible in themselves and chiefly meritorious as being a faithful mirror of human society in the artist's native land.

Utamaro, considered as a figure painter, is of those whose conception of things artistic strongly betrays its origin. Moreover, while thoroughly Japanese, he must, in the art peculiar to his country, be regarded as himself peculiar. He is a painter of figure, but only after the conventional manner of his school. Even in figure, he devotes himself solely to the study of but one-half of the human family—woman; and then only to represent her in one particular light. Utamaro embodies, essentially and characteristically, the art of a certain country, created at a certain epoch and for a special public—an art scarcely calculated, we must fain believe, to make its way into other climes and live throughout the ages.

If, notwithstanding, his works impress us, although opposed in so many respects to our cherished doctrines, and if the charm increases the more we study them, it is because we feel intuitively that their creator, labouring in obedience to true and sure principles, has striven for a noble object and attained a lofty ideal; and the desire comes upon us to know the why and the wherefore of this problem—to analyse the mysterious force that overcomes our scruples and does away with our objections.

But we are perplexed, and vaguely feel that something calls for criticism. To tell the truth, there is in Utamaro's figures a striking want of facial expression which renders them much more uniform than we could wish them to be. Is this physiognomic generalisation due to some strange sort of incapacity, in evident contrast with so many sterling qualities manifested elsewhere? It could scarcely be a sign of indifference; for that would indeed be surprising, in view of his palpable efforts to attain perfection in all other respects.

"NATURE'S MIRROR" BY UTAMARO

* Utamaro was a designer of colour-prints, and was born in Japan in 1754.

Or shall we not rather argue prejudice, based upon the logic of a peculiar æstheticism?

A mere glance at Utamaro's earliest published works is sufficient to convince us that he combined in a supreme degree the gift of minute observation and the power of faithfully portraying the results of his inquiries. In this respect he had no superior, even among his Japanese contemporaries. Conscientiously studying the most unimportant details of his surroundings, he seized and happily rendered the true expression of both still and animated Nature, even in its humblest manifestations. His was the power accurately to represent the delicate beauties of plant formation; to exhibit the thousand varieties and special characteristics of the feathered tribe; to reveal the infinite mysteries of the world of puny murmuring insects, with the habits and appearance of each individual member. The same fidelity appears throughout the elaborate little albums in which he calls up the suggestive scenery of his picturesque native land. And when, by chance, he seeks to represent some scene of work-a-day life, or bring back to us memories of long ago, or satirise a fashionable vice, nothing could be more expressive, eloquent and realistic than the florid, unrefined face of a servant-girl, the fierce glare of some famous warrior, or the bloated countenance of an elderly debauchee.

"MATERNAL CARES" BY UTAMARO

It cannot be doubted, indeed, that Utamaro was a past master of his art, and that it would have been comparatively easy for him to bring out the same realistic, living truth in every line and shade of his pictures. But the artist was a prey to an irresistible mania—a passionate love of elegance. In his eyes, elegance, instead of being one of the complementary elements of beauty, represented an end, an ideal, that restricted both choice and treatment of subjects and to which all other considerations must be subordinated.

The works of Nature, free and wild, were evidently a most suitable field in which this love of elegance could be satisfied without in any way sacrificing truth. Nothing, in fact, was more grateful to the artist's temperament than the aristocratic structure of a flower, the airy lightness of a bird, or the fragile anatomy of a grasshopper sporting in the tender greenery of the springtime; nothing on earth captivated him so much—until the day when his eyes were dazzled with the inexhaustible possibilities of the being whom he was henceforth to consider a human flower, Woman!

Even so, Utamaro treats as very flowers those graceful creatures who in their happy native land bear the idyllic names of Chrysanthemum, Glycine, Plumflower, and whose principal earthly mission is to gladden the eyes with their delicate bloom, graceful build, and agile, fawn-like movements.

The seductive charm that he sought to portray in his pictures of women, as in his other creations, and the one to which all his efforts tended, was elegance of outline, the flowing arabesque, which appears continually, formed and reformed in a thousand

combinations, each one different from the rest. Of the model, there remains only the graceful arrangement of the drapery and the picturesque head with its accessories. By concentrating his efforts upon the elaboration of the silhouette, he frequently destroys the individuality of the lineaments. His great desire is not so much to reproduce the exact expression of the countenance, showing the moral status and present mood of the subject, as to model the face on flowing and regular lines, thus preserving what he considers the balanced rhythm and decorative simplicity of the whole.

With the flowing arabesque that he so loves to produce in his treatment of the draped female form, Utamaro also combines in some measure the outline of the nude. This is often *idealised*, in the Japanese sense—that is to say, as synonymous with serpentine suppleness and grace. And when from out the rich draperies of a dress there emerges a rounded shoulder, the soft outline of a neck, a swelling bosom, or the gracile elegance of an extended limb, the model and her raiment make a combination of so harmonious a kind, and blend into such a united whole, that we must go back to the time of the Greeks, those great masters in the art of draping, to find the same immaculate perfection.

I do not wish unduly to prolong this comparison between two forms of art so divergent in their tendency—although even the æstheticism of the ancients frequently prompted them to sacrifice the intense expression of the face for the truly-balanced beauty of the whole—but will add that the Japanese, unlike the Greeks, consider the nude in its entirety incompatible with their ideal of beauty. They are so exceedingly fond of flowing lines, that, in their view, the folds of drapery are a means of making the human form more pleasing to the sight; though in every other respect they show profound regard for the works of Nature. It is for this sole reason and none other, let it be remarked, that we so seldom find complete studies of the nude by Japanese artists.

It must not be supposed for a moment that Utamaro's conception is Woman in the universal sense of the word. The supreme type certainly exists in Japan; for there, perhaps, more than any where else, she occupies an important position in every degree of the social hierarchy; and such has been the case at all times, in mythology or in legend, in epics as in history, in society as represented at the theatre and as it really exists on the stage of life, in the passions born of love or those that proceed from hatred. But this is not the woman Utamaro paints. His exemplar lives and moves in a restricted sphere; her action is limited like the precise period at which she appears; she is the sweet and anodyne delight of the close of the eighteenth century, that gallant age when the woman of heroic times was nothing more than a popular memory. Utamaro's woman is in every respect contemporary with the artist.

"IN THE IRIS GARDEN" BY UTAMARO

According to the attributes he gives her, her sur-

"AT THE WELL" BY UTAMARO

roundings, the richness or the style of her dress, he makes her a princess, a courtesan, a woman of the middle class, or a toiler in the fields. Look at these women engaged in sericulture, with all the airs of youthful goddesses, and look at the fair damsels of the Yoshiwara; apart from their costumes, there is nothing to distinguish them. They are not work-girls that Utamaro has painted; and when the genial glorifier of the *maisons vertes* claims to make us familiar with the physiognomy, smiles and general deportment of the celebrated "djoros" of his time, we must not unreservedly accept the picture he draws of them. He writes the name of each of these young beauties in the margin; and their apparel and surroundings indicate their condition. But go through all the albums and inspect each image; nowhere will you find the slightest trace of provocative coquetry in their uniformly sedate countenances. And just as Utamaro did not, and never sought to, paint the work-girl in her character of child of the people, so he was never tempted to represent—I am sorry to be at variance on this point with an illustrious writer whom I revere, Edmond de Goncourt—and never did represent, the beautiful frail ones of his country in such a way as to exhibit their immodest character. Everywhere and always, his sole aim is to combine grace of outline and harmony of brilliant colours. No doubt the artist's dissolute habits may have led him to frequent the *maisons vertes;* at any rate, it was certainly in the Yoshiwara, rather than any other quarter, that he found the brilliant effects he so much desired. This neighbourhood offered unlimited scope for the exhibition of every species of feminine luxury and the invention of a thousand dazzling costumes of exquisite style and harmonious colouring; here indeed was a marvellous theme upon which to execute infinite variations in the art of grouping finely-outlined figures.

Must we conclude, then, that Utamaro's ideal resides solely in a beautiful arrangement of lines? Not at all. When the artist yields to one of those pure sentiments that slumber in man's inner consciousness, and to which Art is everywhere beholden for its highest inspirations; when he pictures the love of a young couple or the cares of maternal affection, what a mighty breath of ideal life animates the inert line and gives it power of speech! Utamaro thoroughly realizes maternal tenderness, and it galvanises his pencil. As for the suggested depth of feeling usually expressed in the countenance, he attains it by eloquent expression of movement, striking simplicity of attitude and ingenuous gesture. And thus many a bright page seems hackneyed and

"AFTER TOIL" BY UTAMARO

"MOTHER'S LOVE" BY UTAMARO

artificial, compared with these tender scenes where the rhythmic charms of outline and the refinements appealing to the senses are ennobled and made glorious with the pure accent of human truth that goes direct to the heart!

VENETIAN ART. BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

VENETIAN Art—of which, at the New Gallery, there exists so fascinating and so serviceable a show—is, of all the art of the Old Masters, that which as a whole appeals most strongly to our own newer school and younger men. Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, who represents that newer school at its best—and who, in Criticism, is too broad in his intelligence, too well informed, for it to be fair to identify him with any clique — has, it is true, asserted that in certain of the technicalities of painting even the Venetians have little to teach to the best of our living craftsmen. For all that, our living craftsmen —and especially the younger of them, the most modern in feeling—do find for themselves a more material help in Venetian Art than in any other art of the past, and are more in sympathy with its spirit. And so it is with the most widely cultivated of modern amateurs—those whom the strictly academic has never dominated. Here and there an isolated master of Dutch painting—a Rembrandt, a Franz Hals, a Van der Meer of Delft possibly—is hailed as a fit occupant of the highest heaven; a Fleming like Rubens finds in the cordial appreciation which has outlived two centuries his reward for the possession of an irrepressible vitality; and, again, in Spain, the touch of Velasquez, and the absolute unity and homogeneousness of his early canvas, appeal potently to the Modern. But, for a whole school, it is, it must be repeated, only the Venetian whose aims and whose performances can charm and magnetise and seriously influence the people of To-day.

But Venetian painting, as even the New Gallery has shown us, is far less fitted to be judged, enjoyed and entered into, in the limited wall-space at

"SERI-CULTURE" BY UTAMARO

the fixed and, for the present purpose, narrow locality of a single exhibition, than the Art of the Primitives, whether Italian of Florence, or Flemish of Bruges, or than the Art of the Dutch of the great Seventeenth Century, or of the French of the Eighteenth. Scarcely any of the Venetian pictures are cabinet pictures. Only a small proportion of them are easel pictures at all. How vast a share of the product of Venetian artistry remains to-day on the walls of the Venetian Academy, in the sacristies and over the altars of Venetian churches, on the walls and ceilings of palaces !

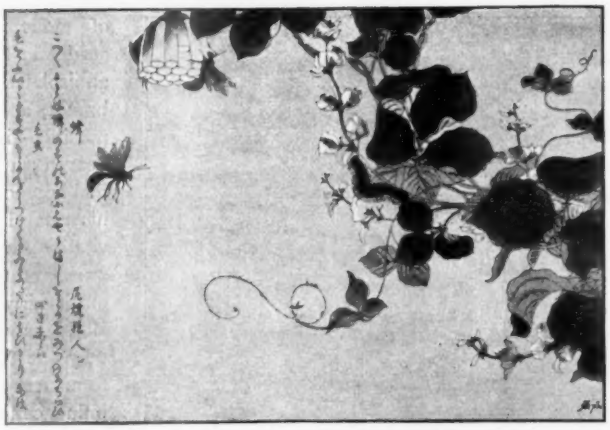


ILLUSTRATION FROM "INSECTS AND FLOWERS" BY UTAMARO

Tintoret especially—he, even more than Veronese, even more than Titian —cannot fairly be estimated outside Venice. Not a dozen of such works as are at the New Gallery associated with his name, could, taken altogether, allow you to dispense with a sight of the great picture of *St. Mark and the Miracle of the Greek Slave*—and that is only one out of several which, in Venice, you must either see or fail to understand the master. The *Adam and Eve*—lent to the New Gallery by Mr. Crawshay—has a magnificent pedigree, and in many ways deserves it. It comes from the Marchese Orlandini, from the Demidoff, and the Dudley collections. If it is not, from end to end, Tintoret at his best, it is yet most characteristically Venetian, and is a vision of sacred story presented in Tintoret's great style. It abounds in vitality; it is charged with grave tone and noble colour; it recalls, one may say, no previous master, no earlier conception of its theme, no earlier methods in painting. Its freedom, affluence, and luxury—its pre-occupation with formal yet mobile beauty, with splendid life—are essentially of Venice, and there is much in it—its gleaming breadth of light and shade, for instance, and the particular types of a matured humanity which it treats —that we can owe to no other than Tintoret. Faultless it is not, as any careful spectator may discover for

"THE SAMISEN" BY UTAMARO

ILLUSTRATION FROM "INSECTS AND FLOWERS" BY UTAMARO

himself, but it is superb and restful decoration, and as energetic as it is dignified.

In describing briefly the qualities of this one Tintoret—the most ambitious, most important, and most typical, if not the most complete at the New Gallery—I have in a sense, perhaps, though with inevitable slightness, defined, or at the least suggested, the character of ripe Venetian Art. The earlier art, of which the Bellini were the leaders, had to some extent other aims, and was guided by a different spirit. On both, the gift of colour was bestowed with no stinting hand; neither ever sacrificed dignity; Giovanni Bellini, after his own fashion, has almost as much as Tintoret or Veronese the gift of Style. And in the presentation of sacred subjects the later art was certainly not consciously "agnostic"; its masters believed, but they believed with less fervour, less intensity, and less simple unction than Giovanni Bellini did. To see, for example, many a religious picture by Bellini, is to see work as single-minded as Perugino's or Angelico's, and to pass from Bellini's to any sacred picture of the next generation, or even of Bellini's own later day, is to notice a declension. The later and greatest Venetians believed in what they painted, even when they painted pictures of piety; but the atmosphere of the secular was so completely round them that the religious theme became the excuse for the adequate and brilliant depicting of carnal splendours, of the energy, the joy of Life. "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world," the phrase runs, in one of the Epistles. "This present world." With what an overwhelming force the charms of it presented themselves to the Venetians of the late Renaissance!

Veronese's *Christ in the House of Levi*, a replica on a smaller scale of the picture in the Academy at Venice—and indeed a magnificent example of Veronese's decorative art, of his in-

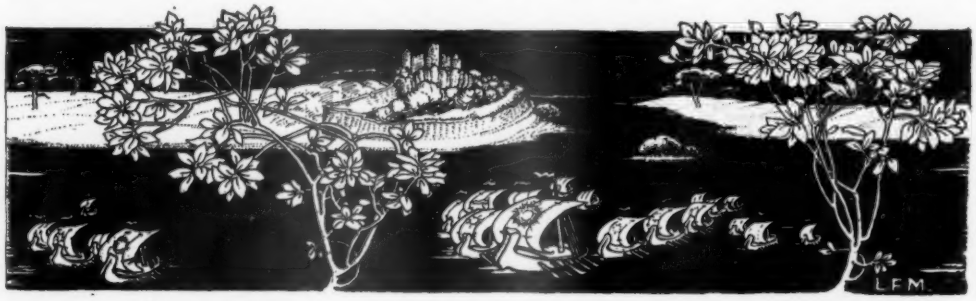
"THE SCREEN" BY UTAMARO

tricate and noble composition, and of his grand manner—is extremely characteristic of this carnal or secular temper, in one of the stateliest of Venetian masters. He is not unwilling to treat a sacred subject. He paints our Lord with all befitting dignity, but he paints Him at a feast. It is not the dramatic, not the religious, not the domestic side of any incident that makes appeal to him. Veronese would have found no interest in the homely meal and humble welcome which was extended to Christ in the house of Lazarus—the homely meal for which the preparations so greatly exercised the mind of Martha. But he depicted, *con amore*, what he grandly imagined to be the scene in those one or two houses where the entertainment could be magnificent and the festivity royal.

The ***Triumph of Love***—Cupid, with a bow and arrow, standing on a lion's back (the picture lent by Colonel Jekyll)—is one of the loveliest examples of Titian's simpler and yet always august Design. In intricacy of line, as well as in fulness of meaning, it is, of course, far exceeded by the great composition, ***The Worship of Venus***, a composition which may be judged by even Mr. Léon Somzee's in some respects inferior replica, if replica it be, of the great picture at Madrid. This, it may be remembered, is an allegory of love, passionate or playful, selfish or self-abandoned. A lovely golden Titian (a lady's portrait) is lent by Mr. Watts. The mysterious figure of Giorgione is represented best—perhaps, indeed, is only really represented—by the Hampton Court picture of a youth piping. And is even that a Giorgione of quite unquestioned authenticity? Who, when investigations upset to-day what they established yesterday—who shall say positively? Mrs. Benson's lovely portrait of the *Venetian Girl Lace-making* might almost be a Titian, were it but acknowledged that Titian could occasionally paint thinly, so that the very canvas might be disclosed. Or what if after all some evidence should favour a guess that it is Bonifazio's—the exquisite painter in the Venetian Academy of *The Poor Man in the House of Dives*? It is, anyhow, of masterly simplicity and of convincing charm.

No doubts of attribution—which fascinate the soul of the collector, and afford joy of battle to learned men stored with the latest theories—no doubts of attribution beset the spectator who looks at the Eighteenth-Century Venetian art, in the works of Canaletto and Guardi, who painted the exterior of Venice, and of Longhi, who painted the scenes that passed in some of the more elegant of her homes. It is difficult to say which is, on the whole, the finer of the two Guardis lent by the Misses Cohen—the one a portrait, with all light and shadow passing over it, of the church of Santa Maria della Salute; the other a more extended view of Venice, vivacious and admirable. Both are of the best quality. And Canaletto, too—whose works in England are seen generally best in the collection of the Queen, and at the Soane Museum—he, so often misrepresented by labour, "smelling of the lamp," the mere dull and tedious elaborated chronicle—Canaletto is seen adequately in a piece peculiar in composition, in point of view rather, yet most effective: ***A Fair on the Piazza***, lent by Mr. Ludwig Mond.

Longhi's chief interest is that, without the element of caricature and satire, he is, when he depicts the every-day life of gentle-folk, the Hogarth of his time and place—his time, it must be admitted, was in the main Hogarth's own. Or, better, he is akin to the elegant French *genre* painters of exactly his own period, which ranged from Watteau's day to Chardin's. But though he has much of their nature, he has not quite their elegance. "***Le soleil de France donne du génie,***" said Gluck to Marie Antoinette. Did it not give also the vivacity of spirit which, translated into terms of pictorial art, becomes a moving grace? No, no! Longhi is not the equal of these people,



A CHAPTER HEADING BY L. FAIRFAX-MUCKLEY

ILLUSTRATION TO SPENSER'S
'FAERIE QUEENE," CANTO II. VERSE 30.
BY LOUIS FAIRFAX-MUCKLEY.

A CHAPTER HEADING BY L. FAIRFAX-MUCKLEY

Watteau and Chardin, Lancret, Pater, Lavreince, Moreau. Yet Longhi is very interesting; quaint, instructive, and withal amusing.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

SOME NOTES ON THE WORK OF LOUIS FAIRFAX-MUCKLEY.

IN the articles upon the Birmingham School of Art which appeared in THE STUDIO last year, although considerable space was given to the illustration of students' work in "black and white," no examples by Mr. Louis Fairfax-Muckley were included. This was partly owing to the fact that he left the school before most of the pupils, whose drawings we reproduced, had turned their attention to illustration, and partly because it was intended to devote more space to his work than was then available.

In Mr. Pennell's new edition of "Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen," Mr. Muckley has lately been introduced to a technical audience among the workers of the Birmingham School, and represented by a full-page drawing, *The Modest Rose Puts Forth a Thorn*, admirably reproduced and excellently well printed, but no critical comment accompanies it in the text. One may follow the precedent here, and be content with a brief description of Mr. Muckley's career. It is always somewhat invidious to write a critical paper side by side with the work it introduces. To do so, is apt to place the writer in the position of a showman, bent on extolling the attractions of his exhibition; for it is obviously impossible to be coldly critical and point out such shortcomings and failures as almost every man—especially if by way of being an art critic—thinks he discovers in the work of another. Therefore, in place of pointing out the genuine merit—which any one can discover for himself in Mr. Muckley's drawings here reproduced—it is best to let them speak for themselves, especially as, although these particular works have not been seen before, paintings by the artist have been well placed in important exhibitions, and frequently illustrated in the various guide-books to the galleries which flood the bookstalls in May.

A hasty record of Mr. Muckley's career may be set down here. Born at Stourbridge, he entered the Birmingham School when nineteen years of age, and studied there for six or seven years. While a student his work attracted the attention of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. W. B. Richmond, R.A., and others. Both by their addresses and their individual counsel he received much help, which he gracefully acknowledges: an attitude that alone would serve to prove that the artist had passed his student period. For, as the late Master of Trinity pointed out, a student usually forgets that "we are really none of us infallible, not even

ILLUSTRATION TO SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE," CANTO II. VERSE 20 BY L. FAIRFAX-MUCKLEY

STUDY OF A HEAD. BY
L. FAIRFAX-MUCKLEY

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VESTAL VIRGINS RETURNING TO THE TEMPLE — BY L. FAIRFAX-MUCKLEY

the youngest." Other influences which shaped his art were afforded by frequent visits to the National Gallery, and especial study there of the early Italian masters so fully represented on its walls. During his student days at Birmingham, he made it a rule to spend yearly at least one whole week in London, and devoted most of that time to visiting the National Gallery, and imbibing the spirit of those early pictures the methods of which seemed to him so straightforward and simple when compared with the "clever trickiness" of the modern school. Now that he ventures upon schemes of colour and composition with a treatment of his own, he still feels the old loyalty to the Primitives, as his work suffices to prove.

"ST. CECILIA" — BY L. FAIRFAX-MUCKLEY

Of late he has given much attention to book illustration, and says with regard to it: "For the past year or two I have felt a great desire to form a style of my own, which is founded to some extent on previous studies, yet is, I feel, breaking loose from the methods which have gone before me." In the pages of ATALANTA there recently appeared some drawings by him in illustration of R. D. Blackmore's poem *Mount Arafa*, which were remarkable in the originality of their treatment.

Among the principal paintings exhibited by Mr. Muckley are—*Autumn*, well hung in the large room of the New Gallery, 1889, and its companion, *Spring*, shown at the same exhibition; *A Sainted Maiden* at the Royal Academy, 1890, and *The Weird Lady*, also at Burlington House, in 1891.

The illustrations here reproduced need no comment, the studies of heads being in monochrome, and the others in black and white; they have lost so little, that they may safely be accepted as typical examples of the artist's work.

THE REVIVAL OF IVORY CARVING IN BELGIUM. BY FERNAND KHNOPFF.

THE Brussels Art Club (*Le Cercle Artistique de Bruxelles*) recently conceived the excellent idea of giving an adequate reception to the chryselephantine sculptures which figured in the International Exhibition at Antwerp—rather as products of the Congo than *objets d'art*. At the Brussels Club these works, placed on pedestals carved in wood, or draped in sombre velvet, stood out in relief against a sumptuous background of magnificent tapestries, epic in style and exquisite in colour. When thus exhibited these delicate examples of a revived art might be admired as they deserved. Glass cases covered the ivories to prevent them from yellowing; for this beautiful material soon loses its brilliancy and whiteness on coming into contact with air and dust. A clever ivory turner of Copenhagen, Spengler, realised that it was sufficient to encase the ivory under glass hermetically sealed and to expose it to the rays of the sun in order to give it an even more dazzling brilliancy.

When some months ago M. Van Estvelde, *secrétaire d'état* to the Congo Free State, invited Belgian sculptors to utilise the ivory which came to Antwerp in great quantities, his suggestion was received with enthusiasm, and this revival in Belgium of chryselephantine sculpture found at once many supporters.

The more enterprising sculptors had their names registered, in order to secure picked sections of ivory, in which the grain is more compact and tougher than in the Indian variety, and the dimensions more suitable for statues; in fact, some of the exhibits reached unusual proportions, being given the magnitude of the great African elephant's tusks. The artists set to work, and by the month of May the public were enabled to see at the first Exhibition of the *Société des Beaux Arts* at Brussels, the charming bust *Psyche*, of M. Paul de Vigne; and shortly afterwards, at the Antwerp Exhibition in the Congo section, a collection of works varying in interest—signed Vinçotte, Samuel, Dillens, de Rudder, de Tombay, Craco, Dupon, Van Beurden, Wolfers, Lagae, and Jespers.

The *Psyche* of M. Paul de Vigne is a little winged bust nicely poised on marble. The general effect is exquisite, because the strong, detailed colouring of the marble accentuates the calm, serene quality of the ivory, and the thin wings have a golden transparency which shows up the broad, free modelling of the head. This is indeed great sculpture. But out of all the exhibits, that of M. Samuel (the sculptor of the De Costa monument, reproduced in the November STUDIO)—the elegant statuette of *Fortune*—is the only one expressly composed for ivory. The artist has turned to admirable account the shape of the tusk he was working on, without straining in any way the gesture of the figure or fall of the drapery. The Horn of Plenty so daintily uplifted is of silver and gold, which enhances greatly the radiant whiteness of the flesh.

"PSYCHE" AN IVORY BUST BY P. DE VIGNE

The Exhibition was a real success. Almost all the works were purchased, and many found their way to England. This renascence of ivory sculpture in Belgium will not appear extraordinary to any who know the amount of interesting work that was

once produced in Flanders. The name *maître d'ivoirerie* was given to François Duquesnoy, known as François Flamand, whose works are remarkable for the boldness of pose, the *morbidesse* of the flesh tints, and that breadth or touch which gives life and breath to his figures of women and children. Jérôme Duquesnoy is equally celebrated. François Van Bossuyt, of Brussels, after long sojourn and serious study at Rome, returned to his native place and executed those figures of his so distinguished for their scholarly grace. "Just at this time," writes M. Albert Jacquemart in his History of Furniture, "John of Bologna and his pupils made ivory-work famous; and this pliable medium lending itself more than any other to flexible realism, the ivory workers began to follow the style of the Rubens school, and this style is so individual that *virtuosi* classify most of these works under the name of Flemish ivories. Certain facts give, moreover, an historic value to this classification. Louis XIV. summoned Gerard van Opstal from Antwerp, and after commissions for beautiful ivories had been carried out, had him admitted to the Paris Academy of Sculpture and Painting." The Louvre possesses valuable pieces by this artist, and you can see at the *Musée du Cinquantenaire* at Brussels his celebrated group of the *Three Graces*, full of vigour and suppleness. One must not forget to mention the name of Lucas Faidherbe of Malines, and, indeed, many others, to say nothing of the "fathers of the craft," such as Jean Lebraellier, mentioned in the inventory of Charles V. of France, as having carved "two splendid great pictures in ivory of the *Three Maries;*" or Berthelot Heliot, *varlet de chambre* to Duke Philip le Hardy, who, according to Amyot Arnaut's accounts for 1392–1393 received 500 *livres*, "*pour deux grant tableaux d'ivoire à ymaiges, dont l'un d'yceux est la Passion de Notre-Seigneur et l'autre la vie de Monsieur St. Jean-Baptiste.*"

"FORTUNE" AN IVORY STATUETTE BY M. SAMUEL

The sculpturesque use of ivory in Belgium is simply then the resumption of a tradition; owing to the huge consignments from Africa, the Belgians find themselves in a position similar to that of the Dieppe people in the fifteenth century. But, at the present moment, when great artists are interested in minor arts, and considerable efforts are made in the interests of applied art, let us hope that this beautiful material, at once so soft and chaste, may no longer be utilised for perpetrating things in a deplorable or ridiculous taste, as it has been too frequently and for too long a period.

ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS. PRIZE DESIGNS.

THE distribution of prizes to the successful students of the Royal Academy Schools in December last was an event of interest not only to the competitors and to those directly connected with the schools but also to Art-students throughout the kingdom.

As the exhibition of the works is one that comparatively few are able to visit, we reproduce a selection of those drawings to which the judges awarded prizes of distinction. They consist of a

"A VINTAGE" BY HILDA KOE

landscape painting entitled *A Moorland* by Percy William Gibbs, which gained the Creswick Prize (£30); a design in monochrome for a figure picture by Victor John Robertson, the subject selected being *Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the Fiery Furnace*, to which was given the First Armitage Prize (£30), and a bronze medal; a design for the decoration of a portion of a public building, for which the prize of £40 was awarded to Hilda Koe; and an architectural design for a public library, for which a travelling studentship (£60) was given to Percy Edward Newton.

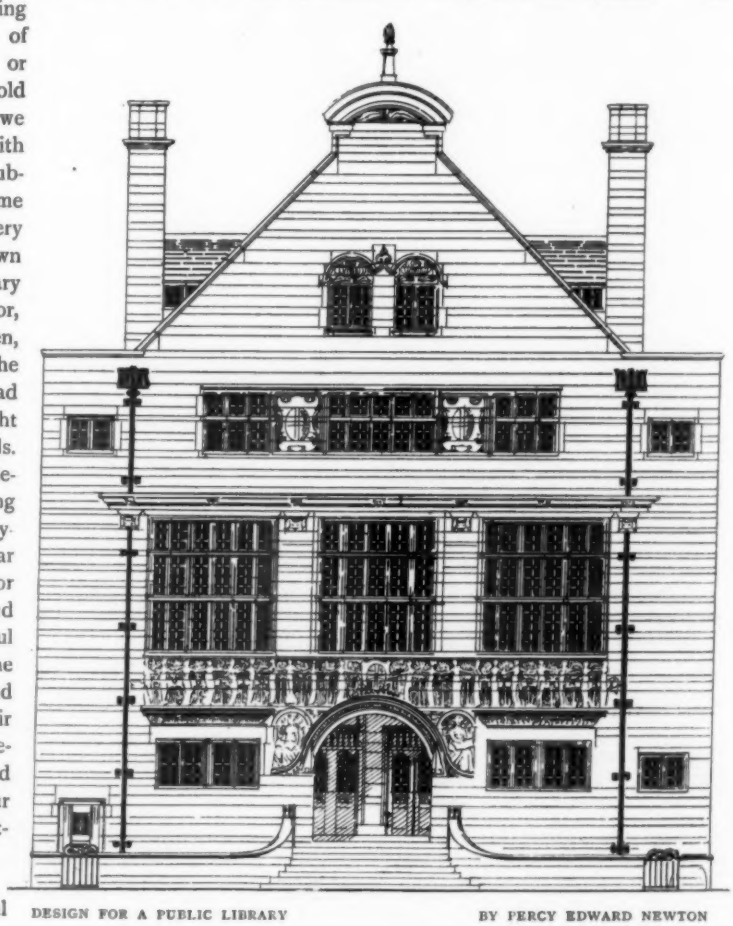
"SHADRACH, MESHACH AND ABEDNEGO" BY VICTOR JOHN ROBERTSON

A MOORLAND." FROM A PAINTING BY PERCY WILLIAM GIBBS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF FOREGROUNDS. BY C. F. TOWNSEND.

THE Key to Fairyland would be a suitable heading for an article dealing with this subject. Not only does the camera open to us the gates of an enchanted land, it even enables us to take some of the fairest portions of its domains bodily away with us. Yet the grassy rings where Oberon and Titania hold their revels in the moonlight are not disturbed, nor do we injure the elfin bowers of spreading burdocks and tangled bracken. The land is enchanted and its wealth never diminishes, however much we load ourselves with its treasures. A mist seems to roll from our eyes when we enter the fairy country, so that we see redundant beauty where before there was none. A few beech leaves through whose tracery the pale green light filters; a handful of nodding grasses whispering to the wind; a group of nettles by the roadside; or the rough bark of some old oak under whose shadow we pause to rest, all fill us with happiness. Are they not subjects for our camera some day? Every root and every leaf becomes a well-known friend. Even the dreary winter loses its terrors, for, after the leaves have fallen, some to sleep beneath the snow whilst others play mad antics with the wind, the light comes deep into the woods. It is the festival of the tree-trunks with their interlacing branches and their many-textured barks. As the year grows warmer, we watch for the primroses in the sheltered nooks, and for the graceful wood-anemones among the alder-woods. Again and again we return to study their varying moods until we become Nature's children, and the few miles around our dwelling grow into a veritable fairyland, endless in its changing loveliness.

To descend to practical details, it is well to point out how little material is required to make a successful foreground study. Two or three fern fronds, a cluster of leaves, or a single flower is amply sufficient. In fact, the study should be really a study, and its success will be in direct proportion to its simplicity. Every painter knows the value of such studies and the difficulty of obtaining them. The time and patience that a good artist will expend upon them is enormous; and are they not worth it? The *Study of a Lemon Tree*, by Sir F. Leighton, illustrated in No. 13 of THE STUDIO, and the work by Leonardo da Vinci exhibited last year at the New Gallery are instances. There is a beautiful drawing of grasses by Albert Dürer that is so minute and detailed that at first sight it would pass for a photograph. Our camera can give us more beautiful work, perhaps, in its way than even these, but not without much thought and patience on the part of the operator. The



DESIGN FOR A PUBLIC LIBRARY BY PERCY EDWARD NEWTON

WOOD ANEMONES

superabundance of detail which oppresses us in our more ambitious efforts is here the element on which we depend for effect. Undeviating veracity down to the minutest detail is courted rather than avoided. Not that we should strive after a hard picture: quite the reverse. Softness is all important, and the quality of the negative is a thing to be carefully considered.

As the effect to be obtained depends so much on the lens and its belongings, a few words on the apparatus used may not be amiss. To begin with the camera itself: length is much to be desired. Most foreground studies are of the narrow order, so that with a square-shaped camera much of the plate is wasted. The most convenient size, in the writer's opinion, is $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$. It is much longer in relation to its width than other sizes, and is the largest camera that can be carried for any distance without fatigue and loss of temper, both of which are apt to make their presence felt in the negative. It is well not to work with anything smaller than $\frac{1}{2}$-plate, as the detail, which constitutes the great charm of these studies, is liable to be lost. Of course, small negatives can be enlarged, but this method is not to be recommended for the same reason. Not that possessors of $\frac{1}{4}$-plate cameras need think themselves debarred from this kind of work. On the contrary, opportunities abound. They are among the more minute class, but are none the less beautiful for that. A good "swing-back" is an essential, and, in regard to this, square-bellow-cameras are superior to the tapering form. With the latter, the last folds of the bellows are liable to come between the lens and the screen when the "swing-back" is much tilted. Almost any lens may be used provided the angle is narrow. A wide-angle lens might be useful occasionally in an awkward corner, but would scarcely repay the trouble of carrying it. As a general rule, the narrower the angle of the lens the better. Most of our subjects are so small that we have great difficulty in getting far enough away from them. For general work a rapid rectilinear is the most useful form of lens. An euryscopic or portrait lens offers no advantages except for very small work.

The lens *par excellence* for foreground work is a single lens; but, unfortunately, it is only now and then that we can afford the necessary exposure. It may be pointed out, as it is not known to everyone, that by removing one of the lenses of a rapid rectilinear, the remaining one can be used as a single lens. Both the exposure and the distance

BRACKEN

A FOREGROUND STUDY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY
T. G. HIBBERT

(*First Prize* STUDIO *Competition*)

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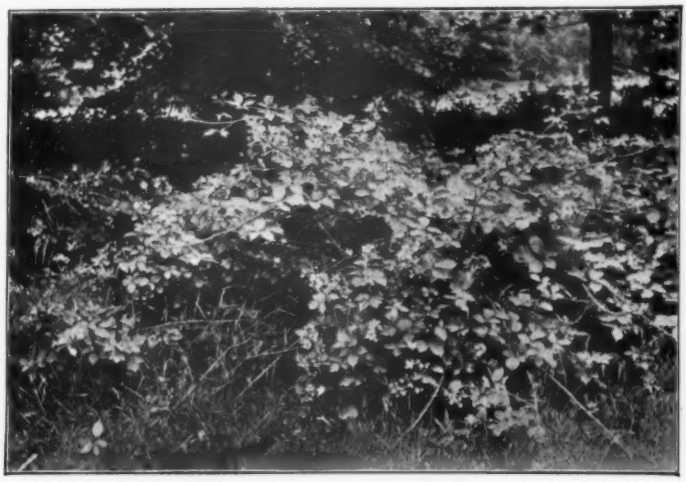

BRAMBLES

technical paragraph with a matter of personal experience, the apparatus with which the small photographs illustrating this article were taken consisted of a $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ long extension camera, provided with a R.R. lens of $9\frac{1}{2}$" focus and a single Grubb lens of 7" focus. The latter, which was a loan, should have been at least an inch longer in focus, as it did not cover the length of the plate by $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch without a stop. The whole kit, when the three double-backs were loaded, weighed about fifteen pounds.

of the plate from the lens are, however, about double that required by the two lenses together. As our lens, whatever it is, will have to be used with a large aperture, it should cover the plate well without a stop. With single lenses this is particularly important, as the distortion is so much greater near the edges. The tripod is not a matter to be neglected, considering the awkward places and attitudes in which we often find ourselves. A two-fold stand with sliding legs is the most convenient form. The legs should slide very easily, as not unfrequently it is necessary to fix the camera up in one or two feet of water, which may cause the wood to swell and the sliding legs to jamb. A useful accessory is an extra reversing back made to take, say, quarter-plate slides. There are many small subjects, such as forget-me-nots, which would be lost on the full-sized plate we carry. It is much better to carry small extra slides than to lose the use of our large ones by putting carriers in them. Isochromatic plates should always be used, and a slow plate is far better than a rapid one. It is advisable to "back" the plates if possible, to prevent halation, although it is not essential. A light yellow screen for reducing the superabundant activity of the actinic rays may be carried, but its sphere of usefulness is very limited. It increases the exposure at least four or five times, and only very rarely can we afford to place it in the camera. Certainly, the advantage gained by using a screen is more than counterbalanced by the danger of the foliage moving during a prolonged exposure. An isochromatic plate without a screen is quite sufficient for most purposes. To conclude a somewhat

The enemy most to be dreaded when in search of foreground studies is wind. For our purposes the foliage must be absolutely still, the smallest movement sufficing to spoil a negative. Not until we undertake this kind of work, indeed, do we realise how very seldom the air is even approximately motionless. On the calmest

FOXGLOVES

FOREGROUND STUDY (*Second Prize* STUDIO *Competition*) BY C. R. WHITING

day there is enough wind to keep the grasses swaying, except on very rare occasions. There are even worse things than grasses, foxgloves to wit. Top-heavy flowers are the most irritating subjects we can have to deal with. Reeds, grasses, *et hoc genus omne*, come to rest soon after the puff of wind has passed over them; but all spike flowers, such as foxgloves and hollyhocks, try one's patience greatly. They will go on swaying for several minutes after the wind has dropped, and, before they are quiescent, another puff will set them off again. The study of foxgloves accompanying this paper took the writer at least an hour to obtain after the cap was on the lens and the slide drawn out. Patience is, perhaps, the most necessary virtue for the searcher after foregrounds to cultivate. It is no uncommon thing to draw out the slide of the double-back and wait, with a hand on the lens cap for what seems an interminable age; and then, when puff after puff has gone by, to have to push back the slide again for fear of the plate becoming fogged. Oh, the agony of it! Standing in a cramped attitude for ten minutes, craning our necks to watch the changing light on the distant grass as it is bowed by the wind, or raising our eyes in, not always mute, invocation to the summer clouds. Even this waiting has its compensations, however, for we seem so alone with Nature; except the rustling of the leaves there is not a sound to be heard. We are so motionless that the birds and insects forget to be afraid. The thrushes resume their interrupted song, and the chaffinches perch on the nearest bough. From under the drooping leaves comes a wise ancient beetle, the sun glancing on his iridescent armour, to gaze in open-mouthed astonishment at the strange instrument before him. Elves and pixies seem ready to pop out from each little shadow, and every moment we expect to hear tiny voices close to our ears. We are greatly tempted sometimes when it is very windy to remove the flowers and grasses bodily to a sheltered spot where we can photograph them at our leisure. This experiment is never tried twice, for, do what we will, the stolen treasures can never be made to look as if they grew there. Patience is the only alternative, and the best thing to do under the circumstances is to light a pipe, sit down on a convenient tree, give free scope to our imaginations, and wait for a calm. When our patience becomes exhausted and there is still too much

wind, on no account expose the plate. There is nothing so disheartening or so foolish as wasted plates.

It is always well to make rough sketches or mental notes beforehand, so as to know definitely what we are going to do when we start out with the camera; but we may often come across something tempting when we are in heavy marching order and can get to work at once. There is always a danger in leaving a selected study too long. The freshness wears off the foliage and the flowers get damaged by insects; cows, too, and other "fearful wild fowl," look upon them as particularly choice morsels. In view of the trouble the wind gives us it is a matter of great consequence where we choose our studies. To take up a position in the middle of an exposed field is the height of recklessness, however tempting the grasses may be. Along the boundary fence of a park or the edge of a wood are the most suitable hunting-grounds; anywhere, in fact, where shelter from the wind can be obtained. Sometimes there is no help for it; we must work in the open, and must either choose a calm day or exercise our patience to the uttermost. Another advantage to be gained by working in proximity to a wood or an oak fence is that we obtain a good background. The question of backgrounds is one of great difficulty. Small foliage will blend into its surroundings or appear on the screen as a tangled mass of nothing in particular, in spite of all we can do. Tree foliage, except in early spring, makes an excellent background, if it is not too close; water is also very good where the reflection is not strong. Much assistance may be obtained in making grass and similar material stand out against the background by lowering the height of the eye of the camera, as in the study of grasses on p. 162. If, however, the lowering of the camera is carried too far, the grass or what not assumes a Brobdingnagian appearance, which is highly absurd. The sky does not form a good background, speaking generally, as halation or blurring of the outlines is so apt to occur. A sheet of grey muslin, not less than 6 feet by 5 feet, fixed on bamboo uprights, is a useful thing to carry. It will often come in handy where no natural background presents itself. Sunlight is not desirable for most foreground studies, and they should hardly ever be lighted from behind. The lower leaves are nearly always in shadow, so that

FOREGROUND STUDY (*Honourable Mention* STUDIO *Competition*) BY R. J. HAINES

A BROOKLET

an even diffused light is usually the most suitable. Sunlight, especially the soft light between the spring showers, adds very much to the beauty of some things. Smooth-barked trees have a satiny lustre in the sunlight, like those illustrated on p. 156, and strong sunshine brings out the ruggedness of the oaks and elms. Indeed, for woodland scenery sunlight is a distinct advantage, the shadows thrown by the tree-trunks and the long branches are so lovely.

Much may be done in making our subject stand out from its surroundings by a judicious use of the stops. The object to be aimed at is to obtain good definition of the whole of the particular piece of foliage we are studying, whilst everything else is thrown out of focus. It is best as a rule to work with the lens at nearly full aperture, using stop F. 11 or F. 16; but the rule is open to many exceptions, as are most of the rules in this paper for that matter. Any stopping down of the light means an increase in the exposure, a very large increase, too, in the case of the smaller stops. This we cannot afford in the presence of our continual persecutor, the wind. We are the sport of circumstances, however, and when we cannot get far enough away from our subject are compelled to use small stops. It is necessary sometimes to obtain definition over a considerable area, as in the photograph of wood-anemones. In such a case, use the small stops without fear until the desired effect is arrived at. It is better in most cases of this kind to substitute a single lens for the R. R., as its depth of focus is so much greater. A better effect is obtained without severe diminution of the aperture, and without the hardness a rectilinear lens is inclined to produce under these conditions. The "swing-back" should be brought into play whenever possible to obviate stopping down. The general rule to obtain proper perspective is to tilt the camera and keep the swing-back vertical. Proper perspective, however, is not a matter of such vital consequence here, and we can take liberties with the swing-back that we should never dare to do under ordinary circumstances. As regards exposure, knowledge can only be gained by experience. The requisite exposure varies so much with the subject and the light that it would be futile to lay down any rule. Nevertheless, it is advisable to err as much as possible on the side of over-exposure. Foreground studies require much longer exposure than is ordinarily given out of doors. The colour of the foliage, too, is very deceptive, a lengthened exposure being needed to bring out the

GRASSES

A FOREGROUND STUDY
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
BY A. G. COOKE

(*Honourable Mention* STUDIO *Competition*)

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BULRUSHES

detail in dark leaves. When working in deep shadow, especially under trees in summer, it is necessary to multiply the exposure very greatly. Perhaps, the following list of the exposures given when photographing the studies illustrating this paper will form a useful guide:

TITLE.	STOP.	LIGHT.	EXPOSURE.
Foxgloves . . .	F. 16 .	Strong, noon . .	4 secs.
Grasses. . . .	F. 16 .	Diffused, 4 p.m. .	1½ ,,
Brambles . . .	F. 11 .	Diffused, 5 p.m. .	3 ,,
Wood-anemones.	F. 40 .	Sun, noon . . .	4 ,,
Angelica . . .	F. 16 .	Strong, noon . .	2 ,,
Bulrushes . . .	F. 11 .	Strong, noon . .	¾ ,,
Bracken . . .	F. 16 .	In a wood, 4 p.m.	150 ,,

All were taken on slow isochromatic plates without a yellow screen, except the wood-anemones, which were photographed on an extra-rapid film not colour-sensitive. In developing, hydroquinone is, on the whole, preferable to pyrogallic acid. In spite of all our resolves, under exposure will be the rule not the exception. Our terror of the coming puff of wind leads us to shorten the exposure unconsciously; and, with under exposed plates, hydroquinone yields much better and softer results than pyrogallic acid, particularly in the hands of amateurs. The studies show to the greatest advantage when printed on smooth-surfaced gelatino-chloride paper. Rough papers are less suitable, as so much detail is lost.

The finished studies, apart from their beauty, should be useful for many purposes. Artists are always glad of them, and they might be of much service as motives for design. A series of systematic flower and plant studies would be of immense service to botanists for teaching purposes, and many other uses would, no doubt, suggest themselves. We should endeavour, as much as possible, to reproduce the quality of the foliage in our prints and to bring out the individuality of everything that grows. The spirits of the flowers should seem to gaze at us from the graceful florets, and the leaves to whisper their soft and gentle gossip in our ears. We should love each print for its own inherent beauty, without regard to any secondary usefulness as a study. If the first is secured, the second will follow. We have a boundless wealth of loveliness before us. Translations in monotone of the most charming landscapes become hackneyed after a while, but our fairyland of leaves and flowers is endless.

C. F. Townsend.

ANGELICA

Designs by Will H. Bradley

ON SOME RECENT DESIGNS BY WILL H. BRADLEY, OF CHICAGO.

ECCENTRICITY of itself can never make a design a work of art, but eccentricity is frequently of some use in calling attention to less patent qualities which are generally artistic. That eccentricity is a very prominent note in the most recent decorative development, very few will be inclined to deny. Those artists who have brought about the development in question, have given up the quest for beauty pure and simple, and have sought rather to express what there is of decoration in the grotesque and morbid. To Mr. Aubrey Beardsley the first place in the new school—if school it may as yet be called—is undoubtedly due. In variety of invention, in uncompromising grotesqueness, in curious, morbid power, none can approach him. Compared with the lurid torch he holds, the lights in the hands of his imitators are but feeble tapers flickering in the gloom. In Chicago, however, a decorative designer of some power and distinction, who has of late worked in the Beardsley manner, has arisen. Mr. Will H. Bradley did not commence his art career under the inspiration of the young English artist. The beautiful cover designed for the *Inland Printer*, which was recently reproduced in these pages, gives no hint of our modern master of the decorative-grotesque: it is idyllic and fanciful, rather than mordantly and eccentrically realistic. It may be traced to many sources, but it is, at the same time, eminently personal, and one is not surprised to find that Mr. Bradley learned, not of a living master, but of Dürer, of Botticelli, and of the other great masters of decoration in the past. Mr. Bradley's career began in a humble way. He designed advertisements for stoves, dried fish, tinned fruit and the like; to draw an initial for a periodical was for him, at the opening of his art life, a much appreciated luxury, and for a set of initials of quite unusual merit, fifty cents was held to be ample remuneration. At length, the *Century* Company had the wisdom to accept

ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE" BY W. H. BRADLEY

some of his work, and other publishers quickly followed its lead. Soon after came the commission for the covers for the *Inland Printer*, to one of which I have already alluded.

It is not easy to state with precision at what moment in the evolution of Mr. Bradley's art he came in contact with Mr. Beardsley's work. The immense influence which that work exerted over him, immediately he saw it, is so obvious that the uninformed may well be excused for mistaking a Bradley of the latter period for a real Beardsley. If Mr. Bradley arrived at his present style altogether apart from the English artist, the coincidence is quite the most astounding in the entire history of design; but that Mr. Bradley has been for some time familiar with Mr. Beardsley's work, is, I believe, admitted. It may be conceded at once that the use made by Mr. Bradley of the work of his fellow-artist is extremely intelligent; he is no mere ingenious copyist, reproducing the mannerisms and carefully overlooking the essential merits of the work of another designer. His talent is too personal to permit him to condescend to mere unbridled imitation; that is for the mechanical draughtsman, not for the sensitive and intelligent artist. At the same time, the fragment of a poster to advertise the *Masqueraders* (reproduced here) is redolent of the influence of Mr. Beardsley; the quaint figure of Pan takes us back at once to the *Yellow Book* designs which have pleased some, irritated many, and astounded all. The curiously effective massing of the blacks was, I think, characteristic of Mr. Bradley's art before he knew Mr. Beardsley's work, so that in this matter he must be credited with the fruits of his own ingenuity. It may be noted in passing that the *Masqueraders* poster is one of the most elaborate things of the kind ever undertaken, and it says much for the enterprise of Mr. Frohman, the American theatrical manager, that he should have commissioned it. Its very size—ten feet by twenty-eight—is calculated to inspire awe. It represents tragedy and comedy, and is printed in four colours.

FRAGMENT OF POSTER "THE MASQUERADERS" BY W. H. BRADLEY

Like most young men of the new school, Mr. Bradley has left the old heroic ideals, the ancient gods, the saints, and turned his eyes to such actualities of the moment as the ballet girl and the serpentine dancer. The drawing of the latter, which illustrates this note, perhaps goes to the outside limits of the eccentric; but there is an undeniably fine sweep about the lines, while the great patches of black are introduced with rare felicity. Much the same qualities mark the other

"THE SKIRT DANCER" BY W. H. BRADLEY

drawing, entitled the *Skirt Dancer*, which, although unquestionably *outrê*, is a distinguished bit of design. The transition from the white patch, which represents the flying skirts, to the black legs is, at the first glance, quite startling in its sheer unexpectedness. The other example of Mr. Bradley's work which we reproduce is an illustration from the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*. The whole thing is rich in decorative feeling; the maze of rose brambles, the dainty, piquantly clad girl, the delicious little figure squatted on the hour-glass, and the grave classical arcade at the background form a whole of which the sum of beauty is far in excess of the sum of eccentricity. Surely it was ill-considered to print the legend in clumsy Gothic type (omitted in our reproduction), which was in agreement with no detail of the design whatsoever. As yet this young Chicago artist has proved himself neither a great designer, not even one of remarkable originality. On the other hand, his chances have been small and his career as a draughtsman short. At present he is under the spell of Mr. Beardsley, but Mr. Beardsley is not, it would seem, the only god of his idolatry. He has turned his eyes to Burne-Jones, to Vedder, to Franz Stuck, and to Howard Pyle, so that it is little likely that he will be entirely dominated by Mr. Beardsley's intensely personal art. It may be that, emancipating himself from all homage of imitation, he will give us the full measure of his personality, and in doing so, produce work which shall be at once new and strange.

CHARLES HIATT.

What a disgrace it is to us that England, the parent nation of water-colour painting, has no gallery in which to *display* the collections owned by the nation. Thousands of paintings, stowed away out of sight and memory in drawers and cases difficult of access, is as far as we have yet gone. To rescue the buildings of the old Blue-coat School from their impending ruthless destruction and adapt them to the purposes of a National Water Colour Gallery would at the same time preserve for us perhaps the most picturesque group of buildings in London, and provide a worthy home for the *chefs-d'œuvre* of our national art.

"THE SERPENTINE DANCER" BY W. H. BRADLEY

"MARSEILLE, PORTE DE L'ORIENT"
BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

(From a Photograph by Ferdinand Roux)

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

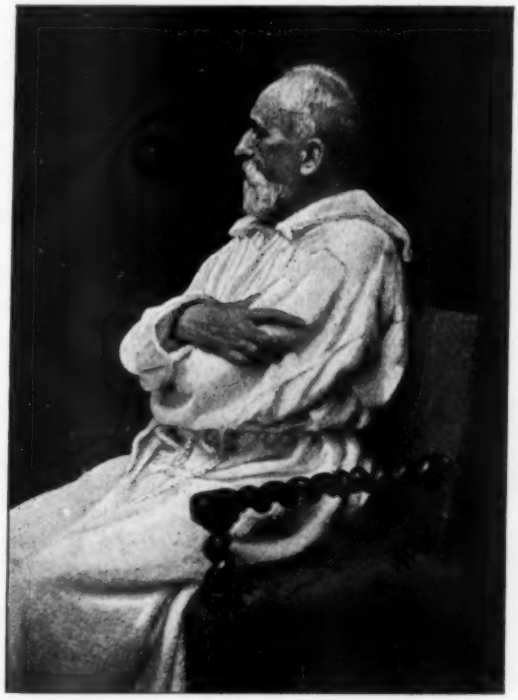
To select from among the enormous mass of work by Puvis de Chavannes the production which, more than any other, contains the very essence of his personality, or, to speak more correctly, of his genius, and to separate it from the rest with a view to studying minutely therein the secrets of his art, just as one might choose from a book some page that seems fully to express the spirit and temper of a writer—this were a task equally hopeless whether in art or literary criticism. In short, it is only by the contemplation of a long series of divers efforts, as seen in a cycle of his works, that one can hope to discover, and completely understand, the way in which the great creative artist is developed; and this even in some cases turns out to be unattainable.

Furthermore, the unexpected, unwarranted, and premature approbation with which the critics sometimes hail the appearance of a single production in painting, music, poetry, or literature—though evincing a capacity for enthusiasm, preferable indeed to the dulness of spirit and lack of heart usually characterising them—denotes a great poverty of ideas in regard to æsthetic matters generally.

In the universal history of the manifestations of human thought everything depends on the means employed to express and perpetuate it, whether it be the chisel of the sculptor, the brush of the painter, the pen of the writer, or even the humble tool of the artisan. The smallest realisation is the result of a countless series of experiments, heterogeneous in appearance, but all tending to bring into the light of day that infinitesimal detail which sometimes serves to characterise an entire epoch and enables us to conjure it up before our astonished eyes—a living thing risen from the dust of the past.

And is it not the same with the work of a great artist? In vain are we familiar with his masterpieces. A rough sketch, a mere outline, will often give us more insight into his art, by showing us the incipient germs from which shall spring the perfected growth which enchants us; and therein may we also note the slow course of his progress towards the attainment of his Ideal.

Everything has its significance in the work of a sincere artist—an artist, I mean, who is worthy of the name. There is nothing which does not teach us to know him better; our appreciation of him gradually increases and develops; we live with him, associates of his thoughts; the external form with which he endows those thoughts stirs him and us alike with the same vibrations, until by a strange and incomprehensible participation of ideas the moment arrives when the universe is revealed to us, not as we have hitherto regarded it, but in the light of the artist's own philosophy. He throws the door wide open on the horizons of life, and, thanks to him, a perception of the unknown and mysterious things scattered throughout the world, now gleams before our enlightened eyes. On the wings of his fancy he carries us, entranced, to the very threshold of the world beyond. Ah! the hours of bliss, of fecund ecstasy! And when these are past, and we are back again amidst life's mediocrities and afflictions, there still clings for ever to our eyelids some of the gold-dust of dreams to deck the form of reality in the garb of loveliness.



PORTRAIT OF M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

Comprendre, c'est sentir, was once remarked by one who had done better to say *Comprendre, c'est aimer*. And here lies the secret of the often wonderful intuition of women, in that they are from their very nature—and far more so than men—

created for love. Love, that is to say—under whatever classification it may come—the expansion beyond oneself, the vibration in unison with the lost and invisible atoms of the universe in its perpetual pulsation. To love is beautiful, no doubt, but to make others love that which you love yourself—is not that a still finer thing?

Thus, at the commencement of this essay on one of the greatest artists in our Europe of to-day, I must plead to be forgiven if I do not have recourse to the dry documentary detail and reasoning so often expected in writings of this kind. My excuse, if it may be admitted, will be that I shall have spoken of Puvis de Chavannes and his work *con amore*, only too happy if I can arouse in the minds of my readers feelings as intense and vibrating as my own.

M. Puvis de Chavannes is a religious artist. Let me be pardoned this dry-as-dust formula, which may seem at first sight paradoxical; but it appears to me to contain the absolute hidden significance of this great artist's whole work. Yes, M. Puvis de Chavannes is a religious artist. He possesses the cult of the Ideal; he has faith; he crystallises into harmonies of serene beauty that burden of mystery which lies on the heart of men and things; a sense of respect, of purification, of hope, of regeneration, of meditation, emanates from his canvases. To the torn heart, the wearied soul, he offers the refuge of a cool and pleasant cloister—and what cloisters they are wherein he woos us to rest, with their delicate vaulting of trees, their far-off hills for walls, and that softly radiant sky whose twilights are full of pity! Fair, pensive forms are straying whither their fancy leads them, and 'neath their feet sprout wondrous flowers, while a calm pool, scarce ruffled by the evening breeze, reflects the landscape around. Here may one ponder and live, remote from the coarse realities of existence; in the soothing mildness of this atmosphere one can think, with profit to oneself and to life; can hold commune with one's own being; can grasp the sense of things; can walk God-wards. Let us speak low; let us hear the words of wisdom and resignation—the chaste converse of the heavens and the waters that reflect them, the peaceful leaves, the dim shade of the woods on the horizon, the misty meadows, as they whisper to one another in the cool of the evening. See! all springs to life! See the throng of harmonious forms, discovering, as they put aside their veils, the healthy, radiant flesh through which the blood shows bright in its strong and placid course. With careless, unstudied gait, instinct with a quite primitive simplicity, they pass slowly, silently along, till now they repose awhile amid the ruins, or lay them down in the soft meadow grass. A great tranquillity marks their steps; as by instinct, whether devoting themselves to Nature's humble toil, or, almost divine, wearing the sacred bays that light up their brows with nobility; or, intoxicated by the pale delights of their native land—they manifest a great content, in full vigour and charm, and in infinite quietude

STUDY FOR "LES POMPIERS" BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

"SOLITUDE" *

BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

of body and mind. Ah, one may well envy them this serenity of happiness, this placid and, as it were, melancholy joy, in breathing and living in what one may call their "epic ease."

But by what enchantment, it will be asked, when once the sensation of ecstasy on contemplating them has passed away—by what enchantment does their maker create these exquisitely beautiful faces whose shape one cannot forget? Why do they trouble us so deeply? Why do they awaken in us so many thoughts and dreams? Why does the recollection of them creep so far into our memories that for long afterwards their fascination endures? What links are there between them and us; between them, so calmly living in the bosom of happiness and peace, and ourselves whom the fatality of modern life condemns to remain for ever ignorant of that joy and that rest? Is it regret? is it envy? is it love which joins them to us, and makes them pass and repass so vividly before our remembering eyes? It is because they are alive; because the artist who evolved them from his genius gave them eternal life! Because they are in reality not merely the creatures of dream and imagination, but beings instinct with real, material, living life. But then, some people will say, if they are nothing more, whence comes it that from their attitudes, their immobility, their gestures, there springs so much charm and fancy? Good Heavens, it's simple enough!

In this age of ours—an age of cold, servile presentments of reality and brutal fact—Puvis de Chavannes possesses, above everything, the marvellous gift—that which makes the great artist—the gift of conceiving the Ideal, of transfiguring reality, instead of merely reproducing it—of transforming into synthesis of form and colour, nicely balanced, every phase of reality and truth. In him the sentiment of Nature vibrates with a sincere ardour, a generous intensity. You realise when before his canvases, that he loves Nature more than anything in the world, *more than art itself*, loves it with an almost mystic passion, but with a radiant, lucid mysticism which delights in the expression of simple, honest symbols within the comprehension of any one capable of being impressed by the beauty of Nature's *spectacle*. He loves the trees, the sky, the sea, the soft hills, the dry rocks, the meadows, the fertile life in things

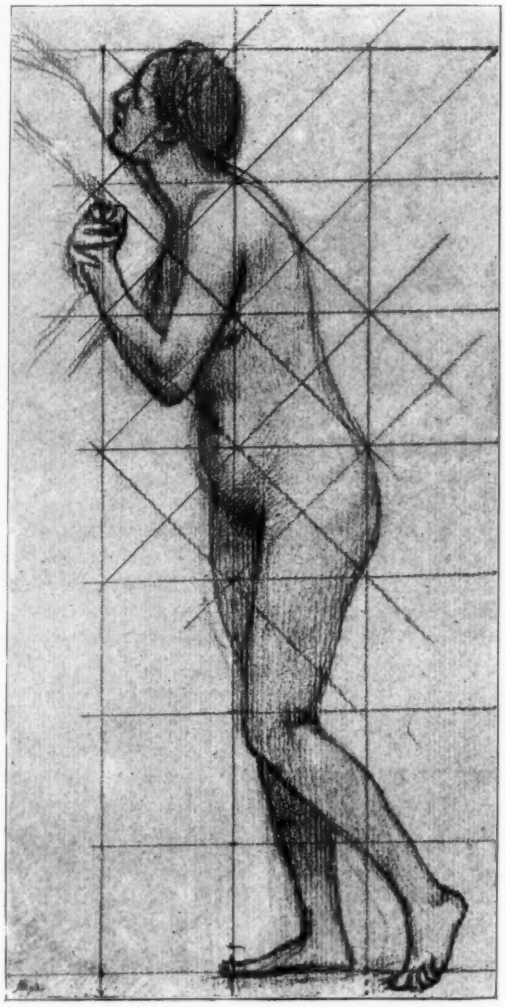
* This picture, painted from nature at Biarritz in 1857, was stolen after the Commune in 1871, and has not since been heard of by the artist.

immovable and inanimate—after the manner of a Grecian or a Roman, who venerated therein the presence of some beneficent occult divinity. At the same time what a deep and luminous lesson we can learn from his works; how little seems all the futile turmoil of life—the gnawing and wasting attainment of our ambitions, the perpetual race for glory, for love—before the restful splendour of these landscapes, where it were so easy to be happy. One might live familiarly with the sweet companions he offers us—*inter artes et naturam*—that is to say, amidst everything that can charm and soothe a human being. In *Le Bois Sacré cher aux Arts et aux Muses,* like the poet lying on the bank watching the moon's pale crescent rising in the water, with what exquisite *abandon* would one enjoy the delight of letting oneself be intoxicated by that strange rhythm of things which holds the key to the mystery of life and death.

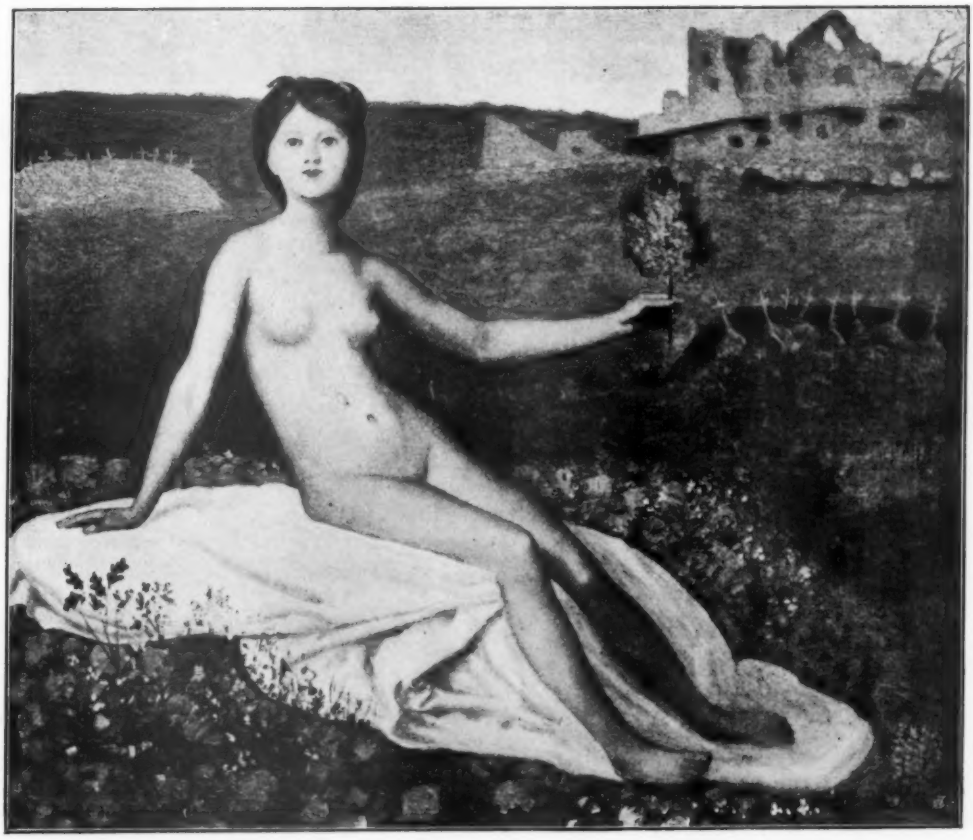
That is indeed Art, which is imbued with the grandeur and solemnity of religion; he is indeed a true artist who, by a stroke of his brush, is able to arouse so much devotion and meditation in the souls of men. Thus Puvis de Chavannes is a religious artist in the highest sense of the word, and I do not believe that any one of delicate perceptions, who contemplates the works of this master in an independent spirit, will controvert this statement.

I spoke just now of the transparent Reality dominating the conceptions of Puvis de Chavannes. It is the basis of his Art, the direct source of his inspiration; it is this same Reality, before he has transposed and exalted it by the fascination of a soaring imagination, and by a perfectly marvellous gift of impregnating everything with beauty—it is this Reality which affords him the liberal pasture befitting his genius. Whether in the colossal fresco adorning the walls of the great Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, or the decorative panels in the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, and, on the staircase of the same building, that beautiful decorative scheme, which includes the *Apotheosis of Victor Hugo* on the ceiling, and the vaulting and tympanums which go with it; whether in the compositions in the Rouen or Marseilles museums, or in the noble cartoons one can admire at Amiens, or in that marvellous series on the staircase of the Lyons museum—the most lofty, the most radiantly pure of all the master's inspirations—comprising *Le Bois Sacré, L'Inspiration Chrétienne, La Vision Antique, Le Rhône, La Saône*—everywhere his fidelity to the examples of nature and truth amazes you. Happily not *nature* and *truth* as they are understood by the disciples of certain existing schools, whose reputation will fortunately last no longer than themselves; for whom the reproduction of low, coarse, and repulsive aspects of life constitutes an ideal in Art—and what an ideal!

We have in Puvis de Chavannes a landscape-painter of the first order, with a marvellous knowledge of all the resources of his Art, or, to employ the current phraseology of to-day, *un paysagiste de plein air.* Because he only cares for soft, attenuated light-effects, veiled as it were in melancholy, does it necessarily follow that those pictures are deficient in light? Not at all; he stands alone as a painter of atmosphere; with what dexterity and delicacy does he bathe his figures in that deli-



STUDY FOR "LES PICARDS" BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES



"L'ESPÉRANCE." FROM A PAINTING BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

ciously limpid atmosphere; everything in the whole picture floats in an invisible flood of luminous vivifying air. Recall the two great panels executed for the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, *L'Eté* and *L'Hiver*. Never, perhaps, did the painter show himself more of a landscapist in the noblest sense of the word; though there was no possibility of confusing him with the countless daubers of trees, and rocks, and cabbage and turnip fields—those who in the wake of M. Pissaro devote themselves to eclipsing—I presume that is their ambition—the glories of our great French school of landscape which can boast the names of Daubigny, Corot, Jules Dupré, and Théodore Rousseau.

Following in the footsteps of the greatest masters of Art, Puvis de Chavannes has never drawn on any source save that of Reality for the means of expressing his dreams. Hence the vigour, the vitality, the henceforth eternal aspect of his works; hence the reverberating emotion which they produce in us. That indeed is stupendous Art which can work the miracle of immaterialising, or rather de-materialising the Real, just enough to elevate it to the rank of symbolism without losing its individual characteristics and personal identity. In the central panel at Rouen, for instance, observe that group of young artists in modern dress, on the right; do they strike a discord with the surrounding figures which are nude, or draped in the antique manner? Certainly not. With his genius for simplification, for reducing to primordial shapes everything he touches, and moreover for investing everything with distinction, the artist realised this masterly fact that, far from shocking the visual senses by the proximity of the nude, and accessories purely decorative, this modern dress even adds to the complex charm of the composition. Those young men stand there, a link between the ideal of a former time and the ideal of to-day; they indicate the deference of a true contemporary artist to the past; among those ruined fragments, those shafts of broken columns, entablatures, and capitals, they present a type of simple beauty. Compare this with the inartistic, almost disgusting, and positively impious impression produced by the too notorious picture of M. Jean Béraud's *Le Christ et Madeleine*, exhibited in the Champ de Mars in 1891—Christ seated at dessert with black-coated gentlemen, midst the smoke of cigars and cigarettes; and Magdalen, some creature in evening dress, prostrate before him!

STUDY FOR "SAINTE GENEVIÈVE" BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

Then he has introduced figures in modern costume with exquisite decorative effect into the tympanums and vaulting of the Hôtel de Ville

staircase in Paris, surrounding the *Apotheosis of Victor Hugo*, on the ceiling—a work that has been mistakenly criticised too hastily without waiting till it occupies its true place among the architectural *motifs* to which it is intended to serve as a complement.

But, alas! how feeble all words, of what little value all æsthetic analysis when one attempts to convey the meaning of such works! Yet I have been able to show the two aspects of Puvis de Chavannes' genius, contradictory in appearance, but which intermingle in the crucible of his dazzling personality—religious sentiment, deep study, and a scrupulous solicitude for truth and life that may be summed up under the term Love of Nature. The same vague laws—for it is always a difficult problem to measure the consciousness and unconsciousness of genius—and they are two, preside over the employment of materials furnished by the love of Nature, subject to the influence of religious feeling. Some gesture—physical or reflective—some immobile pose, some attitude, fascinates the eye of the artist, as according well with the expression of a face he has thought of creating. This pose, whatever it may be, is an *ensemble* of particular details, and it is for the artist to form from them the double synthesis; on the one hand to preserve its normal and natural characteristics, on the other to harmonise it to the primal conception of the work of which it is to form an integral part. From the thousand varying aspects presented by a thing or a human being Puvis de Chavannes excels in selecting the most characteristic—that under which the person or the thing will be, in the first place, most beautiful and then most harmonious. The *ensemble* of his work is there to prove what I say. Out of almost commonplace material he creates by the magic of his drawing and the glamour of his fancy a type of the greatest nobility, expressive, complete, and definite. For he appreciates before everything that invisible rhythm in all things, that eternal vitalising rhythm, which animates the contour of a leaf, a tree-trunk, a mass of cloud, no less than a woman's body. With him, the most insignificant detail assumes an individuality, both from the way he observes and interprets it, and the place he assigns to it in the *ensemble*.

A less powerful artist would soon succeed in disintegrating his subject. He, on the contrary, thanks to the methods he uses so masterfully, while constantly avoiding, and with complete success, the perils of these very methods, concentrates his subject, and renders it more intense. The primitive simplicity of conception is graced by a peculiar permeating atmosphere which envelops everything in the ideal poetic spirit so dear to the artist. The beauty and the general harmony that make great works decorative, spring spontaneously from him, and after a manner that will endure.

No gesture, no pose, no single attribute of any one of his figures has the painter chosen unless it fitted in perfectly with the idea of the complete work, and this is how he has succeeded in investing his work with that beautiful, radiant unity which is so often lacking even among the very greatest of decorative artists.

He presents to us the phenomena of life familiar and unrestrained in pale, delicate colours, where each individuality has a separate existence in spite of the common bonds of thought and positive accordance of ideal, uniting all the figures together. There is nothing harsh in his figures; on the contrary, they have the ingenuousness of beings who continue to live their own life under our eyes—the broad and generous life befitting their noble muscular activity, pure blood, and healthy open-air complexions. The master is less concerned with the art of expression, however—facial expression, that is to say—than with a careful development of the personal characteristics of his creations, animating the *ensemble* of his work.

I should like to make my meaning clearer. With Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the wish to express the soul, the mind, all the vague and the divine in humanity, concentrates itself in the study of the face itself; he excels in flooding the eyes with the melancholy fever of a secret, inner life, and in casting over the pale features a kind of sombre veil of meditation ever speculating on the great problems of an unquiet world. We realise that his creations are in quest of happiness, but are doubtful whether it lies in themselves or outside themselves, to heal the nostalgia of the heart. Sad and self-contained, at war with reality, which fills them with fear, they seem remote from life, fugitives in a world of dreams where nothing violent or cruel can ever reach them.

In Puvis de Chavannes, on the other hand, old-world life in all its expansion is revived. The robust forms exhale a healthy vigour, a predilection for activity and contest—not brutal indeed, but all the same in touch with Nature. More, they are up and doing; they move about, they toil; their dreams are full of conquests near at hand. It is in the harmonious play of the entire body that we get to know them, as they display themselves freely and without restraint. The clear horizons

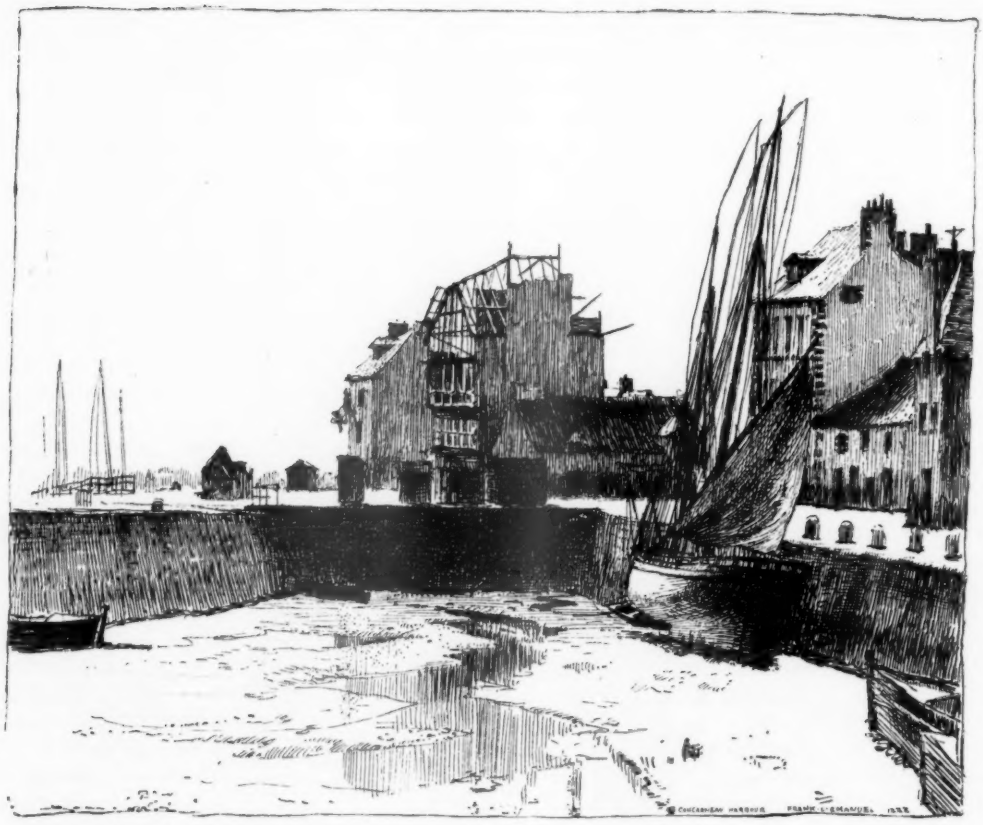
they have contemplated from their early infancy have taught them sincerity and simplicity; they are never subtle, never complex; the plenitude of things around teaches them as by a great example, to follow Nature herself. There is no more perfidy, no more perversity in them than in the sky, the trees, the soft hills which enclose their garden, or in that naïve light which shines over them. They are never hieratic; too red a blood flows in their veins. From the classic age, when they were born, they have come down to us to-day, never having felt the influence of Byzantine pomp, or the religious terrorism of the Middle Ages so rife elsewhere. From the life of long ago they have preserved the pride of pliant body generated in gusts of pure air; have preserved the art of clothing themselves in noble harmonious folds; the physical, almost animal, energy with which that free carriage blends so exquisitely.

"LE RECUEILLEMENT" BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

Such is the impression produced on my eyes and on my mind by the gracious marvel of these works on which one of the most genial of artistic personalities, one of the most generous and luxuriant of natures in the sphere of Art, expends itself. But how clumsily do words express the half-divine impression to which the strong, beautiful works gives birth. "How much is felt that cannot be expressed," as Diderot says. A glance at the man himself—at his nature and his life—at the man who produced these works, may succeed perchance in making them loved and appreciated more. At least, one can contemplate the picture of a bold heart, a lofty intelligence, a loyal and noble imagination.

The attitude of the master has always been stamped with dignity, nobility, and grandeur, from the very first until now, when, successful and famous, he is recognised by every one, and patronised by an official administration which for so many years held aloof from him. Endowed with an amazing faculty for work, gradually and in silence, he heaped effort on effort, confident in the future and convinced of this absolute truth, that there exists an impartial justice coming sooner or later for those who firmly and sincerely believe. In vain, for many years shallow, imbecile criticism poured its scorn and contempt on each of his works. He is one of those whom attack only renders more determined in the pursuit of their aspirations and more convinced of the nobility of their Ideal. He replied with his works—the only reply worthy of an artist; works which will remain among the most perfect, the most individual efforts of the century. Firm in his faith, he has never affected a facile contempt, but has adopted an impassive, or rather an urbane, attitude towards the stupidly envious and arrogant tone of the new schools whose only aim seems to be to demolish their predecessors. While ignorant of the eternal laws of Art, they would erase the past, as if there ever existed a great artist who, held by the bonds of pure æsthetics, did not cling to the old traditions of human thought. No concession to vulgar public taste tarnishes the purity of his work and life. But—although he does nothing of the sort—how truly he might boast that he has won his place in the way in which he chose to win it.

Simple in his manners, he lives a life of toil,



CONCARNEAU HARBOUR BY FRANK L. EMANUEL

interrupted only by the obligations which his important position as President to the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts involves; sympathetic with every one, he pursues his delicate mission with charming urbanity. With all comers he will gladly talk of Art, throwing new light, marked by a deep knowledge, on that eternal theme, than which there is none more beautiful, none more worthy of discussion among men.

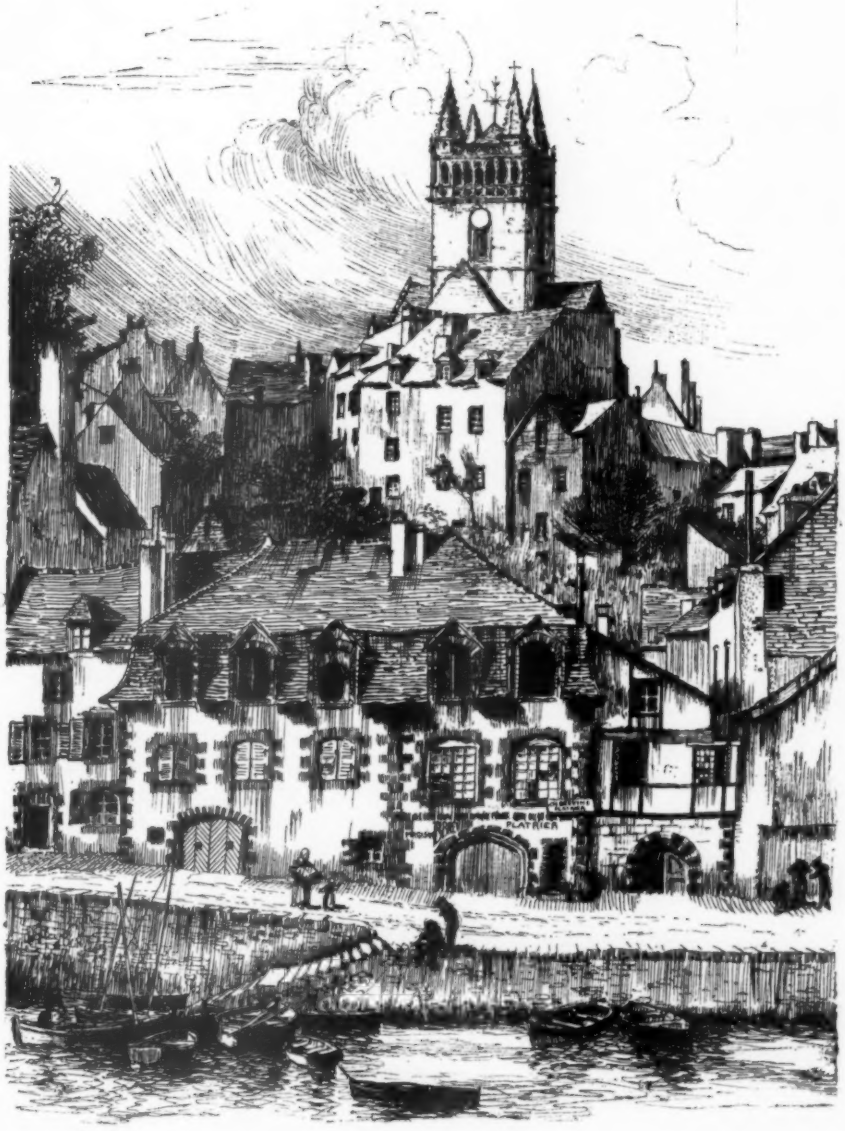
Magnanimity dominates his existence, and, if I may be permitted to enter into perhaps too intimate details, never does an unfortunate artist find him indifferent. Those who have the honour of being intimate with him, well know the extent of his generosity, and the loftiness of his mind. He is, in short, both as man and artist, what the stress of modern life has made so rare and so worthy of admiration—great in the most complete sense of the term; and—to recall that beautiful thought of Châteaubriand—*There is virtue in the very look of a great man.*

GABRIEL MOUREY.

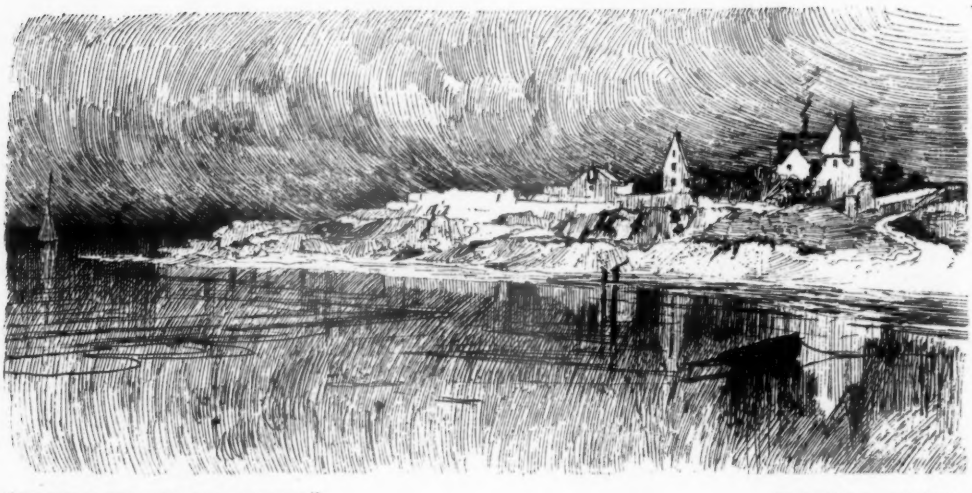
LETTERS TO ARTISTS.—CONCARNEAU, BRITTANY, AS A SKETCHING GROUND. BY FRANK L. EMANUEL.

DEAR T.,—You cannot possibly do better than choose Concarneau in Brittany as a pitch for your easel. Whether you intend to paint marines, landscapes, interiors, or figures, that is the place for you; if you want, on the other hand, to laze away a month or two, Concarneau affords you every facility for so doing. You may reckon on finding pleasant artist companions, both English and foreign, in the town, and at the village of Pont Aven ten miles off. Then, again, you will live right royally at a cost of five francs per diem, or even less.

The best route to take is by steamer from Southampton to St. Malo, and thence by train to Concarneau. St. Malo you will find a most fascinating old fortified city. Hoary walls and grizzled towers still lift their defiant heads in a



QUIMPER, BRITTANY
BY FRANK L. EMANUEL



"BETWEEN THE SHOWERS—LORIENT" BY FRANK L. EMANUEL

circle round the cluster of grim, tortuous streets, which worm their way through the maze of gaunt houses. Towering above this mass of crumbling stone and steep-pitched roof soars the cathedral spire.

The harbour is bound to prove to you a source of delight, with its animated quays and groups of great ships, many of them gay and sprightly, others dying or dead. The rich southern colouring on a sunny day recalls memories of the work of Montenard, Olive, and others. The view from the sea-front consists of an archipelago of rocky islets, on one of which is the tomb of Châteaubriand. Across the mouth of the Rance are St. Servan and fashionable Dinard; some little distance up that most beautiful of rivers is the old-world town of Dinan, which will make your fingers itch for brushes.

But no more about St. Malo, or I shall never persuade you to taste the simpler charms of Concarneau. After a railway journey, which will whirl you through entrancing scenery, you will, on reaching Concarneau, find a couple of smart omnibuses ready to convey you, the one to the

"SARDINE BOATS" BY FRANK L. EMANUEL

Grand Hôtel de l'Europe or the other to the Grand Hôtel des Voyageurs. Both of them are clean and comfortable, and generous as regards food; each is well situated, facing the tree-lined market-place and busy little haven, in the centre of which is the Ville Close, an old island town, self-contained, within ancient wave-washed battlements. The "Europe," or "Grand" as it is usually called, is the larger and more fashionable of these two leading hotels, and contains one or two studios; at the "Voyageurs" the *salle à manger* is panelled with interesting sketches of the neighbourhood by artist patrons of the house, many of whose names do honour to the art of France, and, perhaps, one sees more of the life of the country here than at the larger hotel over the way. Lodgings, studios, artists' materials, and a well-known art-connoisseur and photographer, are all to be found in the town, not to mention scores of little Bretons who beg to carry one's apparatus.

Concarneau is one of the centres of the sardine industry; the sardine is omnipresent, and, cooked to perfection in its fresh state, is the daintiest and most delicious of food. The clippings from sardine tins have largely helped to form the cliffs, and are used to make the suburban hedges, which, when new and not overgrown with vegetation, sparkle as though set with diamonds, and, when old, assume every possible tint of rust.

The large fleet of brown-sailed fishing-boats, constantly coming and going, forms an unending source of inspiration to the painter. Manned by six or seven stalwart, picturesque fishermen, these graceful boats make two journeys a day to the fishing grounds in search of sprats and sardines. Their return causes great excitement among the fish-wives congregated at the pier-head, who shout to the incoming boats the ever-varying price offered for the catch by the dealers on the quays.

Large, brilliant-hued *chasse-marées* from Belleisle, with great fishing-rods hanging like *antennæ* on either side the mast, drop in with cargoes of tunny, a fish resembling the porpoise. These boats are manned by splendid fellows got up in a garb of a distinctly piratical cut. Frequent arrivals of vessels from foreign parts add variety to the marine subjects.

Fish auctions take place daily on the quays, and, once a week, market-day brings in all the country-side to haggle for curious pots and pans, live stock, and oddments of dress materials; these occasions afford endless occupation for an artist—colour, form, and costume alike being interesting. The waterside taverns offer rare chances to a modern Ostade. Most of the girls of the town are employed in the sardine curing and tinning factories, which again are most paintable.

Along the sea-front, past the studios of several well-known French artists, we come first to the Marine Laboratory of the College of France, and then to the pathetic little fishermen's chapel in which Bastien-Lepage painted one of his last pictures. Close at hand on the cliff top are calvaries, round which one frequently sees a group of white-capped, blue-skirted women in *sabots*, praying for their husbands at sea.

The coast is fringed with jagged rocks of a beautiful warm grey tint, which, in sunlight, glisten like silver and form a harmonious contrast to the deep blue of the Bay of Biscay. In many places fir-trees overhang the sea, while here and there a stretch of white sand gives a softening touch to an otherwise relentless coast. Two of these charming

A BUTCHER'S SHOP, CONCARNEAU BY FRANK L. EMANUEL

little sandy bays near the town are given up to bathing, and in the summer months many paintable subjects, such as Albert Aublet delights in, pass before one. At other times the gathering of the seaweed harvest in carts, drawn by mixed teams of oxen and horses, attracts one; then close to the shore one comes upon a lively group of washerwomen, on hands and knees, cleansing and beating linen in some little pool where a turbulent stream takes breath before plunging into the sea.

For the painter of military subjects there is a garrison of some fifteen men, about twice that number of bloodthirsty colonels, and one or two very muscular drummers.

Both along the coast and inland one is struck by the similarity between this Finisterre and the country round our own Land's End; the men again are more of the English build and character than the Frenchmen of other parts; they even get drunk every Saturday, and are not quite sober till the next Monday evening. Luckily their intoxication is of a harmless nature, and very rarely leads to fighting or ill-temper.

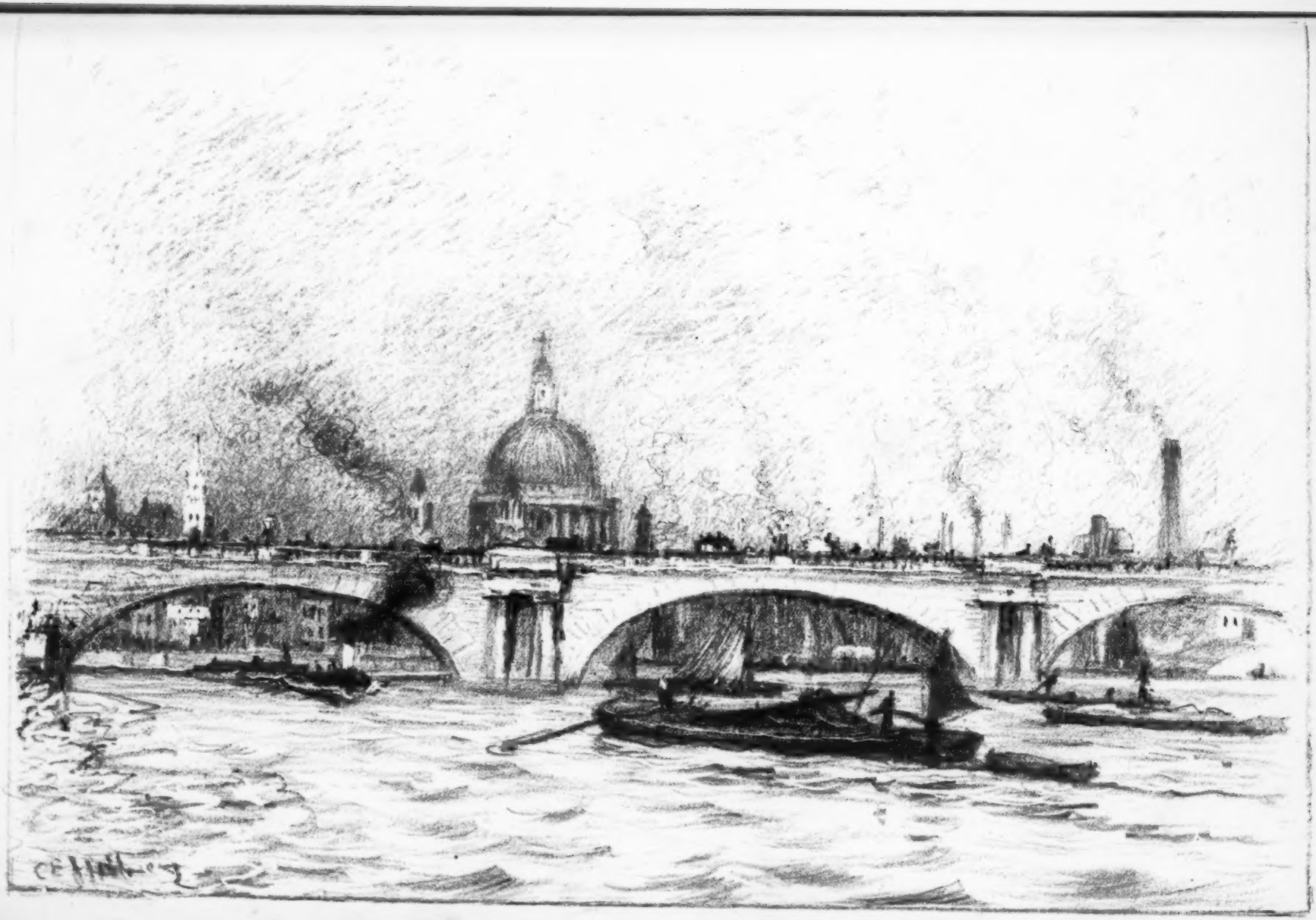
The country round Concarneau is a mixture of rough rocky moorland, wooded valleys and deep leafy lanes. Druidical remains abound and help to keep alive the old fables and traditions so dear to this poetic race.

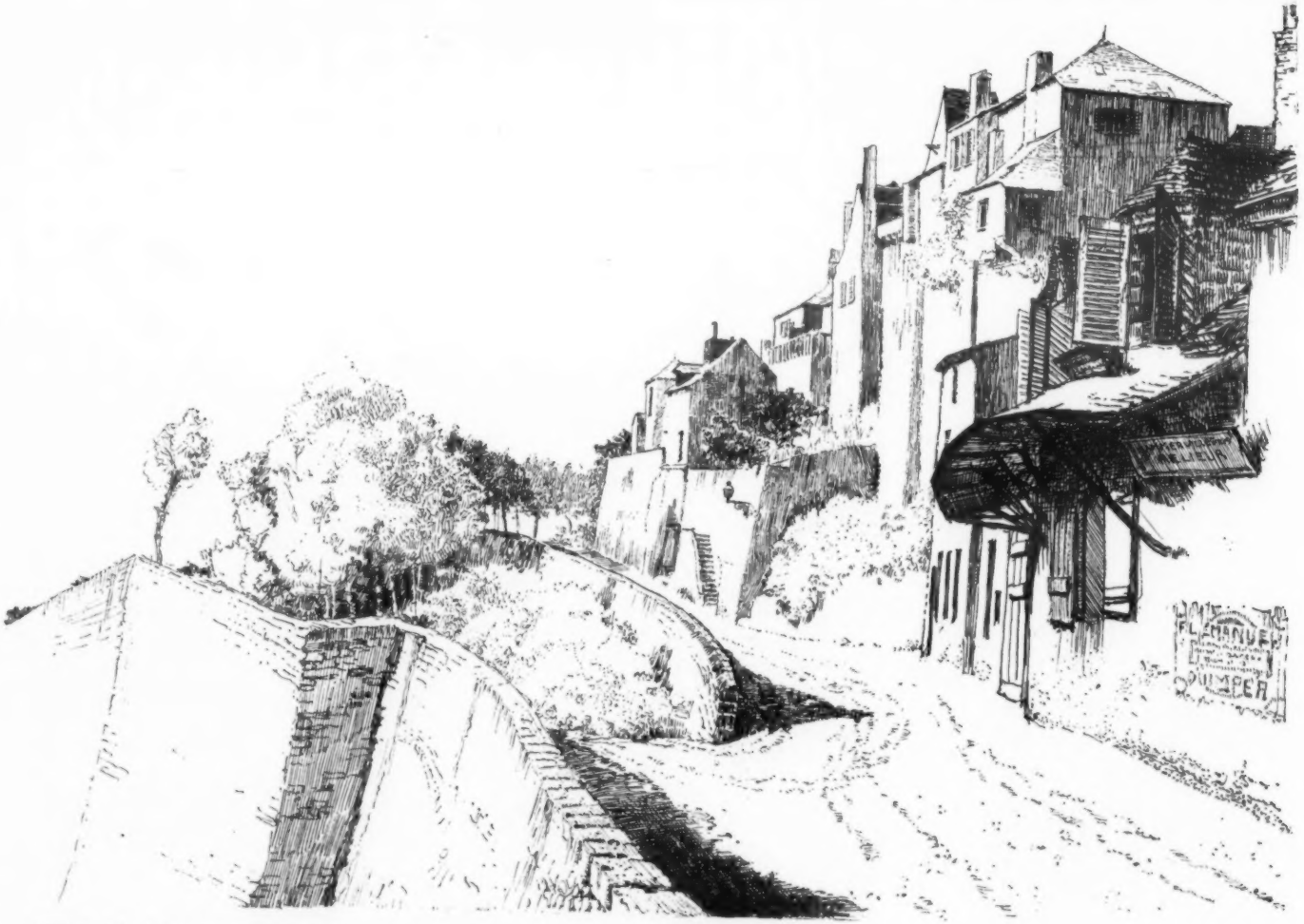
Quimper, the capital of Finisterre, not far off, is a picturesque old town with a fine twin-spired cathedral, interesting episcopal buildings, and scores of ancient houses, the whole surrounded with timbered heights. Quimperlé, even more enchanting, is within easy distance, and climbs a rocky hill to the old church whose tower forms a fitting crown. Pont Aven, a charming village, is situated at the highest navigable point of a beautiful river, and has for years attracted quite a colony of artists who paint chiefly in the wood-bordered pastures or among the old mills above bridge.

END OF THE PIER, CONCARNEAU

BY FRANK L. EMANUEL

But one could extend this list *ad infinitum*, so you had best go and judge for yourself. Do not fail to attend a "pardon"; such processions of quaint Breton costumes will, I fear, not survive many years, for now that travelling is so easy the discarded fashions of Paris creep in, and the Breton national costumes are dying out. A very remarkable "pardon" takes place at Concarneau itself, when scores of young girls, dressed in white, cross the "Baie de la Forêt" in fishing-boats decked out with flags and banners for the occasion. The melodious strains of the hymns sung on board, wafted across the





"THE HEAT OF THE DAY—QUIMPER."
BY FRANK L. EMANUEL

rippling waters of the Bay, produce a wonderful effect.

The rural *kermesses* also thoroughly repay a visit, for the peasants from the whole country-side (each village has a distinguishing costume) dance old-world reels and gavottes to the weirdest of tunes proceeding from two or three musicians seated on tubs playing the *biniou* and other uncanny instruments. Besides the usual accompaniments of a fair, there are wrestling matches, horse-racing along the high road, races for women carrying pails of water on their heads, and other diversions.

FRANK L. EMANUEL.

The unfortunate artists whose works are accepted at the Royal Academy but not hung for want of space, might, at the expense of a few shillings lost to the Academy coffers, be the recipients of an act of courtesy which would ameliorate the bitterness of their disappointment. An admission ticket, and an invitation to such functions as are open to those whose works have been judged of equal merit to their own, would be as a cooling salve to the sore and wounded.

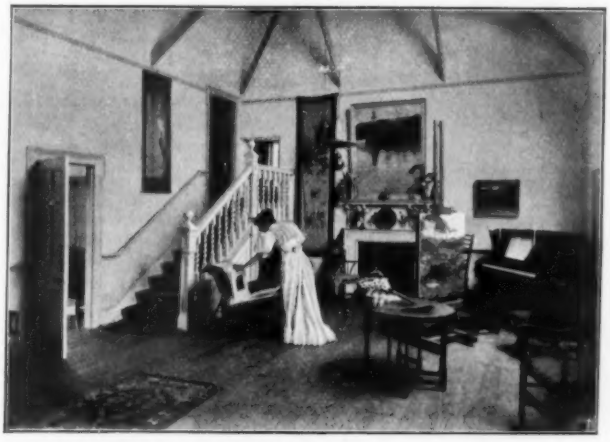
"JOGGING ALONG THE HIGH-ROAD, CONCARNEAU" BY F. L. EMANUEL

THE PAINTINGS AND ETCHINGS OF ELIZABETH STANHOPE FORBES.

IN the republic of the arts, it is not always a profitable honour to bear a name made illustrious by a previous owner. When outsiders judge the work of a new aspirant bearing a cognomen that is a household word, they are apt to be unjust. Literary, pictorial, vocal, or dramatic efforts contributed by the bearers of such names as Kipling or Alma-Tadema, Sims Reeves or Henry Irving, must, for instance, they think, be judged with partiality. On the one hand, they imagine unjustly that the recruit is trading upon a popular name to attract an audience, which is often as unfair as it is a gratuitous assumption; or, on the other hand, they applaud his, or her, efforts with preconceived intention, and out of all proportion to their intrinsic merit. Therefore, although the glamour of a well-known name would seem at first sight desirable, it is hard on the owners who must needs doubt whether the over-loyal appreciation or the jealous detraction is really provoked by purely artistic reasons.

Fortunately, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes won her spurs—if the metaphor may be pardoned—long before her marriage with one of the most deservedly popular Associates of the Royal Academy. As Elizabeth A. Armstrong she obtained a wide and well-informed recognition. Indeed, so excellent was her record at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, the Royal Academy, the New English Art Club, and other galleries, that she was rightly looked upon as one who was not to be considered merely as a woman with a fine future before her, but, waiving all question of sex, as one of the most promising of the younger painters. Nor in writing in the past tense does it imply that the newer duties of her life have lessened her devotion to art or her power; on the contrary, a distinct advance is evident in her later work. Yet, to speak of things as they are,

the favour so readily shown to the young artist seems less freely bestowed on the work of the wife of one who has gained what the majority of Englishmen feel to be the highest of artistic honours—an Associateship of the Academy, with its ultimate full-membership in no very distant future. This sort of treatment may, at first blush, look like rough justice. To help those who need it is, beyond question, a kindly act; but to neglect an artist because accidental circumstances have placed her still more prominently before the public would be as foolish as illogical. Therefore, if in this short note of her work one is tempted to adopt a certain tone of defence, it is only because the danger of a most interesting individuality being confounded with the work of another, makes the position one that needs recognising frankly.



MRS. STANHOPE FORBES'S STUDIO

HUT FOR OUTDOOR WORK

The fact that both Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes are painters of naturalistic *plein air* subjects, living at Newlyn, is sufficient to cause them to be classed as members of the Newlyn school, and so "explained away." Now, whether there ever was, or is, a school of Newlyn, there can be little doubt that the legend is chiefly derived from Mr. Stanhope Forbes's work, and that he has suffered more from too zealous disciples than any other fellow-resident. If the new doctrine of absolute individuality being alone worthy is carried to its extreme, he must not be held responsible for his followers, nor dismissed because he is "of the school of Newlyn." One could find dozens of painters at present without labels, to whom "of the school of Whistler," Monet, Burne-Jones, Alma-Tadema, Reynolds, or Gainsborough, as the case might be, could be applied with greater truth. For the "school of Newlyn" is a misnomer. The "school of Stanhope Forbes" would convey something definite to decry or to praise; but there were painters at Newlyn a half-century ago, and to-day—if any one should decide that certain brush-work and choice of subjects were the copyright of Newlyn—the list of infringers thereupon would not be confined to Cornish painters, but must include many French, German, and American painters who are absolutely ignorant of the fishing village near Penzance. If this be true of the A.R.A., it is not less so of his wife whose work is well worth consideration entirely on its own merits.

To come to the point—if these most admirable etchings had been unsigned, would any critic have dreamed of connecting "Newlyn" with them? The "Newlyn school" of etching has, fortunately, yet to be invented, so that here we may consider Mrs. Stanhope Forbes as an artist, without asking which parish she elects to abide in. And with regard to her very powerful paintings in oils, we may even there regard her work without the constant reference to topography. *The Edge of the Wood* was painted a stone's-throw from her studio, within the boundary of her

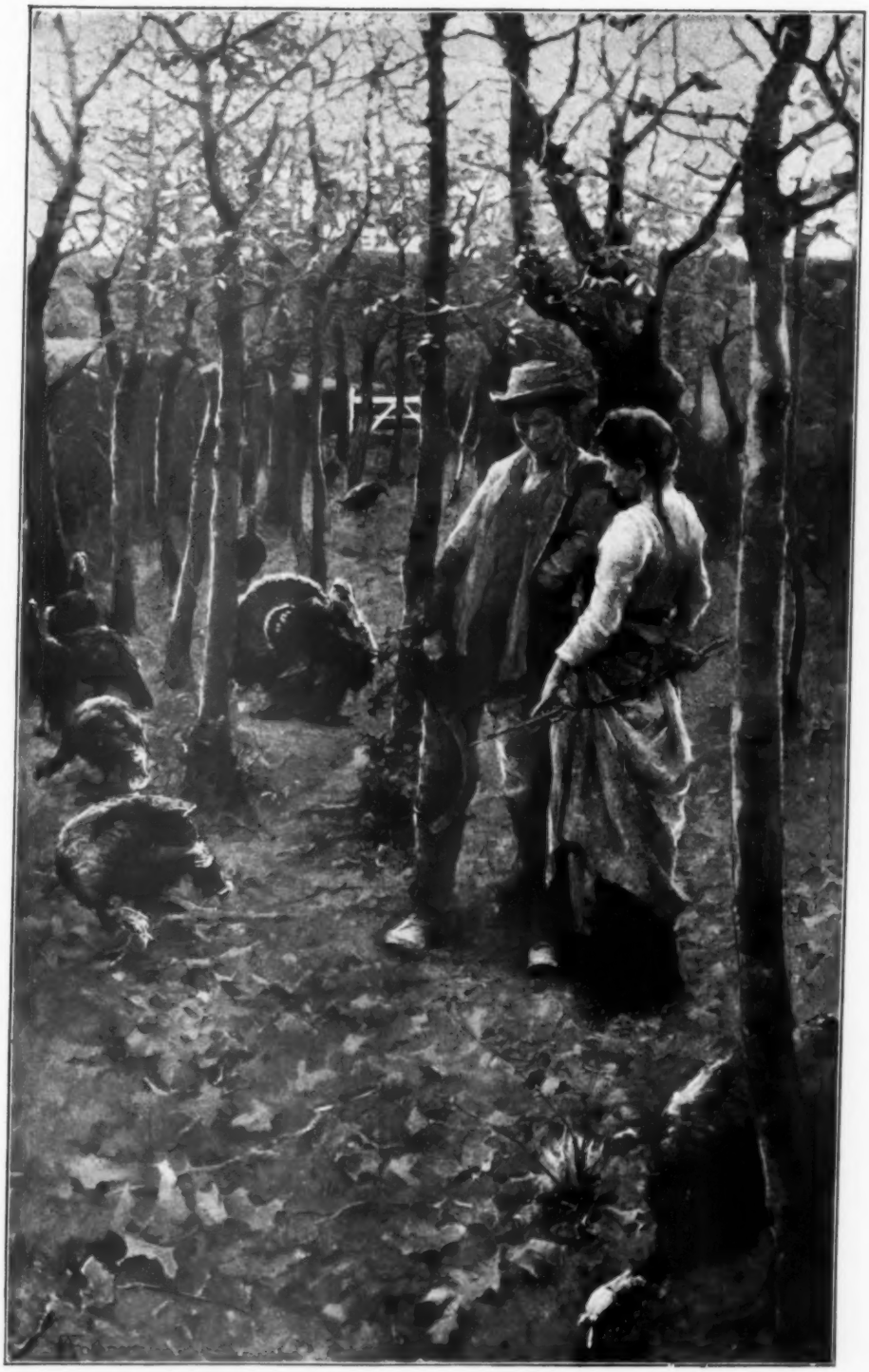
"A DUTCH GIRL" FROM A DRY-POINT ETCHING

domicile, yet he would be a bold man who, apart from the costume of the figures, was able to fix it even as peculiarly "English." It is a well-painted, well-composed picture of pastoral life. Its sentiment is as old as humanity, its arrangement decorative and true to Nature; its colour singularly harmonious, and its technical qualities peculiarly satisfying. You may dislike *genre* subjects, or the *plein air* treatment, but you cannot honestly say this is other than a singularly good example of a school which since the days of Bastien-Lepage has received favour everywhere, and also provoked the specially insistent obloquy of a few critics who chance to dispute its aims. It is a dangerous thing to assume that contemporary popularity ensures abiding fame; but the converse is not by any means an infallible forecast. Neglected and unpopular painters in their own day sometimes continue unknown; even in a day like the present, bent on dragging hidden genius to light, and on rewarding every outburst of eccentricity or of genuine merit with fulsome adulation, we know there are those working among us, some popular, others absolutely disregarded by the most advanced as well as the most conventional critics, whose works future generations will appreciate as honest and typical examples of the best influences of their period.

It is an unpopular doctrine to preach, especially to artists, this fallibility of trained as well as of untrained criticism, but it is best to face it and to acknowledge that our youngest no less than our oldest critics have no lasting patent of posterity to confer. For the future (judging from the past) will select its own favourites.

In Mrs. Stanhope Forbes's work, there are, most certainly, not a few qualities which will age

"THE WATERCRESS BED" FROM A DRY-POINT ETCHING



"THE EDGE OF THE WOOD."
FROM AN OIL-PAINTING BY
MRS. STANHOPE FORBES

honourably after the fashion that influenced their style has passed away. Domesticity devoid of sentimentality, accomplished draughtsmanship, pleasant colour, and a poetic vision, which selects the commonplaces of life with due relation of their importance, may be attributed to them. Absence of any straining for originality, a certain optimistic expression of the beauty of the common day, and no special anxiety to solve intricate problems of colour or light, may also be lawfully placed to their credit.

In the etchings, we find singular technical skill, a loyal obedience to the best conventions of the art, and effects achieved directly and simply, as Rembrandt himself set about it. Nor is this result gained by modelling her style directly upon the works of any past or present master. On looking at the girl by a window knitting stockings (p. 195) you are not conscious of anything but a direct attempt to record by the most legitimate means an impression of a quiet little idyll. The arrested attention of the knitter, the momentary pause in her work, which you feel will be started again automatically if the incident that has attracted her detain her interest long, the open air and sunshine, with the repose of the interior, are all clearly evident at a glance. No detail to complete the effect is lacking, yet nothing obtrudes itself. The figure has no air of being a posed model, but is instinct with movement; the line of wool that connects the stocking with the ball on the floor, seems still for a second only ere it moves again. The drawing of this particular line seems to me to be in itself a proof of rare power. To find one to measure it against, you must turn to one of Whistler's Venice etchings, where a telegraph wire, apparently as unimportant as this thread, plays a very vital part in the scheme of the design. The pleasure derived from refined work with repressed emotion is always keen, and when, as in this etching, one's first enjoyment is amply reinforced by more minute study, you feel tempted to praise it unreservedly, for the cumulative effect is not so often met with that it can be disregarded.

In the charcoal study, here reproduced, the elegance of design, and a due insistence on certain points, bear witness to the critical selection of essentials, which, if not the end of art, is yet nine-tenths of the way towards it. Excellent as the reproduction is, and it deserves a word of appreciation on its own merits, the great reduction has naturally lost a little of the charm of the original,

"MOORLAND PRINCESSES" FROM AN OIL-PAINTING BY MRS. STANHOPE FORBES

but enough remains to justify the praise here set down.

It would serve no purpose here to give a list of the paintings and etchings which won Miss Armstrong fame, and added honour to Mrs. Stanhope Forbes; although a most pleasant account might be written of her charming house, where a new studio just built has made the old farmhouse look an important building. On the high land above Newlyn, in a garden ablaze with flowers, and trees laden with fruit, the artist took the present writer through the grounds to the back of the house, and showed him the movable studio which has been the cradle of many of her later pictures. It need not be said that, true to the conditions of the *plein air* scheme, Mrs. Forbes attaches great importance to the actual painting of the picture out of doors, and clings loyally to the programme of the naturalists which, accepted as gospel but a few years ago, is now finding many backsliders, who would fain resort to the easier plan of working up large pictures in the studio, from studies made upon the spot.

"JEAN, JEANNE ET JEANETTE" BY MRS. STANHOPE FORBES

This short note must not close without a reiterated warning that this artist's work needs no apology to be advanced for the sex of the artist. It is strong, wholesome art, able to hold its own, and deserves the honour of being considered quite apart from its signature. Hence the insistent purpose of this argument is to protest against a false chivalry, accepting the work politely enough, with an official courtesy due to the artist's position. Possibly such a protest may be quite needless; it certainly is absent from the writings of thoughtful critics; but, to-day, much is written upon art, by journalists not especially equipped for their enterprise, and just at the moment it seems well to guard against another oversight being laid to the charge of any students of the art, whether professionally interested or merely casual visitors to our galleries.

E. B. S.

THE ROOD-SCREEN OF SOUTH POOL CHURCH. BY EDWARD F. STRANGE.

SOUTH POOL is situated at the head of a creek running into the Kingsbridge estuary, almost opposite Salcombe. Its church, standing on high ground, is a sufficiently sturdy and respectable edifice to not ignobly crown an exceptionally beautiful village, even for Devonshire. And one of those freaks of history which selects at random odd items for preservation in the perfection of detail, has recorded that the fabric was dedicated to Saint Nicholas and Saint Cyriacus the martyr on the 24th of August, 1318. But the principal object of interest nowadays is the old rood-screen of carved oak, or rather what remains of it; for two portions have already been "restored"—very creditably, one must admit—and our illustrations represent nearly half of what is left of the old work.

That this has been, at some former time, seriously mutilated, is at once evident; and a short archæological digression is necessary before considering the work itself from a more practical point of view. Taking into account the conservative tendencies of west-country art, its date may be placed anywhere between the middle of the fourteenth and the end of the fifteenth centuries;

A CHARCOAL STUDY. BY
MRS. STANHOPE FORBES

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"THE OPEN WINDOW" FROM A DRY-POINT ETCHING

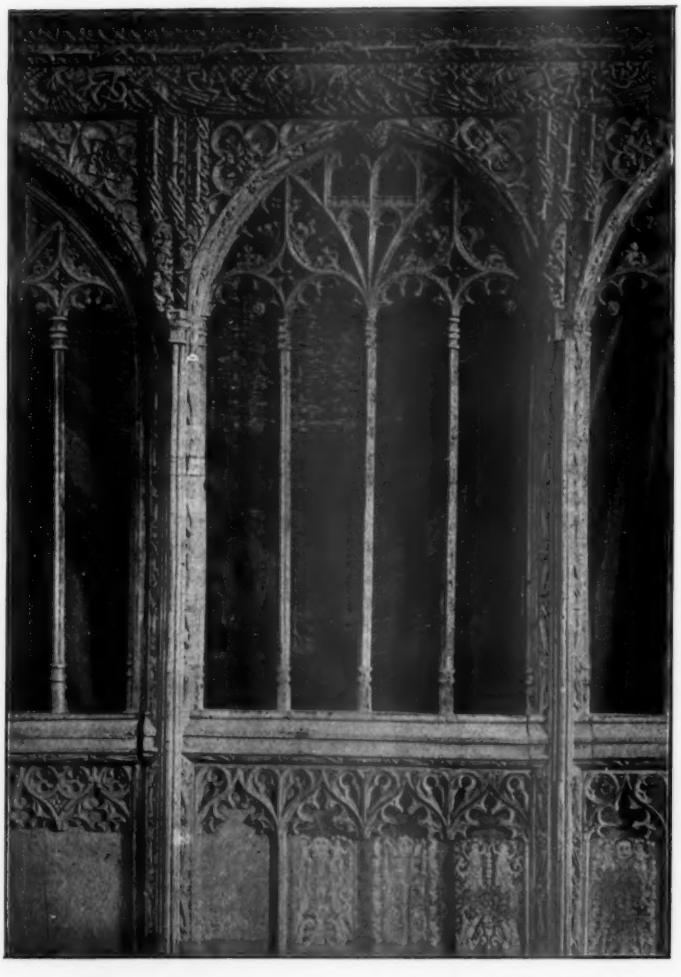
but it was, in its inception, of very different appearance. For the rood-screen, one must recollect, played an important part in the old ritual, forming a loft supporting in its centre the great Rood, and affording a space on either side where the Epistle and Gospel were read at the celebration of Mass. And what we now see as a flat structure of inconsiderable thickness, was formerly a half-vaulted gallery, having a greatest width of about three feet at its highest point, and with rich fan-tracery springing from each upright; and on these lines the restoration has, quite accurately, proceeded.

In the reign of Elizabeth the roods and other ornaments were destroyed, although the skeleton tracery was allowed to stand; and about that time the curious paintings still visible in the lower panels took the place of figures of saints which were undoubtedly there before, and which still exist side by side with similar work in neighbouring churches. At some later period, perhaps in the early part of the seventeenth century, the fragments of the old rood-loft were again collected and nailed up, without discrimination or intelligence, to hide the nakedness of the tracery; and these successive alterations explain the inconsistency and discrepancies of the ornament as it now is.

In looking at the carving one is very forcibly struck by its extreme plasticity. The three principal bands of ornament—those forming the upper courses of the screen—seem, if one may so express it, to have got altogether beyond their material; for an important point is that all the intricate inter-

DETAILS OF CARVING

lacements are *in the round*, and have practically no internal support. The chief design is of surpassing beauty, and carried out with a facility and freedom from the fetters of mere repetition, which indicate that the designer must have been also the sculptor; and one, moreover, in possession of that wonderful traditional power, still existent among Oriental craftsmen, of working out a design to suit any accidents of material or space, without all the planning, plotting, and tracing of details which go to the manufacture of a modern European pattern.



ROOD-SCREEN SOUTH POOL CHURCH

The subject of the ornament also merits attention. At an age when symbolism was one of the chief weapons of the Church—when the Rood was uplifted as the type of the Tree of Life—one can readily understand the selection of the Vine as the chief decoration of a structure itself sometimes significant of the Second Person of the Trinity. And with this in mind, it becomes possible also to appreciate the unwearying and reverent toil which alone could have created this masterpiece of religious art. It is also suggestive, especially in connection with the prominence of the interlacements, to remember that the vine is almost the only plant-form used by the great Irish decorative school of the sixth to the twelfth centuries; and that many resemblances have already been noted between work of that school and early sculptures of the west of England.

The upper course consists of a variation of the same theme, somewhat more conventionalised and simplified, with, however, an important peculiarity, the knotting on its upper edge being not only curious as an example of pattern, but historically valuable, since it can only be derived from the mesh of a fishing-net; in default of documentary evidence, it becomes necessary to look to such details as this for suggestions as to theory of origin.

The South Pool screen is the work of a master* of no little importance in the history of Devonian wood-carving; and it would be of extreme value if any information with regard to him could be traced in the diocesan or other archives. In the screens of the neighbouring churches of Portlemouth and Sherford, the same theme is used with even greater richness, but without the evidences of originality borne by the example under notice; they have that tendency to stiffening and loss of freedom which marks the transition from the Decorated to the Per-

* I believe him to have been a local artist—not a travelling monk or craftsman; although I am unaware of any evidence in favour of the theory, except indications such as those briefly mentioned in this paper.—E. F. S.

pendicular treatment of ornament; and I am disposed to look on them as the productions of a son or pupil rather than of the master himself. The tracery, again, is identical in scheme in four or five screens in churches in the district; each of which, with varying excellence of proportion, still shows the curious contrast of richly crocketed mullions, rising from *circular* arches, with the severely simple filling of the centre spandril.

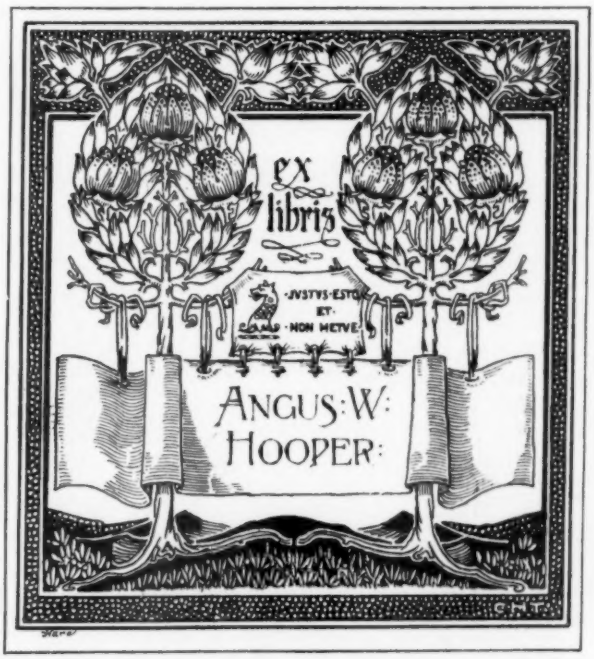
As I have already said, this screen is on the point of being restored out of existence—doubtless with gain to the service of the church, but with much loss to the meagre store of materials for an adequate history of English mediæval art. There is no question but that work of this kind is in its proper place in the church of its origin, and should not be removed from local surroundings and traditions for the benefit of any museum or other institution whatever. A museum is at best only a temporary expedient to tide us over semi-barbarity of taste; and a day may come when the method of the disposal of a large portion of the national art treasures will be a more burning question than their acquisition ever was. But so long as our churches—our national churches—exist with their priceless stores of artistic wealth, the proper preservation of them should be a national rather than a parochial matter; no removal, alteration, or restoration should be permitted without the advice and authority of properly appointed and responsible skilled experts, whose duty it should also be in the first instance to undertake a systematic registration of art treasures in public buildings, such as is even now being carried out in France and Germany. Then it might begin to dawn on us that here, in Britain, existed mediæval schools of handicraft, not less worthy than those of Continental nations; and it might even be possible, by perseverance, to reconstitute the history of some of the great masters thereof, and perhaps revive their glories.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.

The photographs are reproduced by kind permission of the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, and were taken in 1893. The Editor of THE STUDIO will be happy to receive photographs of other fine and little known examples of old wood-carving with a view to their publication.

NOTES ON RECENT BOOK-PLATES (EX LIBRIS).

OWING to the still increasing popularity, among book collectors, of a specially designed label of ownership to insert in their volumes, new book-plates are constantly appearing. Yet, to speak without prejudice, scarce one-tenth of these are worth a moment's consideration for their artistic merits, and even of these, too many betray carelessness in style and treatment alike. It would seem as if any medley of decorative and undecorative motives, more or less skilfully set forth in pen-and-ink, were considered sufficient. To say that a good book-plate demands as much thought and care as any other design to fill a panel, is surely not saying too much. But the fault of the modern plate lies less often in paucity of detail, or in bald monotony, than in the hodge-podge of ornament crowded into a space which roughly averages three inches by four.



BOOK-PLATE BY C. H. TOWNSEND

The importance of obedience to a well-defined style, and the orderly selection of suitable details—whether in literature, painting, or ornament—needs constant reiteration. If people would talk and think less of art, and more of good taste, perhaps

BOOK-PLATE BY W. A. WEYER

BOOK-PLATE BY W. A. WEYER

the moderated ideal would be approached more nearly. It cannot be anything but repulsive to a scholar of ornament to find Greek, Gothic, and purely naturalistic treatment, huddled together indiscriminately. It would be absurd to insist on a too rigid observance of historic precedents in what is from its nature an ephemeral thing; but if it is worth creating, it is worth creating well.

On the one hand, many experts, blind to art and suspicious of innovation, would fain repeat "library

BOOK-PLATE BY LOUIS DAVIS

interiors," "book-piles," the so-called "Chippendale" and "Rococo," and a dozen other typical classes which, even if good, have been imitated *ad nauseam* already. On the other hand, there is the symbolical, or the crudely matter-of-fact person, each bent on making his plate illustrate either the progress of his soul or the taste of his body. If mystically inclined, the greatest allegories of Fate and Life are not too large to be set forth miserably on his book-plate; if practically minded, then pictorial representations of his hobby must be crowded in. Does he read?—a pile of books must appear. Does he paint?—a palette and colour-

boxes must be added. Is he a golfer, or a naturalist, or an angler?—a liberal collection of pictured golf-clubs, birds, beasts and fishes,

BOOK-PLATE BY J. E. SOUTHALL

whichever be his delight, must adorn each of his books. Set forth crudely, such a theory looks foolish enough; in actual practice we are rather apt to admire the lyre on a musician's plate, or the bric-à-brac on a collector's. But in cold criticism we are driven back to the first statement of this argument, that good taste should be observed when all cut-and-dried rules fail.

In the plates herewith illustrated are examples of many different styles—some singularly successful, others showing, at least, honourable intention.

As an example of most admirably treated decoration of a name label, dignified and accomplished, although not specially "bookish" in its ornament, the plate designed by C. Harrison Townsend, for Mr. Angus W. Hooper, is a good specimen of a type far too rare. As a protest against the extremes of the symbolists, and those one may call "hieroglyphists" who like little pictures of volumes and inkstands, reading-lamps and the like, it is a pleasure to insist on the superiority of a well-designed label such as this, albeit the design would be as appropriate for use in ways entirely unconcerned with books.

Two designs by W. A. Weyer, for Mr. Anthony Atthill, are conspicuously good examples of the decorative treatment of heraldic motives. Unless (which seems unlikely) the shield is argent with a black chevron, it is clear that Mr. Weyer has avoided "tinctures" and reverted to the earlier forms of blazoning. The effect of the plate with a lion is peculiarly good; possibly the borders of ornament above and below are a little out of keeping with the rest; but, as a whole, it comes

BOOK-PLATE BY J. E. SOUTHALL

well among the very few satisfactory "armorial" plates, drawn by pen-and-ink and reproduced by process. For this treatment is apt to look thin

and poor beside the richer line of the copper-plate of the last century.

The design by W. R. Keene is a good example

BOOK-PLATE BY W. R. KEENE

of the modern allegorical plate; for which it is unsafe to hazard an explanation unless the artist himself supplies it. Beyond the fact that the drapery of the female figure gives an awkward line below the shoulders and seems to be insufficiently supported, there is little to carp at; and much to admire in the dexterous use of these solid blacks.

The two designs by J. E. Southall are singularly unlike, the one (dated 1893), reproduced from a copper-plate impression, has caught the line of old work excellently, and in its slightly Germanic treatment of the drapery preserves much of the peculiar charm of the Dürer period; the other, *Hanni Smith*, is from a pen-drawing probably, and despite its grace lacks that elusive quality that for want of a better word one calls style, which is particularly noticeable in the original impressions of the first plate.

A plate by Louis Davis, for Mr. Percy Robert Lloyd, is, in its vesica shape, a pleasant variation on the more frequent parallelogram. If we ask where the taste of the bibliophile is represented, it does not throw credit on what is *per se* a most graceful and accomplished design. The design by J. Walter West is a particularly pleasing one, whether in respect of the appropriate sentiment underlying its subject, or of the delicacy and grace of its presentment.

As THE STUDIO will continue to give new examples from time to time of such plates as endeavour to raise the average standard, it is needless to say more here. But the immense importance of the right scale and the rigid placing of the right style of lettering, must not be forgotten, although no space is here left to dilate upon it. G. W.

BOOK-PLATE BY J. WALTER WEST

When will our architects overcome their modesty and insert a *date and signature stone* on the façades they design? Artists and sculptors sign their work, why should not architects do likewise? Our streets would at once become more interesting and instructive, both to us of to-day and to future generations. Perhaps, if it became the custom to sign buildings, bad designs might become fewer, and at any rate credit would be given where credit is due.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Voyelles et Consonnes. By PROVOST-BLONDEL. (Paris: Ancienne Maison Quantin. 20 francs.)—The lack of originality which characterises most examples of the modern monogram is a fault that many of our younger artists might endeavour to remedy with some profit to themselves and advantage to the artistic appearance of domestic stationery. Take so many capital letters of Gothic form, superimpose one upon the other, re-draw them that they may appear to interlace, and the common monogram is complete. Sometimes, it may be, these Gothic letters assume a more or less bastard form according to the fancy of the "artist," and develop remarkable contortions and abnormal growths. But here the invention of the monogram maker usually ends.

Among the few books on monograms that have issued from the press in recent years, perhaps none have afforded evidence of a more pleasant invention and agreeable breaking away from commonplace convention than the charming work entitled *Voyelles et Consonnes*, now before us. The crest and device, badge or symbolic ornament introduced as adjuncts to the lettering, are treated with excellent regard to their decorative values; and among the varied designs reproduced there are many that would make the most delightful of book-plates, and not a few which would be found most useful in suggestion to the jeweller and silversmith. We wish the price had been fixed somewhat lower.

CARTOON FOR WINDOW
BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

A Handbook of Ornament. By F. S. MEYER, With 3000 Illustrations. Second English Edition, revised by Hugh Stannus, F.R.I.B.A. (London: Batsford. 12*s.* 6*d.*)—When a year ago the first edition of this book was reviewed in THE STUDIO, its thousand and one good qualities so far outweighed a somewhat clumsy adaptation of the original text, that it was easy to write of it in terms of almost unmixed praise. Now that its letterpress has been revised, one might almost say rewritten, by Mr. Hugh Stannus, whose peculiarly lucid exposition of most abstruse facts make any subject appear comparatively simple when he discourses upon it, it is well-nigh a perfect book. Absolutely indispensable to artists and designers of all ranks, it is a masterpiece of its kind; all other attempts seem tentative in comparison with it.

Edward Burne-Jones; a Record and Review. By MALCOLM BELL. New and Revised Edition. (London: George Bell & Sons. 21*s.*)—This new edition of a work that needs no description here, contains practically the whole of the illustrations which were in the original. The text has been revised and brought up to date. The printing, by the Chiswick Press, is in some respects better than in the larger form, and several of the blocks have been so reproduced to do moderate justice to the originals. In its specially designed cover, it will probably secure a long period of popularity as a gift-book, which is not merely comely, but a worthy tribute to the artist it illustrates. The photogravures of *King Cophetua*, and *A Portrait*, are among the best yet produced, and of its hundred pictures a very small number fall below an unusually high standard of excellence.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A FRIEZE IN STENCIL. (A XVIII.)

WE are obliged, through want of space, to defer until next month the reproduction of the very interesting series of designs sent in for this competition, together with our remarks and the list of honourable mentions.

We award the prizes as follows:—

FIRST PRIZE (*Three guineas*)—*Oak* (Geo. R. Rigby, Leek, Staffordshire).

SECOND PRIZE (*One and a half guineas*)—*Sir Bedivere* (H. C. Graff, 14 Knighton Park Road, Sydenham, S.E.).

DESIGN FOR AN INITIAL LETTER FOR REPRODUCTION BY DIRECT PROCESS. (B XI.)

The large number of drawings that have been sent us in this class is again proof that subjects for book illustrations are popular among our artist subscribers. The consideration of such designs is a matter of anxious care to us, and the selection of prize winners is only arrived at, in many instances, after much laborious comparison of their work.

FIRST PRIZE "CHEOPS"

The conditions and limitations involved in the designing of an initial letter are numerous. That the letter should be clearly distinguishable, and yet form an integral part of the scheme, is of primary importance. To treat the letter and the ornamentation as separate subjects having no relation whatever to each other is of common occurrence. A landscape or a spray of grasses and flowers with a letter tucked away in a corner, as though it were a necessary evil, is a favourite device, and one, indeed, too frequently found in the modern book.

The unification of the letter with its ornament is not a simple problem. Some think to solve it by producing a fantastic puzzle running riot over the page which tries the most imaginative mind to decipher. Such disreputable members of the alphabet

SECOND PRIZE "VIOLETS"

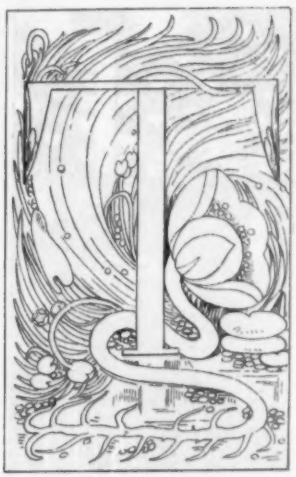
are alike dreaded by the compositor and the general reader. The former knows not how to display his type within or about the maze, and the latter is never patient when mystified. What would form a legitimate ornament upon a sheet of manuscript might be highly unfitted for a page of letterpress.

In the varied classes of ornament adopted by competitors there are many features of interest. We have been almost tempted to classify the designs now before us into styles, such as the "Walter Crane," the "Ricketts," the "Beardsley," so much do many of them call to mind the peculiar line or method of treatment adopted by these well-known illustrators. While a marked individuality is in itself always a welcome trait in the work of an artist, we see no harm in a designer adopting the mannerism of another, provided there be no distinct plagiarism. We are glad to find in many of the designs under discussion, which bear witness of "School" influence, distinct originality and excellence which call for commendation. Our list of names for "honourable mention" is unusually large, but we feel it to be deservedly so.

We would venture to give one word of advice to our competitors upon a matter which seems to have escaped the attention of some of them: "Don't mix different styles of lettering and ornament." The appearance of a man dressed in a modern

"HAZEL-NUT"

"ALLEYNE"



"NENUPHAR"

"NO. 13"

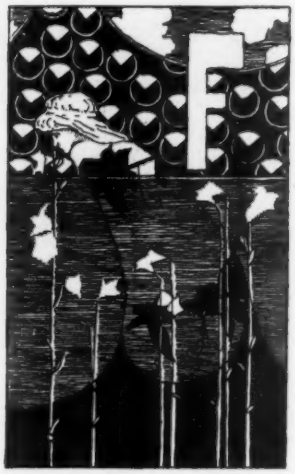
"CEPHAS"

"ERIC"

"SIR BEDIVERE"

"WHY. JAY. ESS. II."

"FLUX II."



"M. G. K."

"BOOKWORM"

"LARA"

"GEORGIUS"

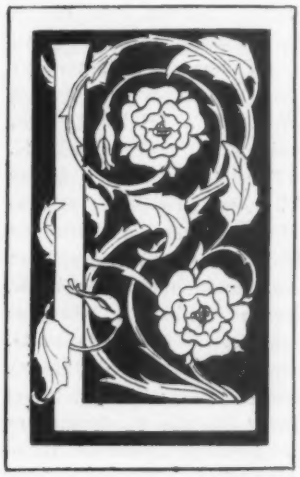
"CONE"

"MOSES"

"OMEGA"

"GUINEA-PIG"

"POW"



"MYLON"

"PINUS II."

"INGLESANT II."

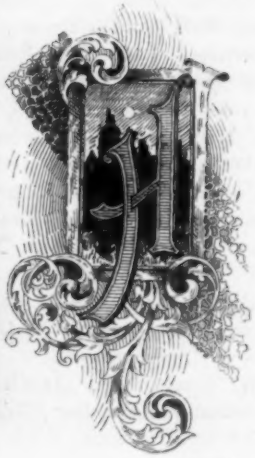
"PEN AND INK"

"R. CHE."

"BLACK AND WHITE"

"MAGNET"

"IMPRIMATUR I."



"COPPER"

morning coat with a hat and feather of the Stuart period could scarcely be more objectionable than a Gothic letter placed as an initial to Roman type. The admixture of conventional and naturalistic treatment in the same design is always offensive; and the very height of absurdity is reached when, as in one design sent us, the letter is a sort of bastard German text, with bamboo and flying birds *à la Japonaise* and a rustic border. We have refrained from perpetuating this monstrosity.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) falls to *Cheops* (H. Nelson, 85 New Cross Road, Hatcham, S.E.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) is given to *Violets* (R. R. Kidson, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C.).

Honourable mention is awarded to the following, which are illustrated: — *Alleyne* and *Black and Stripes* (C. A. Allen, 50 Lorne Street, Kidderminster). *Bookworm* (George H. Wood, 10 Priestman Terrace, Manningham, Bradford). *Cephas* (Peter C. Brown, Kent Park, Clydesdale Street, Hamilton, N.B.). *Cone* (Amelia Bauerle, 59 Craven Park, Willesden, N.W.). *Copper* (H. G. Sears, 36 Newton Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham). *Eric* (Isabel Brittain, 11 Highfield, Scarborough). *Flux* (2) (John C. Hall, 85 Shields Road, Glasgow). *Georgius* (Harold E. H. Nelson, 85 New Cross Road, Hatcham, S.E.). *Guinea-pig* (Bertha Smith, 24 Rectory Road, Stoke Newington, N.). *Hazel Nut* (B) (Evelyn Holden, Kingswood, Hockley Heath, near Birmingham). *Inglesant II.* (Mrs. Blackburn Rane, Parliament House, Witney, Oxon). *Imprimatur I.* (Miss R. Livesay, 36 Stratford Road, Kensington). *Lara, Narcissi, Aurora*, and *M. G. K.* (Chas. Pears, Market Place, Pontefract). *Magnet* (Charles J. White, 6 Ruston Street North, Broad Street, Birmingham). *Moses II.* (Miss Nellie Benson, Cottage Hall, Gordon Square, W.C.). *Mylon* (Jesse Berridge, 24 Heathfield Road, Mill Hill Park, W.). *Nenuphar II.* (Miss Winifrid Sandys, 28 Maude Grove, Chelsea). *No. 13* (Florence A. F. Phillips, 5 North Avenue, Clarendon Park, Leicester). *Omega* (Alfred Fisher, 21 Bousfield Road, S.E.). *Pen and Ink* (Edgar J. Ransom, 53 Lower Kennington Lane, S.E.). *Pinus II.* (R. J. Williams, 54 Partridge Road, Roath, Cardiff). *Pow* (Howard S. Adamson, 36 Grafton Street, Glasgow). *R. Che* (B. A. Lewis, Morfa House, Carmarthen). *Sir Bedivere* (Henry C. Graff, 14 Knighton Park Road, Sydenham, S.E.). *Why, Jay, Ess* (Albert W. Shingleton, 31 Hamilton Road, Ealing, W.). And also to *Acanthus* (William Arnott, 3 Morton Terrace, Greenock, N.B.). *J. D. Audley* (Audley Gunton, 6 Chapel Street, Bedford Row, W.C.). *Avondale* (2) (William H. Scott, 28 Park Street, Islington, N.). *Azile* (Thomas L. Furness, 34 Bowden Street, Edgley, Stockport). *Berthiah* (35 Prince's Gate, S.W.). *Bettie* (Helen E. Sich, Norfolk House, Chiswick Mall). *Bobs* (Emily K. Reader, 11 Brownhill Road, Catford, S.E.). *Briton* (W. H. Briton, 48 Gill Street, New Benwells, Newcastle). *Catherine* (Edith Hayles, 69 Warrington Crescent, W.). *Cephas* (5) (Peter C. Brown, Kent Park, Clydesdale Street, Hamilton, N.B.). *Charlie, Sketch Book* and *Sunflower* (Chas. A. Allen, 50 Lorne Street, Kidderminster). *Codger* (Miss M. Berfruan, Girls' Grammar School, Hitchin, Herts). *Colombine* (2) (Howard Stringer, 1 Littleton Street West, Walsall). *Cornet* (Edwin H. Evans, 15 Medhurst Road, E.). *Emerald Green* (F. Humphreys, Librarian, Llangollen). *Extension* (May Southon, Minzenberg, Droitwich Road, Worcester). *Flux* (2) (John C. Hall, 85 Shields Road, Glasgow). *Hazel Nut* (A) (Miss Ada K. Hazell, Castle Street, Farnham, Surrey). *Hong Kong* (Nina Murray, The Lodge, College Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill). *Inglesant* (Mrs. Blackburn Rane, Parliament House, Witney, Oxon). *Imprimatur* (Miss R. M. Livesay, 36 Stratford Road, Kensington). *Iso* (Miss Isabel Whitgreave, Burton Manor, near Stafford). *Jessemine* (Miss E. Lilley, The Beeches, Lincoln Road, Peterborough). *Knight of the Road* (Tom Lawrence, The Oaks, Stoneygate, Leicester). *Luna* (2) (Gertrude Helen Jebb, Fairyfield, Great Barr, Birmingham). *Mona* (Chas. W. Crosley, Moremead Shaw, Ashstead, Surrey). *Moses* (Miss Nellie Benson, College Hall, Gordon Square, W.C.). *Nenuphar* (Miss Winifrid Sandys, 28 Maude Grove, Chelsea). *Nip* (Henry Ospovat, care of Mr. J. S. Hough, 22 Tib Lane, Cross Street, Manchester). *Peacock* (Paul Kück, Holly House, East Dulwich Road, S.E.). *Pinus* (4) (Richard J. Williams, 54 Partridge Road, Roath, Cardiff). *Puck* (Sophie Pumphrey, Woodstock Road, Moseley, Birmingham). *Queen Rose* (Walter E. Shrimpton, 6 East Terrace, Queen's Road, Battersea Park, S.W.). *Selene* (Georgina M. Jebb, Fairyfield, Great Barr, Birmingham). *Mollie S.* (Mary A. Sibree, Woodlands, Bussage, Stroud, Gloucestershire). *Spider* (Edna A. Dell, 54 Grove Park Terrace, Chiswick). *Student* (Mary Ivens, 29 George Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham). *Taffy* (Mary Hughes, 52 Ranelagh Road, Ealing, W.). *Try* (Ethel L. Cook, New Road, Solihull, near Birmingham. *Tware* (Constance A. Moseley, Adel, Leeds). *Unlucky* (no address). *Walter* (Walter Farmer, 74 Baxter Street, Kidderminster).

Withington (H. C. D. Chorlton, 14 Parsonage Road, Withington, Manchester). *Woodzell* (Edith M. Mason, 64 Park Walk, Chelsea). *X. Y. Z.* (Alfred J. Moore, 6 Seymour Villas, Anerley). *Yarrah* (Starr Wood, 7 De Plock, Brighton).

DESIGN FOR A PAINTED FAN. (C X.)

A charming series of designs have been received for this competition, some of which are most excellently conceived and painted. In a subject of this nature, the strict formality of pattern adapted to other decoration might well be modified. Some of the drawings sent us, while they might make suitable designs for wall-papers, are too formal for pleasant fan decoration.

Both of the designs selected for prizes are excellent in colour and are inadequately represented in the reproductions here given. We would especially caution our competitors to be careful in packing their drawings. The drawing of "Poppie" sent in this competition is so stuck together that it cannot be unrolled. We award the prizes as follows :—

FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*)—*Leda* (Fanny Bunn, 47 Beeches Road, West Bromwich, Birmingham).

SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*)—*Pincher* (Miss Cave, The Farm, Bagshot).

Honourable mention is awarded to the following competitors :—*Bosco* (Miss S. K. Tyndall, The Fort, Bristol). *Callicrates* (Margaret Isabel Smith, Hamper Mills, Walford, Herts). *Codger* (Miss M. Bergman, Girls' Grammar School, Hitchen, Herts). *Crus* (N. Heneage Legge, Ringmer, near Lewes). *Daisy* (Isabella Gertrude Chatwin, Wellington House, Wellington Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham). *Dunelin* (W. E. Laidler, 82 New Street, Durham). *Eric* (Isabel Brittain, 11 Highfield, Scarborough). *Fijiania* (Gertrude E. Offord, St. Giles, Norwich, Norfolk). *Gwyntyll* (Dora Thomas, 3 Victoria Terrace, Llandudno). *Kohanasan* (Muriel E. Scott, Elmstead Grange, Chislehurst, Kent). *Margay* (Miss C. G. Trower, Stansted Bury, Ware, Herts). *Moses* (Miss Nellie Benson, College Hall, Gordon Square, W.C.). *Pow* (Howard Sommerville Adamson, care of Mrs. Young, 36 Grafton Street, Glasgow). *Resolis* (Miss Couper, 14 Dalhousie Terrace, Edinburgh). *Woodstock* (Ida Stubbs, Braunston, Sandford Road, Moseley, Birmingham).

FIRST PRIZE "LEDA"

SECOND PRIZE "PINCHER"

STUDIES OF SEA BREAKERS. (D II.)

The photographs sent in for this competition are somewhat below the average of work usually received. We award the prizes as follows :—

FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*)—*West Carbery* (Mrs. Coghill, The Cottage, Castletownhend, Skibbereen, Co. Cork).

SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*)—*Glenaladale* (H. B. Harris, 39 Brunswick Place, Brighton).

THE LAY FIGURE AT HOME.

THE Lay Figure was in town again. So were a few of its friends, all carefully betraying the depressed air of prisoners whose brief parole has ended, which Londoners love to wear to disguise their satisfaction on returning to the "squalid village."

"I wonder what will be the craze of the new season?" it said; "what new trifle or eccentricity will be labelled 'Art' and set up for a year's worship?"

"Something Japanese, never mind what," said the journalist, unconsciously quoting *Patience*. "Depend upon it Japan will be the topic of the year. For the masses, at Olympia; for the clubs and man in the street, in his daily paper, with wars and rumours of wars; and for the artistic circles, in a renewed devotion to lacquer and pottery."

"I wish," said the symbolist, who had dropped his green tie, and was dressed as like a Catholic priest as a mildly æsthetic youth can accomplish, "we could leave the idea of art being liable to change, and prize the unchanging ideas which are always the best—beauty and poetry."

"Certainly all your new fads," said the Lay Figure, "are only the old eccentricities with new labels; but to ticket incompetence 'imagination,' and sheer ineptitude 'fantasy,' does not raise them to dignity."

"You have not seen the Neo-Impressionists, evidently," said the symbolist.

"Yes; I saw a display of nightmares lately in the Rue Lafitte, and a similar collection at a dealer's close to the Boulevard Lafayette, and then realised for the first time what a safety-valve for English incompetents was supplied by the painted milk-stool and title-pages of their friends' poems," the journalist replied. "Everything was a parody of something else: Claude Monet's spots, put on in huge wafers of colour; Besnard's technique in pastel, burlesqued by streaks of chalk looking like a sailor's picture of his ship worked in long cotton stitches. Coarse pen-drawings, coloured apparently by a boy with a sixpenny colour-box; but all alike showing the desire to mask ignorance by eccentricity."

"It is hard to be catholic and tolerant at times," said the Lay Figure, "and the fact that Mr. Whistler, Claude Monet, Degas, and others received at first much the same abuse, does not justify these little *poseurs* in looking forward to contrite apologies in coming generations."

"You need not go to Paris for a pose surely," said the man with a clay pipe. "The sales of Beardsley's drawings at the Institute proved that eccentricity is popular here to-day, and as the British public insist they are 'so Japanese,' it helps to bear out your theory."

"I wish I could believe it was their genuine merits and not their 'quaintness' that attracted buyers," said the journalist; "but I would not put them with the Neo-Impressionists or the maddest of the Rose Croix symbolists; for they are, at worst, beautiful patterns in black and white; and, at best, really powerful fancies expressed with accomplishment."

"What I object to, most of all," said the Lay Figure, "is the applause bestowed on trifles to-day. It is good that the *affiche*, the cover of a catalogue—anything or everything—should be artistic; but to rank such things, even by inference, with great paintings or great sculptures, is most mischievous. For a baby to toddle along a narrow kerb without falling into the gutter, raises its mother to ecstastic appreciation; yet to say it rivals a Blondin thereby, because it accomplishes a really perilous undertaking considering its feeble powers, would be hardly more absurd than to say a poster was as great a work as Michel Angelo's *Last Judgment*.

"Every one is afraid to essay a big work to-day," said the man with a clay pipe. "You ridicule the short-sighted policy of the railway directors who years ago declined Mr. Watts' offer to paint them huge frescoes; but now, nobody even offers to do such things. It is all very well to be satisfied with contemporary applause, but if the younger men are told, as they are told in print to-day, that a poster, or a sketch in a comic paper, is an achievement to make them immortal, what record can we expect to leave for future ages? All the art of a period, represented by a bundle of waste-papers on a hawker's stall, is an absurd idea."

"No one has courage to commission important works to-day?" said the Lay Figure. "The Government seem afraid of the ratepayers. No public bodies adorn their buildings with first-rate sculptures or wall-paintings; no attempt is made to decorate a royal palace or a great mansion in a permanent manner. Sumptuous effects obtained by marbles, wall-papers, tiles, leathers, and so on, are lavishly ordered; yet if a nobleman spent on wall-paintings for his house in one year what he may spend on the turf, without undue reproach, in a week, every one would think him mad."

THE LAY FIGURE.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Pilgrim's Progress. Illustrated by 14 Etchings. By WILLIAM STRANG, R.P.E. (London: John C. Nimmo. Price 14*s.* net.)—It is doubtful if another artist could be found at the present day so entirely and fittingly qualified to illustrate Bunyan's grand old allegory as William Strang. The simple yet strong and noble sentiment of the author meets with a rare echo in the direct and powerful line of the illustrator. Thanks to the delightful etchings and the manner in which they have been printed by Mr. F. Goulding, this edition is likely to become the most valuable of the many that have appeared, as it is, indeed, one of the most desirable to possess.

The Yellow Book. Volume III. (London: John Lane. Price 5*s.* net.)—The art of *The Yellow Book* is the art of Aubrey Beardsley. *The Yellow Book* without Aubrey Beardsley would lose its chief individuality. It is evident that *The Yellow Book* pins its faith to Aubrey Beardsley, and is ready to stand or fall by him.

Mr. Beardsley's decoration is powerful, probably beyond that of any other book illustrator of the present day—powerful in the expression of its line, and in the boldness of its massing of black and white. He is a master of his own particular technique, and the possibilities of great distinction which lie before him are such as fall to the lot of but few young artists. From the time when his work was first illustrated in the pages of THE STUDIO we have followed with the greatest interest all that he has given to the public; but it is with something akin to pain that we have remarked the tendency of his later efforts—such, for example, as those now before us on the cover and in the pages of Vol. III. of *The Yellow Book.* That they are clever, strong, and even splendid in technique, goes without saying. We are constrained to admire, even though we are at the same time possessed of a sense of unutterable disappointment. We make no pretence of looking beneath the surface to discover hidden and unpleasant mysteries. We do not, in fact, think there are any such to find. The best and the worst qualities of Mr. Beardsley's art, as seen in these illustrations, lie on the surface. He discourses only from one text, which may be summed up in the words Frippery and Frailty.

But the condition of his work which provokes the severest criticism is its degradation. Mr. Beardsley's figures are not men and women; they are but monkeys apeing humanity. The ideal of manly and womanly beauty is discarded by him as an old glove, and physical deformity is welcomed as the latest fashion.

But we imagine that the present vagaries are but passing fancies of the artist, and none will hail with greater delight than THE STUDIO his return to a more wholesome standard.

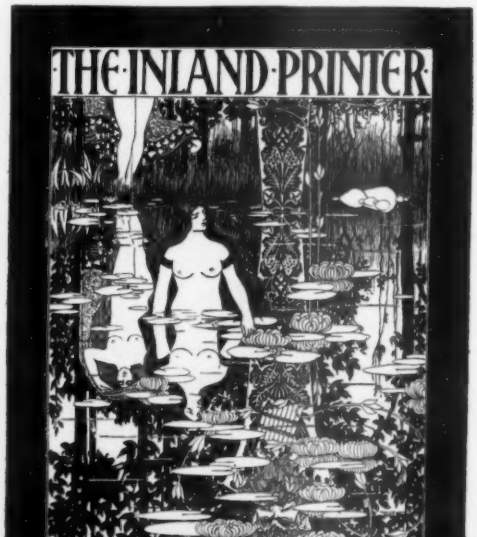
The Yellow Book is full of bright and clever things, and is marred only by the presence of the unhealthy spirit of which we complain.

Ex Libris. Zeitschrift für Bucherzeichen-Bibliothekenkunde und Gelehrtengeschichte. (Berlin: Published monthly.)—This magazine is the organ of the Ex-Libris Club of Berlin. It is well edited, and its numerous illustrations are reproduced in a manner that deserves the highest praise. All collectors of book-plates should subscribe to this work. In No. 3, for July last, is an interesting book-plate by Josef Sattler, a new designer of considerable talent, some of whose work we hope shortly to reproduce in THE STUDIO.

A Compendium of Painting. By JACQUES BLOCKX FILS. Translated by HOME GORDON. (London: Percy Young.)—The question of the preservation of pictures from the destructive action of the atmosphere is one that exercises the minds of most artists. To many of these, and more especially to young and inexperienced students, this little manual will be of great assistance. Treating, as it does, of the chemical qualities of pigments, their individual character and effect upon each other, the care necessary in their preparation and their relative drying properties, it is full of suggestion and practical help. The processes to which canvases and panels should be subjected before use, in order to protect them from decay, are very carefully indicated; oils, varnishes, and siccatives commented upon, and lists of permanent and reliable colours given, as the results not only of chemical analysis, but of practical experience. This little work may be described as *the Domestic Economy of Art*, and we heartily recommend it to the public.

Illustrations to Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona." By WALTER CRANE. (London: J. M. Dent & Co. Price 21*s.* net.)—Mr. Walter Crane is never more successful than in his book illustrations. His firm yet nervous line is full of distinction and subtlety. He is a master of decorative pen-and-ink work, and his many imitators are but pupils who have still much to learn from him. To those who are acquainted with his original drawings, it is ever a source of regret that so much of the quality of his work is lost in its reproduction. In the portfolio now before us this defect has been remedied. The excellence of the blocks, the paper and the printing, is such that it is doubtful if a more perfect result could possibly be obtained. It is easy to imagine, as we look at the plates, that we have the original drawings before us. Higher praise than this could not be given, and we trust that the public will not be slow to appreciate such praiseworthy efforts on the part of printer and publisher.

It is a generally admitted fact that in matters commercial Chicago is one of the most go-ahead cities in the whole world. There are many signs that even in art she does not intend to take a back seat. We do not, as a rule, expect much in the way of art in a trade journal, but the Chicago *Inland Printer* is evidently going to take the lead, and comes out in quite a *fin de siècle* cover, of which we have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a reduced facsimile. Mr. Anning Bell must look to his laurels.



DESIGN OF COVER OF A CHICAGO JOURNAL

A very interesting experiment in book-making will shortly be issued by Messrs. Bell & Sons. This voloume, *The Crystal Ball*, a series of fairy ballads by Alice Sargant, will contain about twenty-three engravings, drawn on the wood and cut by her sister, Mrs. Sargant Florence. The volume is being printed at Mr. F. W, Sargant's Private Press, and by the courtesy of the artist we are permitted to reproduce one of the illustrations. The edition will be limited to three hundred copies printed on hand-made paper, with initial letters, many of which are *coloured*.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A FRIEZE IN STENCIL (A XVIII.)

The designs sent us for this competition are, on the whole, a great advance on the class of work usually produced by the house decorator, and we have much pleasure in congratulating many of our competitors on the excellent drawings they have made. There are some designs, however, which call for a greater or less amount of unfavourable criticism. The faults we would speak of arise chiefly from a want of careful consideration of the purpose for which the design is required. A design intended for a frieze decoration should not be too minute in detail, as the effect of such detail is entirely lost when placed in position. Yet several of the designs sent us are full of such tiny pattern-work as would make them valueless as schemes of decoration.

Other drawings, quite excellent in their way, are unsuitable for stencil-work, as the pattern could not be cut without showing unsightly ties. The proper management of the ties is one of the most important matters to bear in mind in designing for a stencil. In the perfect stencil the ties should form absolutely part of the design, so that no re-touching by hand is required after the plate has been used. The designs we have illustrated are all more or less cleverly managed in this respect.

But the value of plain space in decoration is not so generally appreciated by designers as it should be, and some of our competitors have entirely ignored it. The overcrowding of pattern results in

a corresponding weakness of effect; and especially is this so when the decoration is to be viewed from a distance, as in the present case. It is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to lay down hard-and-fast rules; but the designer of wall decorations will find it always useful, if not absolutely necessary, to

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE CRYSTAL BALL" (BELL AND SONS)

fix his sketch in the position for which it is intended, and there to criticise, and maybe alter it, before completing his final drawing.

The prize designs were announced in our last number.

The following, which are illustrated, have obtained honourable mention:—*Britomart* (Mrs. S. Winfield Rhodes, Gorphwysfa, Deyne Avenue, Prestwich, near Manchester). *Hedgerow I., Waterrow I.* (S. Hewer, 38 Park Place, Halifax). *Horus* (E. A. Hopwood, Park Street, Madeley, Salop). *Moses* (Miss W. Benson, College Hall, Gordon Square, W.C.) *Scottie* (F. Wilson, 17 Braidburn Terrace, Edinburgh). *Sigurd* (A. L. Duthie, 4 Granton Square, Granton, Edinburgh). *Sir Bedivere I.* (H. C. Graff, 14 Knighton Park Road, Sydenham, S.E.). *Spes* (L. C. Radcliffe, 42 Granfield Street, Battersea, S.W.). *Tempera* (C. G. Lowther, 207 Hesole Road, Hull).

Honourable mentions are also awarded to:—*Banshee* (Beatrice A. Waldrom, 6 The Parade, Pymmer Park, Upper Edmonton). *Berthiah* (Miss B. W. Graham, 35 Prince's Gate, S.W.). *Bosco* (Jennie Wood, 58 Everton Road, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester). *Britomart, 2* (Mrs. S. Wynfield Rhodes, Gorphwysfa, Deyne Avenue, Prestwich, near Manchester). *Celtic* (G. B. Scott, Arran View Gardens, Prestwick Road, Ayr, N.B.). *Cephas* (Peter C. Browne, Kent Park, Clydesdale Street, Hamilton, N.B.). *Clowlu* (Clare Wall, Lidget, Keighley). *Craft* (Ernest Storm, Tunstall Road, Sunderland). *Crus* (W. Heneage Legge, Ringmer, near Lewes). *Five Frame* (C. A. Allen, 50 Lorne Street, Kidderminster). *Hippocamp* (E. Hatschek, 51 Fulham Park Gardens, S.W.). *Horus* (E. A. Hopwood, Park Street, Madeley, Salop). *Law* (A. L. Walbank, 109 Main Street, Bingley, Yorks). *Leo* (R. A. Dawson, 142 Main Street, Bingley, Yorks). *Lily, Tobacco Plant* (E. F. Foster, 90 High Street, Portsmouth). *Lizie* (A. F. Smith, 59 Devonshire Street, West). *Midnight* (Myra J. Tindell, 126 Brompton Road, S.W.). *Monochrome* (Arthur Maude, 2 Kelso Road, Clarendon Road, Leeds). *Perficiam* (Alice M. Giles, Wetherswell Vicarage, Stow-in-the-Wold). *Pow* (H. S. Adamson, c/o Mrs. Young, 36 Grafton Street, Glasgow, N.B.). *Don Quixote* (Mary G. Buckler, Bidstone Rectory, Birkenhead). *Rococo* (F. G. Cooke, 27 Park Street, Kidderminster). *Rufus* (Mabel E. Robinson, 85 New Elvet, Durham). *Set Square* (A. F. Usher, 29 Clyde Road, Wallington). *Sono* (F. King, 3 Hamilton Terrace, Hendon, N.W.). *Try* (Ethel T. Cook, New Road, Solihull, near Birmingham). *Ullert* (Cecil Jones, Park Street, Madeley, Salop). *Water-row, 2* (S. Hewer, Park Place, Halifax). *Woodstock* (Ida Stubbs, Braunston, Sandford Road, Moseley, Birmingham). *Zephyr* (Miss C. F. Frere, Wressil Lodge, Wimbledon). *Zero* (G. T. Webley, 9 Perry Road, Bristol).

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.—STUDIES OF BATHERS. (D III.)

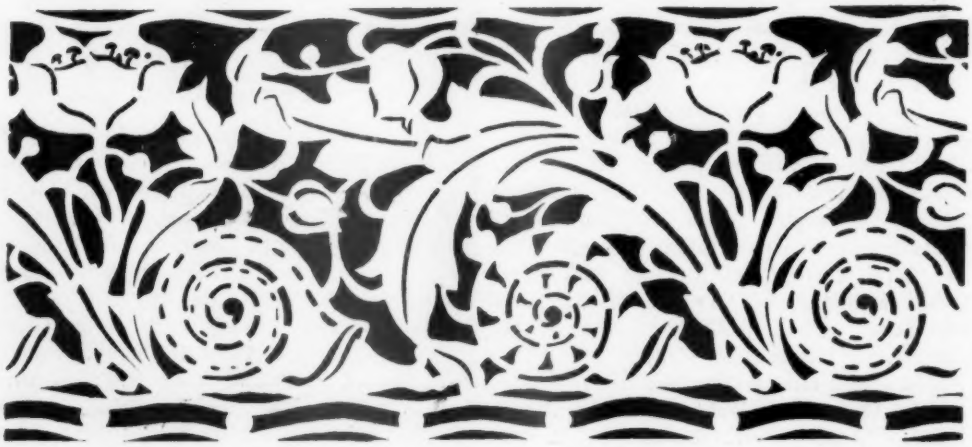
The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Duplicity* (Henry A. Collins, c/o Messrs. Cornelissen, 22 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields), for a series of five excellent studies of Bathers.

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) falls to *Southernwood* (John G. Nicholson, Rydal Mount, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales).

Honourable mention is given to—*Etcher* (H. B. Harris, 39 Brunswick Place, Brighton); *Seyab* (A. B. Langfield, 82 Fellows Road, N.W.); *Skircoat Green* (J. Richard Edwards, Skircoat Green, Halifax); and *Solio* (M. H. Hall, 5 Bilton Road, Rugby).

FIRST PRIZE — "OAK"

SECOND PRIZE — "SIR BEDIVERE II."



HONOURABLE MENTION — "HEDGEROW I."

HONOURABLE MENTION — "WATEROW I."

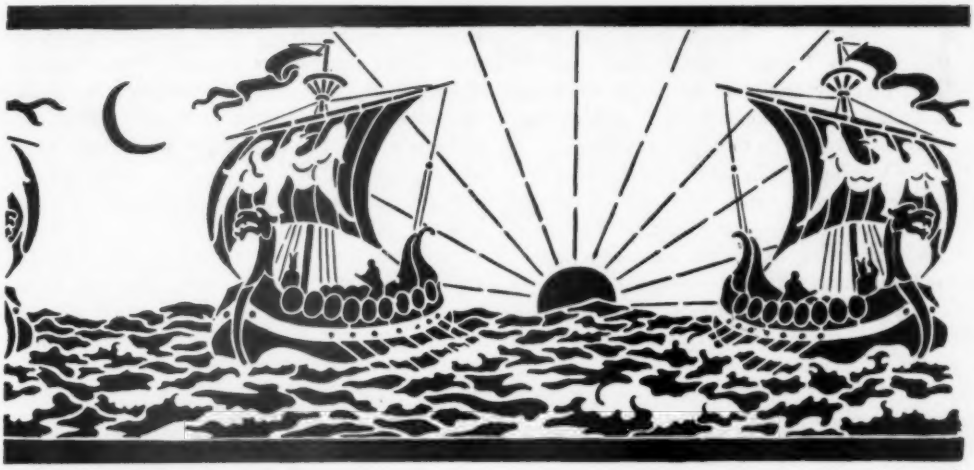
HONOURABLE MENTION — "SIR BEDIVERE I."

HONOURABLE MENTION — "BRITOMART I."

HONOURABLE MENTION "HORUS II."

HONOURABLE MENTION "TEMPERA"

HONOURABLE MENTION "SCOTTIE"



HONOURABLE MENTION "SIGURD"

HONOURABLE MENTION "SPES"

HONOURABLE MENTION "MOSES"

THE LAY FIGURE AT HOME.

"As I said before," said the Lay Figure, "one must be prepared to pay freely, for failures as well as successes, before we can even hope to obtain big things."

"There is something in that," said the man with a clay pipe. "You cannot expect masterpieces in return for economic expenditure. We spend millions in travelling to see the successful experiments of our extravagant ancestors, but decline to waste any money in an attempt to leave *chefs d'œuvres* for posterity. It is easy to declare that to-day has nothing to say, and no power to say it; but if you deny it opportunity for speech, it is but a mere assumption to declare it is dumb."

"Better a good poster than a pretentious fresco," said the journalist; "better a cast-iron lamp-post than another scarecrow to be added to our statues."

"That is merely saying that good applied art is better than poor fine art," the Lay Figure retorted. "It is the dread of failure that depresses us to-day, the fear of the scorn of Paris, or the censure of two or three London critics. Look what the effort to create great things, even for temporary structures, provoked the American artists to accomplish at Chicago. If we cannot afford to commission our young architects and painters for palaces and altar-pieces, why not let them try to make railway stations and huge town halls fine as well as costly. The vestibules of the hotels in Northumberland Avenue, for instance, might have been adorned with sculpture and fresco, at no greater cost, if the owners had but possessed sufficient faith to let the younger artist do his best. Should the appreciation for the ephemeral trifle be but the first step towards public recognition of bolder attempts, all right! But if we are to be satisfied with a supremely artistic poster, and not even essay a fresco; if we are to glorify a bit of repoussé work, and abstain from an experiment for a great frieze upon a building; if we are to gloat over little fancies in black and white, and leave Reynolds and Lawrence, Constable and Turner—not merely without successors, but without serious endeavour to rival their achievements—it is well to do it with open eyes, and to realise that a modest disbelief in our national ability to produce masterpieces, may be interpreted as a national confession of cowardice and incompetence by future ages."

"Don't get excited," said the quiet man, "because a few people prattle unduly of these things. Art, for good or ill, goes on the same; it is not the tit-bits, the gossip in paragraphs which represent national growth. The Continent is already taking English painters of the past seriously, but if we were not as a nation so deadly self-conscious, we might accomplish more. Appreciation is almost a vital condition for an artist; if Europe praises, then perhaps we shall have courage to attempt more, and to succeed.

"You must not think that I depreciate the 'new' posters," said the Lay Figure, "since it was in THE STUDIO, I believe, that the first English article upon them appeared. Even in these, however, we are too deliberately bent on achieving art; or else content to ignore it absolutely and allow a 'firm' to produce what should be the accredited design of an individual."

"To me, it seems that the poster rightly treated may lead to the 'new' fresco," said the journalist. "Greiffenhagen's *Pall Mall* poster owes little, if anything, to French art, and I do not see why the convention he has invented there should not be employed for permanent decoration. Not, of course, in the same colour-key, or so obviously up-to-date in costume; but keeping his simple flat masses, cleverly planned and almost devoid of petty detail as they are."

"A day of broad thinking should delight in broad treatment," said the Lay Figure. "To ignore imitative finish seems, indeed, the unexpressed ideal of many diverse modern schools. But you will not find the public ready to grasp a larger truth; what they love is an accumulation of the commonplace trifles which alone attract their vision—the sheen of satin, the button and button-holes of a robe, and a hundred facts of similar value—not the balance of colour against colour, or the broad truths of lighting. Look how they crowd round a big portrait of Miss Letty Lind in draperies floating rigidly, under parti-coloured limelight, with a face and bust presented as if it were seen at midday. Yet flesh is most sensitive to coloured lights, and must inevitably reflect the same hues as those on the whirling robes. If an R.A. and professor can do this and find appreciation, small wonder that the man-in-the-street looks on all more delicate efforts as sheer eccentricity."

"Do you think that there is more art in the poster shown at the Royal Aquarium than in the present Institute?" said the quiet man, diffidently.

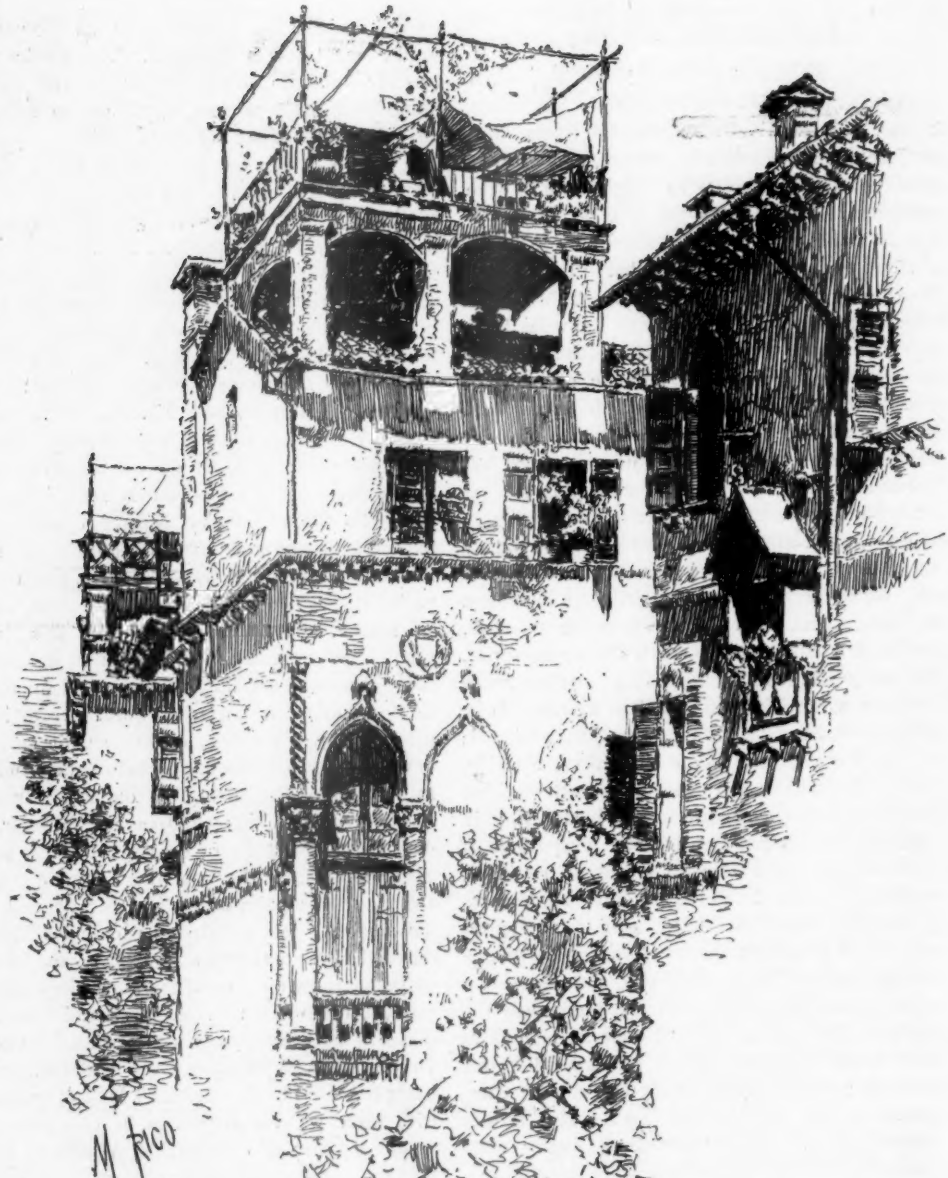
"That is not quite a fair question," the Lay Figure replied. "Art should never concern itself with comparisons—they are the refuge of those who cannot recognise distinction or distinctions."

THE LAY FIGURE.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen. By JOSEPH PENNELL. Second Edition. (London: Macmillan & Co. 42*s.* net.)—When some five years since Mr. Joseph Pennell issued his sumptuous quarto, he stood almost alone (so far as English critics were concerned) in recognising the true importance of the new march of pictorial art, which the exigencies of photographic process had called into existence. Now nearly every one who writes on Art has, more or less, adopted his position; and he must be a very unobservant critic who fails to see the necessity for admitting "illustration" into the cycle of the arts. With the vivid personality which distinguishes Mr. Pennell's work—in letters and in line—in both books (for this is practically a new one), you feel inclined now and then to traverse his opinions. It is but pardonable for the sake of one's own dignity to do so; but when you do agree, and you mostly do, your unanimity is wonderful. To discuss critically three or four hundred drawings by almost as many artists, nearly all of whom are still alive, and to do it without disaster, is a plucky enterprise, and one would readily forgive far more than needs forgiveness here, for infinitely less results. It is, indeed, a wonderful work Mr. Pennell has achieved; he has introduced scores of artists—Spanish, Italian, German, Danish and Dutch—each of whom had been previously known to few, if any, English students, besides representing the illustrations of France and America adequately, and, on the whole, most fairly. Add to this the admirable matter concerning the materials, the special technique required, and a hundred and one items of knowledge essential for an illustrator to-day, and one feels a student may learn more from this book than the equivalent of its cost, in a course of lessons at nine out of ten of our schools of art. For this particular subject, unlike sculpture, can be illustrated by the actual work itself. You cannot insert specimens of brushwork or plaster relief into a handbook of painting or sculpture, but in a book on illustration you can give the result the artist was working to obtain, and so the written advice is supplemented in a way scarcely possible when discussing any other art or craft. Nothing would be more delightful than to boil down the teaching of this book in a long and elaborately packed article; but distinct from its pictures, it would lose much of its value. The plucky way that Mr. Pennell defends his position, the reputations he willingly throws overboard to advance his well-sustained campaign, the catholic appreciation shown in the one extreme to the Rose ✠ Croix symbolists, and in the other to the school of Vierge and Rico, which he obviously prefers—all these matters deserve approval. Not a few sentences may be found which are sure to irritate the ultra-scholastic critics who still hold a theory that art is indecently exposed unless it is bounded by a gold frame and hung in a gallery. The heresy that "Art" is the sole property of any particular method or craft still lingers, and Mr. Pennell as public exploder will scare a good many worthy folk who dread the perilous task of discovering art in places not hitherto indicated by labels announcing the fact. To those whose art domain is bounded by picture galleries and *éditions de luxe*, the mere mention of posters, daily newspapers, and current periodicals as new regions wherein it lurks, comes as almost treasonable laxity. Still this sumptuous book can maintain its position as an unassailable example of *Art*, within the most solemn limitation of that often degraded word. From it you may turn to a portfolio of Rembrandt etchings, or Japanese prints—may linger before the primitives at the National Gallery, the old Englishmen at the United R.A., or go to Degas and Whistler, and feel merely a change of expression, not a totally new atmosphere. None of these diverse grounds are the unique realm of art, and Mr. Pennell, who has raised a protectorate over colonies hitherto deemed barbarous, may already enjoy the triumph of seeing them recognised as part of the comity of nations, the wider universe of art which includes pen-drawing as surely as frescoes or marble statues. Despite some few instances of our tender sentiments being lacerated by Mr. Pennell's lack of sympathy with work we still delight in, it only gives the reader a sense of comfortable superiority to reflect that here at least he sees more clearly. For an Aristides is rarely popular with his contemporaries, and Mr. Pennell is so provokingly right, as a rule, that you are as delighted to differ from him, once in a while, as to agree in most cases. It is a book to keep and to refer to continually. Of the three hundred and sixty-six blocks, all admirable,



FROM "PEN-DRAWING AND PEN-DRAUGHTSMEN" MACMILLAN & CO.

some masterpieces of the photo-engraver's craft, the limitations of space have permitted us to reproduce only one example—a characteristic drawing by M. Rico.

A Book of Fairy Tales. Re-told by the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by A. J. GASKIN. (London: Methuen & Co. Price 6*s.*)

Good King Wenceslas. A Carol written by Dr. NEALE, and pictured by A. J. GASKIN, with an Introduction by WILLIAM MORRIS. (Birmingham: Cornish Brothers. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The Quest. (Birmingham: Cornish Brothers. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net per part.)

The Story of Alexander. Told by ROBERT STEELE. With Illustrations by FRED MASON. (London: David Nutt. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Children's Singing Games. Second Series. Collected and Arranged by ALICE GOMME, and Illustrated by WINIFRED SMITH. (London: David Nutt. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

It is a significant fact, yet one to which scarcely sufficient attention has been drawn, that though the new criticism is distinctly on the side of innovation as opposed to the older methods in art, still there is an increasing supply of ornamented books whose fashioning is on ancient rather than on modern lines—books whose producers' ideal, if not invariably archaic, is at any rate as uncompromisingly æsthetic as though the locomotive, the music-halls, impressionism, and the whole commercial system of modern times had never been; and, what is more, there is an appreciative and art-loving public that buys them in spite of the disapprobation of our latest prophets. The fact is, the canons of book ornament are immutable, and do not admit of trespass. The moment you make the book a vehicle for the expression of unorthodox phases in art, you cease to decorate it. You may make it a portfolio of sketches or pictures, interspersed with letterpress, but you have destroyed its unity as a printed book. The most artistic books are those and those only which conform to the old original standards. Individual achievements in accordance with the true principles of book decoration there have been among us—William Morris and Walter Crane are names justly honoured in this connection; but the first organised and collective movement, inspired no doubt by the above-named masters, has sprung up, not, strange to say, amid the associations of any place or society sacred to art and culture, but in the very centre of modernity and commercialism, in the city of Birmingham itself. Henceforth Brummagem is a term of contempt no longer, but is become instead a title of honour. Among the illustrated books of the season those which emanate from the Birmingham school form a goodly array. First and foremost of these is *A Book of Fairy Tales.* The stories, with two exceptions, are the old familiar nursery stories, but when it is stated that they are re-told by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, it

FROM "A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES" METHUEN & CO.

will be understood that the manner of telling is admirable. The illustrations by Mr. A. J. Gaskin are full of character and quaint charm, and this to a greater degree even than those of his Hans Andersen volumes of last year. Though some of the present illustrations—*e.g.*, Cinderella in the graveyard and Little Red Riding-hood—are too uniformly grey in tone, the chief defect of the Hans Andersen book, there are others, like that reproduced on the opposite page, in which the massing of black in contrast to the lighter portions of the composition gives an artistic effect that could scarcely be improved. Not the least noteworthy feature in the book is the fount of type chosen, which is both clear and dark, and altogether excellent of its kind. Moreover, it is arranged with well-proportioned margins, so that the open page of letterpress by itself, without further decoration, is a distinctly beautiful object. The initial letters are inferior, and not in keeping with the rest. The appearance of the companion work, announced together with the last, remains a pleasure in store. Messrs. Methuen have postponed for a short time the publication of *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, edited by Mr. Baring-Gould, and illustrated, under Mr. Gaskin's supervision, by various students of the Birmingham school.

FROM "THE STORY OF ALEXANDER" DAVID NUTT

Good King Wenceslas, the late Dr. Neale's beautiful carol, reprinted with a sympathetic introduction by William Morris, and pictured and decorated by Mr. Gaskin (who moreover, in this instance, has been his own printer), is of so high a standard that one wishes there were more of it. The book contains but five full-page illustrations, unless the title and the page of words with a decorative border are to be counted in addition; all, however, are good examples of Mr. Gaskin's manner. The first illustration, which represents the King, of Scandinavian aspect, seated alone, is the boldest and the best. The one here represented is the last of the set, and is especially excellent in its decorative rendering of stone, wood and drapery. The whole tone of the work is admirable in every way.

The Quest, the new magazine to appear three times a year, promises well. The wrapper, of beautiful design by H. A. Payne, and engraved by Bernard Sleigh, is perhaps, if anything, too rough in execution. But this is a fault on the right side: it gives an impression of vigour, far preferable to the feebleness which is apt to come of over-minute refinement. The list of contributors, beside William Morris, W. R. Lethaby, J. R. Holliday and others, comprises most of the names of note in connection with the Birmingham school; from that of Mr.

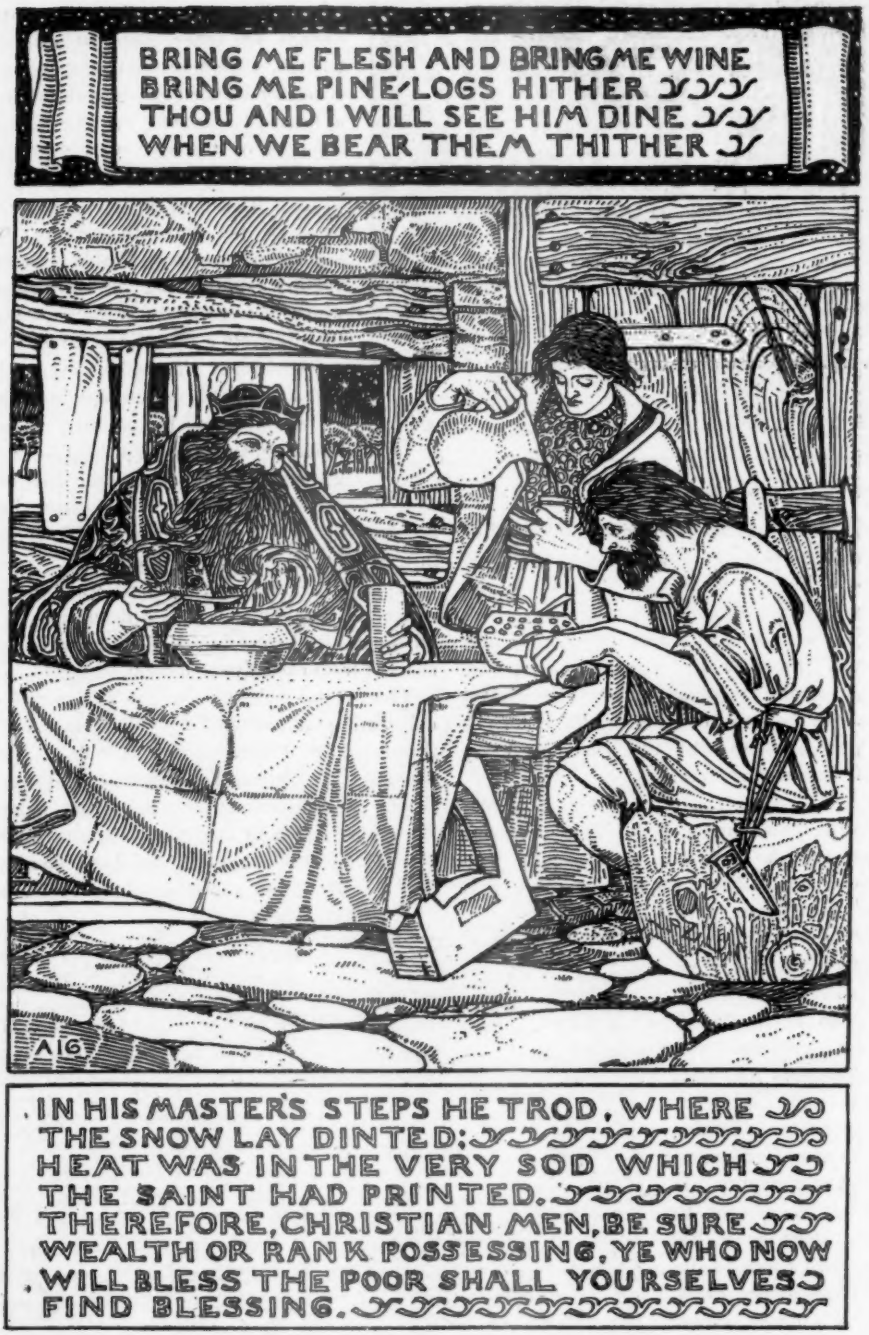
FROM "A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES" METHUEN & CO.

Edward Taylor, the head-master and the organiser of the artistic movement in that place, to the latest of distinction among his pupils. The aim of the editors is to ensure unity and completeness of decorative effect; and, with this object, they propose that, as far as may be practicable in each case, the designer shall personally supervise the printing of the pages he has to decorate. The idea is praiseworthy, and we wish the promoters every success in their new venture.

Mr. Robert Steele, the compiler of *Mediæval Lore*, exercises the story-teller's privilege of leaving out much that he considers uninteresting, and adding some things that the old story-tellers used to leave out, in relating *The Story of Alexander*, with decorations by Fred Mason. This, which is not to be confounded with authentic history, is one of the mediæval popular romances that treat of typical personages not necessarily having anything beyond the name in common with heroes of antiquity. It is a delightful conceit to clothe the story, as it has been the artist's aim to do, in a fifteenth-century dress. The subject is indeed no easy one, and it cannot be said that Mr. Mason has been altogether successful in his undertaking. Some of the illustrations exhibit much of the mediæval spirit, others, like the two here reproduced, though in other respects satisfactory enough, are almost too markedly influenced by Walter Crane's work, while one at least, viz., that of Alexander seeing the wonders of the sea, is an unfortunate attempt to combine incongruous elements; Alexander, in the armour and dress of the fifteenth century, being seated in an unmistakable eighteenth-century sedan-chair. The title-page, which is armorial in character, contains what is, from a heraldic point of view, a grave solecism. To assign armorial bearings to King Alexander at all is of course an anachronism; but, granted the representation, they should at least be such as a sovereign might conceivably have borne. Mr. Mason, however, makes the helmet not barred only, but cross-barred, and facing left instead of to the front. Nor can the practice of occupying the field of the shield with letterpress instead of heraldic charges be defended. Nearly all the initial letters in the book appear to have suffered from excessive reduction.

The second series of *Children's Singing Games*, collected and arranged by Alice Gomme and illustrated by Winifred Smith, is sure to find the same hearty welcome that was accorded to the first issue. The directions for playing the games are straightforward and not too elaborate, while the words and music are printed both clearly and legibly. It seems a pity that the same margin

FROM "THE STORY OF ALEXANDER"


BRING ME FLESH AND BRING ME WINE
BRING ME PINE-LOGS HITHER
THOU AND I WILL SEE HIM DINE
WHEN WE BEAR THEM THITHER
AIG
IN HIS MASTER'S STEPS HE TROD, WHERE
THE SNOW LAY DINTED;
HEAT WAS IN THE VERY SOD WHICH
THE SAINT HAD PRINTED.
THEREFORE, CHRISTIAN MEN, BE SURE
WEALTH OR RANK POSSESSING, YE WHO NOW
WILL BLESS THE POOR SHALL YOURSELVES
FIND BLESSING.

FROM "GOOD KING WENCESLAS" — CORNISH BROS.

should be made to serve so often, sometimes on two or three pages in succession, a fault which, it will be remembered, occurred in the former volume.

FROM "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" DENT & CO.

Hardly anything could be more charming than the drawing of children playing with pigeons in an old courtyard with overhanging, half-timbered gables, one of the illustrations of "London Bridge is broken down." The head-pieces and borders are excellent. The effect of some of the full-page compositions, like "Looby Loo," for example, is marred by overcrowding; but others, like the Three Kings in the "Three Sailors," are instances of a broad and decorative treatment. "Sally Water," "The Jolly Miller," and "Round and Round the Village" are among the games, eight in all, included in the book.

A Farm in Fairyland. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.) —There are some books—singularly few—which as they fall into a critic's hands, so delight him that his appreciation is in danger of becoming a mere rhapsody. This is one; and the present writer, wearied of reading the new books of the season, sick of most of their pictures and patterns, was

FROM "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" DENT & CO.

deploring the lack of invention or power they evinced, when he lighted upon it, and straightway forgot everything else as he read it cover to cover. Mr. Laurence Housman's work as a designer he had followed for some time, so that the delightful drawings here were not unexpected, although far beyond any previous attempts. As an author he meets him here for the second time only; but yet the book has at once become one of the few that he would not readily forget. It is curious that so entirely swayed by a single model—as Mr. Housman evidently is by Mr. Charles Ricketts—he

FROM "A FARM IN FAIRYLAND" C. KEGAN & CO.

should not merely escape disaster, but work out his own way in a manner that must please the master as much as it does credit to the disciple. You need not to have perused Mr. Housman's paper on A. Boyd Houghton, in the current *Bibliographica*, to know that, like Mr. Ricketts, he swears fealty to the *Once-a-Week* school. It is evident in every line he sets down, and withal he is himself full of invention, full of power. If you care for delicious fantasies in prose, or in picture, get this little book; yet remember that instances of imitators

asserting their own individuality while clinging to the manner of their heroes, are much too rare to allow any hope of another admirer beating the record by adding one more success in the same line.

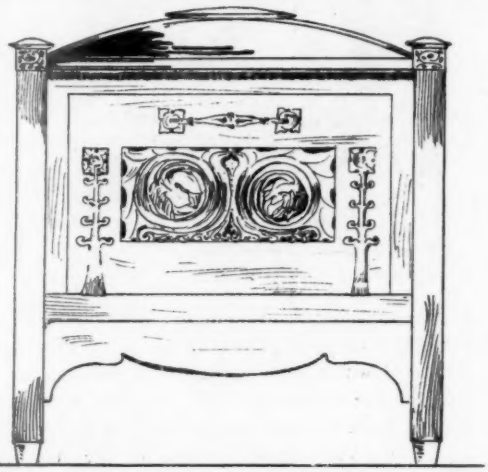
The Sleeping Beauty, and Dick Whittington, Jack the Giant Killer, and the Beauty and the Beast. Illustrated by R. ANNING BELL. (London: J. M. Dent & Co. Price 1*s.* each volume.)—These are charming little volumes. Daintily illustrated, daintly printed, daintily bound, they are delightful to look at and to handle. What would the chapmen of yore say to their old friends re-robed in such tasteful garb?

Elementary Drawing. By H. FOSTER NEWEY. (London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 2*s.* 6*d.*)—A

FIRST PRIZE "CAERLIG"

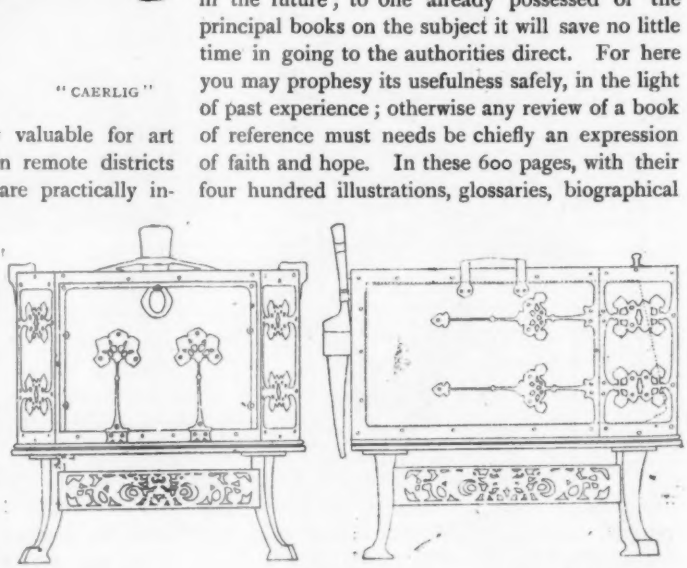
useful little manual, especially valuable for art students and teachers living in remote districts where recognised art schools are practically inaccessible.

An Elementary History of Art: Architecture, Sculpture, Painting. Fourth Edition. By Mrs. ARTHUR BELL (N. D'ANVERS). (London: Sampson Low & Co.)—This long-tried volume, a trusty friend always near for reference, and always equal to its promise, appears with many changes—all, so far as first impressions go, improvements. It has long been indispensable to every teacher or writer concerned with art; and yet of those who continually consult it how few probably recognise the enormous labour involved in boiling down for their use and

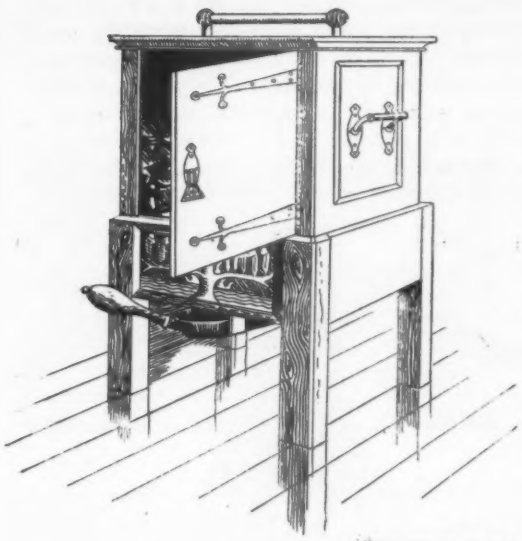


SECOND PRIZE "DULCE DOMUM"

benefit the history o art to the compass of a single volume. Let but one familiar fact escape the memory, however, and unless some guide of this sort is at once available, as you commence a weary hunt through dozens, possibly hundreds of volumes, then you recognise the importance of a lucid, accurate, and well-chosen summary ready at hand. To the student it will stand in lieu of the library he hopes to gather together in the future; to one already possessed of the principal books on the subject it will save no little time in going to the authorities direct. For here you may prophesy its usefulness safely, in the light of past experience; otherwise any review of a book of reference must needs be chiefly an expression of faith and hope. In these 600 pages, with their four hundred illustrations, glossaries, biographical



FIRST PRIZE "CAERLIG"



"SIR PELLEAS IV"

indices, and generally well-ordered arrangement of subject, we find not merely dry facts, but a clearly defined exposition of the connecting thread which links the art of ancient Egypt to that of modern America; so that it is not merely a book of reference, but one that may be read, with no little advantage, from cover to cover; not, however, at a single sitting!

Noël: A Book of Carols for Christmastide. Written and designed by CHARLES I. FFOULKES, music by H. VINCENT RANSOM. (London: David Nutt. 5*s.*)—Space unluckily prevents a reproduction of even a specimen of Mr. Ffoulkes' full-page drawings, which reveal a new decorator with a manner of his own, slightly influenced perhaps by Carlos Schwabe, but full of promise and fulfilment. Mr. Ransom's dainty music must also be dismissed with a word of very genuine praise, to allow room to say that the book is a most delightful substitute for a Christmas card, that its "get-up" on hand-made paper with wide margins, and a very charmingly decorated blue linen cover, impart a most pleasant first impression which is strengthened by intimacy. It deserves to score a distinct success.

Fairy Tales from Classic Myths. (Manchester: John Heywood. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)—This book, illustrated by Alfred Jones, whose decorations for the *Tournament of Love* were favourably noticed in a previous number of THE STUDIO, is obviously inspired somewhat by Mr. J. D. Batten's work. Yet unequal as the drawings are, they improve on further acquaintance, and show considerable promise. Indeed, had they been reduced somewhat the slightly unpleasant feeling would probably have vanished with the open line Mr. Jones employs on this scale. You feel the absence of the relief of the pigment itself, which in process work imparts a feeling of weakness, in strong distinction to its charm when employed in similar fashion upon etchings.

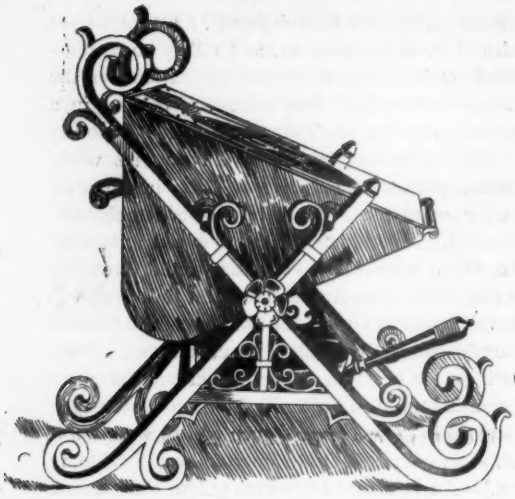
Bright's Illustrated Guide to Bournemouth. (Bournemouth: F. J. BRIGHT & SON. Price 1*s.* net.)—A useful and up-to-date guide to the attractions of this favourite resort. The illustrations are well reproduced from excellent photographs. It should command a ready sale.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A COAL-SCUTTLE. (A XIX.)

Although, among the drawings sent in, there are a number of excellent designs, none can be said quite to realise the ideal coal-scuttle.

"LEEDS"



"SIR PELLEAS I."

The competitors have, we think, generally failed from a practical point of view. It is probable that a coal-scuttle, at once artistic, handy and entirely convenient, has yet to be produced. Excellent in drawing and design as are many of the competitions, we should have liked to see far more attention paid to the practical requirements of the object. Probably the best design from a practical point of view is that of *Lehcar*, and we regret that the carelessness of the drawing is such that we are unable to reproduce it. From a trade standpoint, we think that the designs of *Fors* are the best; they have a novelty of treatment which would make them for a time probably very saleable objects. We illustrate two of the many designs sent by this competitor, both of which present some interesting features. Our space does not allow us to reproduce the entire working drawings, including the details of the working parts, which have been sent with those drawings to which we have awarded prizes. These details have had to be considered in making our selection. Some of our unsuccessful competitors sent ingenious and well-drawn designs, but totally lacking in fitness. A coal-scuttle shaped as a torpedo, or as a dragon-head, or as a wheel-barrow, is not the most happy in its conception!

"FORS X."

The First Prize (*Three guineas*), is awarded to *Caerlig* (F. Appleyard, 25 Hornton Street, Kensington, W.).

The Second Prize (*One guinea and a half*)—to

"FORS IV."

Dulce Domum (Arthur Stratton, St. Anne's, East Sheen, S.W.).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Fors IV. and X.* (M. H. Baillie-Scott, The Red House, Douglas, Isle of Man); *Leeds* (Marion Reid, 58 Dennington Park, West Hampstead), and *Sir Pelleas I. and IV.* (H. C. Graff, 14 Knighton Park, Sydenham, S.E.). These are all illustrated; also to *Anemone* (Amy C. Bloxham, 12 Kingsnorth Gardens, Folkestone); *Avalanche* (Norman Macbeth, Dunsinnan, St. Anne's-on-Sea); *Eric* (Isabel Brittain, 11 Highfield, Scarborough); *Quoniam* (J. S. Syme, 15 Murieston Crescent, Edinburgh); *Lehcar* (Rachel C. Powell, Luctons, Buckhurst Hill, Essex); and *Ulula* (Bessie Ridpath, Ravenhead, Beckenham, Kent).

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

DESIGN FOR A SMALL SHOW CARD FOR STICKPHAST PASTE. (B XIII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*), is given to *Bill Sticker* (H. Dawson, Olive Grove, Burley Lawn, Leeds).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*), to *Sir Pelleas* (H. C. Graff, 14 Knighton Park, Sydenham, S.E.).

FIRST PRIZE "AVON"

"BEROLD"

"SEAWEED"

"STUDENT"

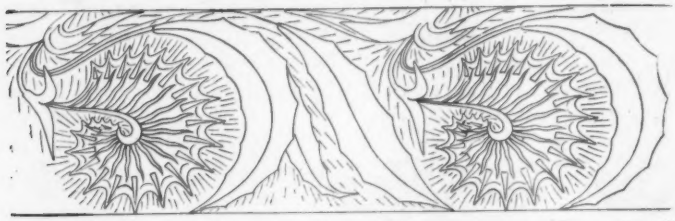
Honourable mention to *Amy Robsart* (Ida Stubbs, Braunston, Sandford Road, Moseley, near Birmingham); *Crystal* (Louise Jeffery), and *Imp* (Isabel Whitgreave, Burton Manor, near Stafford).

A WASH DRAWING OF OLD WOOD CARVINGS. (B XII.)

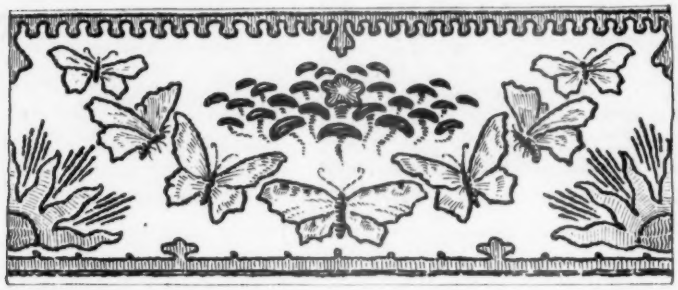
The consideration of this competition is unavoidably left over until next month.

DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED BORDER. (C XI.)

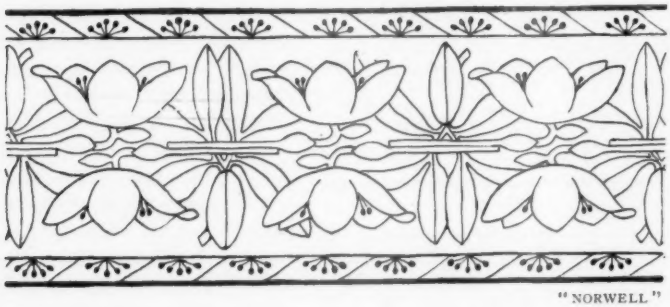
The reproductions of these designs convey but an inadequate idea of their delightful colouring. The following is a short account of the colour scheme of each in their order as represented. In *Avon* (the FIRST PRIZE), the water-lilies are in gold; leaves and stems, a dull russet brown; fish in water blue; all outlined in a warm ruddy brown. The lily stems are enriched with raised French knots; water-lines are in stone grey and green. *Berold*—tree, leaves and apples in natural tints; figures in white, outlined in green, powdered with blue quatrefoils; faces, hands and feet in flesh colour, outlined in brown; hair, brick-red; flowers in china blue. *Seaweed* is on a warm stone ground; fishes and shells, the same tone outlined in red-brown; watermarks and border-lines in dark blue and green. *Student*—ships, sails, pennons and rigging, also the cliffs, in pale warm stone (the yellow colour of unbleached linen), all outlined in dull red. Fields in full green; the same colour



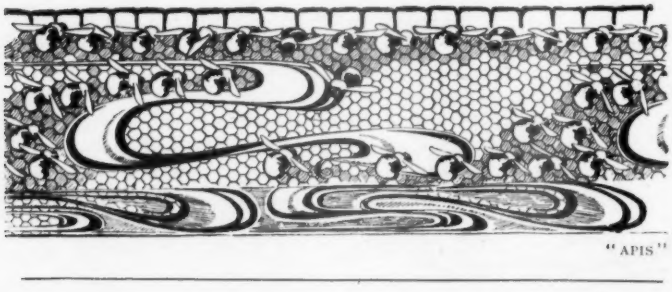
SECOND PRIZE "AID"



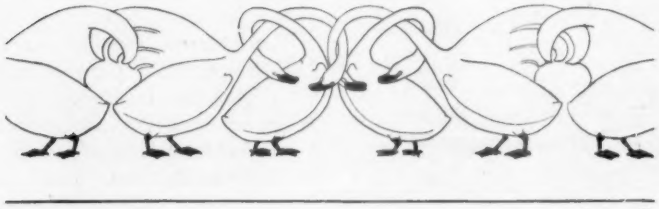
"SUN FLY FLOWER"



"NORWELL"



"APIS"



"AQUA"

being worked into the prows and white lines of the vessels; boatmen in the same red as the outlines. Sky and sea in full dark blue, with shadow lines of a yet darker tint.

Aid's design (SECOND PRIZE) is for working on unbleached linen; all filling-in ray marks being in a golden brown, producing a delicately warm background for the colder lines of the work itself. The flowers, leaf-buds, and small leaves at base are in various shades of water blue; the encircling leaves are in lily-greens, the smaller ones behind being in bluer, paler tones. *Sun Fly Flower* is also on a warm stone ground; the top border, cornflower blue; the tower, a pale grass green; sun, rose-centred, amber-rayed; butterflies in pairs, deepening in line to the centre one; all worked in soft old tapestry tones. The flower is rose-colour; stems in green; pistils in gold cord; the whole design being outlined in the same bright material. The Christmas roses of *Norwell* are worked in natural tints on unbleached linen; the greens of the leaves in soft olive tones; stems and buds alternating in pale green and sheath brown; border in olive green, with half rosettes of yellow stamens. The *Apis* border is on white; honeycomb lines in a greenish yellow; honey in varied tones of yellow and brown greens; bees in amber and black grey, with wings of a pale blue. The interlacing swans of *Aqua* are in white on a warm stone background; they are outlined in black, their beaks and webs being in full orange.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) falls to the share

FIRST PRIZE "TALLIE"

of *Avon* (Sophie Pumphrey, Woodstock Road, Moseley, Birmingham).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) is gained by *Aid* (Ada Paul Ridley, Helenscote, Henley Road, Ipswich).

Honourable mention is awarded to the following, which are all illustrated:—*Apis* (Miss J. Stratton, 51 Nevern Square, South Kensington, S.W.); *Aqua* (Mabel Syrett, 113 Ashley Gardens, Westminster, S.W.); *Berold* (A. Constance Smedley, Southbourne, Birchfields, Handsworth, Birmingham); *Nowell* (Miss Rachel Barclay, Carisnion Cottage, near Falmouth); *Seaweed* (Rosa J. English, Blenheim House, Alcester Road, King's Heath, near Birmingham); *Student* (Mary Ivens, 29 George Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham); and *Sun Fly Flower* (Edwin Francis, 32 South Street, Durham). Also to *Callicrates* (Margaret Isabel Smith, Hamper Mills, Watford, Herts); *Croy* (C. H. Crosby, Koroit, North Park, Croydon); *Elementary* (Miss Mary B. Canning, Provincial Bank House, Coleraine, Ireland); *Harebell* (Mabel Brindley, Upway, Parkstone, Dorset); *Kohana-san* (Muriel E. Scott, Elmstead Grange, Chislehurst, Kent); *Quoniam* (J. S. Syme, 15 Murieston Crescent, Edinburgh); and *Stick-in-the-Mud* (Beatrice Annie Waldram, 6 The Parade, Pymmes Park, Edmonton).

STUDIES OF SHEEP. (D IV.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) passes to *Tallie* (W. Northwood, Wordsley, Stowbridge).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) is gained by *Phthynx* (W. S. Rogers, 13 Addison Road, Chiswick).

Honourable mention is given to *Ambergris* (J. Kidson Taylor, 1 Beaufort Villas, Manchester Road, Buxton); *Bromide* (Jas. S. Alderson, 1 Market Place, Rugby); *Buff* (Mark A. Rollason, 29 Hickman Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham); *By Nature Guided* (George Edwards, Alban House, Hereford); *Cornwall* (Frederick Massey, Penryn, Cornwall); *Dolphin* (A. H. C. Corder, 77 Buckingham Road, Brighton); *East Anglian* (William E. Daw, Church Street, King's Lynn); *Elie* (E. G. Chambers, Butler Street, Stoke-on-Trent); *Expectant* (S. Griffin, Lucerne Villa, Wilton Road, Salisbury); *Indigo* (E. J. Bedford, 10 St. John's Terrace, Lewes); *Kantry* (R. Hauxwell, The Avenue, Durham); *Le Troupeau* (Bernard Lintott, Horsham); *Narcissus* (Eleanor Jacob, Crane Lodge, Salisbury); *Salop* (Henry Irving, Darwen, Lancs.); *Severitas* (Miss A. Glossop, Mangarton, Melplash, R.S.O., Dorset); *Thistle* (Mrs. Young, 7 Lyndhurst Gardens, N.W.); *Twynham* (John L. Gillington, Southbourne, Christchurch, Hants), and *Violets* (Miss Lessey Beard, Picton House, Clevedon).

SECOND PRIZE] "PHTHYNX"

THE LAY FIGURES IN THE GALLERIES.

[*It is night; but the rooms of the New Gallery are filled with a ghostly light and a crowd of wooden dolls, some new and sprightly, others, worm-eaten and stiff-jointed.*]

SIR JOSHUA'S LAY FIGURE (*to Mr. Gainsborough's L.F.*).—As my master said of Hogarth, these moderns are not blessed with the knowledge of their own deficiencies, or the bounds they should set to the extent of their powers.

MR. GAINSBOROUGH'S L.F.—Zounds! Honest Joshua, I agree with you. That green-sick female by some mounseer Besnard! Odds life, it makes me shudder—splatterdash and ignorance.

MR. A———Y B———Y'S L.F.—You dear old wooden heads, did not Sir Joshua say that genius consists in taking general ideas only? That is the decadent's creed, to take anybody's ideas—mediæval, Japanese, or debased—and flavour to taste.

SIR JOSHUA'S L.F.—Young sir, Sir Joshua said that a nice discrimination of minute circumstances, and a punctilious delineation of them, whatever excellence it may have, never did confer on the artist the character of genius.

MR. A———Y B———Y'S L.F. (*with an air of flippant weariness*).—Character is the ruin of men and their work—the artist exists to shock, to astonish, to confound.

A PRE-RAPHAELITE L.F.—Cease your foolish argument, you are all wrong. Come and look at Sandy's portraits, and confess that early Italian art alone has beauty. My joints creak with rheumatic rapture as I study the peaceful stolidity of these.

MR. A———Y B———Y'S L.F.—Really the cock-eyed primitive is most amusing; but for pure, monumental art, *Letty Lind*, by Herkomer, seems to me unrivalled. Its immobility and huge seriousness rival the best periods of Egyptian art. To express the dainty witchery of Miss Lind in that way is superb; it is more than genius—it is crime.

MR. GAINSBOROUGH'S L.F. (*musing*).—That amorous, palmy puppy sickens me. Let us see if there are not some here who remember my master. Heark'ee, sirrah! I would he could see J. J. Shannon's *Mrs. Creelman*—egad, 'tis well done.

SIR JOSHUA'S L.F.—'Tis excellent, and I like Gandara's *Princesse Chimay*. Our neighbours, the French, are much in this practice of extempore invention, and their dexterity excites my admiration, if not envy; yet how rarely can such praise be given to their finished pictures.

A NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB L.F.—Finish, my venerable old noodles, that word is forgotten. A thing is *finished* when it is troublesome to go further. Then you say it's the last word in Art.

MR. GAINSBOROUGH'S L.F.—Nay, my impertinent jackanapes; t'other night I saw a portrait by C. W. Furse, and another by W. Rothenstein, which were vastly good in their way.

SIR JOSHUA'S L.F.—And Mr. Whistler's portrait; here, sirrah! I did not serve Sir Joshua for years without discovering the difference between genius and gymnastics. Present time and future are rivals, and he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other.

A NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB L.F.—We have advanced beyond Mr. Whistler, you know.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE L.F. (*chanting*).—"*One step, the mountain, stern, sublime, the next the mus ridiculus.*" Oh, for blazoned tapestry, with sad-eyed damosels 'mid apple-trees—oh! for the battlemented alleys green, and slim sweet figures leaning wearily.

AN AMERICAN L.F.—No, sir! I have no use for the ladies you describe, or the stained-glass painters. The Scotchmen lick all you Londoners. Walton and Lavery and Guthrie just boss this show. Even on Fifth Avenue we should hang them well.

MR. GAINSBOROUGH'S L.F.—I'll hold a gallon there an't any painters in the colonies; stap my vitals, this monkerony is vastly droll.

AN AMERICAN L.F.—Is that so? Ah! I guess Amurrica wasn't invented when you were made, and of course you can't read. Now our new lay-figures are fitted with a phonograph, and keep on orating as required; you can buy Marc Antony's speech or any high-toned patter for a few dollars.

AN ÆSTHETIC L.F. (*to his friend*).—To see a copy of the Home Rule Bill under the glass of Troubetskoy's portrait of Gladstone, has made me very ill; it is not even printed on hand-made paper by Morris. No wonder we are so hideously misgoverned when the laws are published in such tasteless fashion on smooth blue paper.

SIR JOSHUA'S L.F.—*The late Professor Lorimer; by his Son.* A good thing, by a man completely provided with all the necessaries and conveniencies of art.

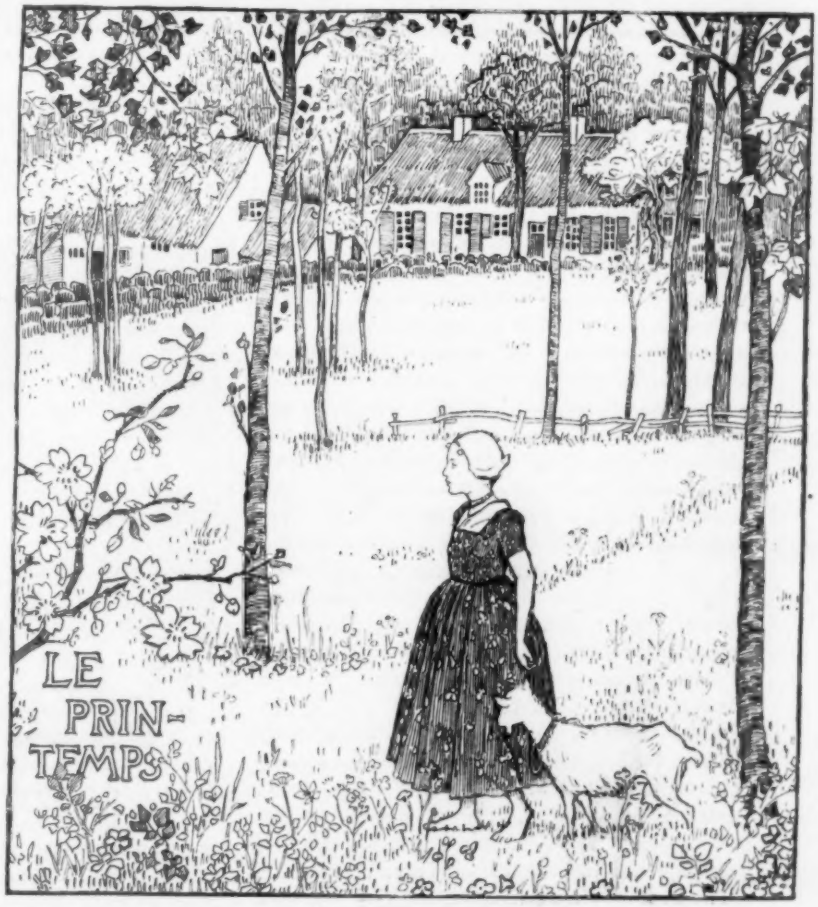
MR. GAINSBOROUGH'S L.F.—Do not garble your quotations, sirrah; there are many here to whom it will apply. Those who steal from mere poverty, who having nothing of their own cannot exist a minute without making such depredations, who are so poor that they have no place where they can even deposit what they have taken—that is just my opinion of these new-fangled fellows. I can't abide 'em!

[*A cock crows, and the rooms empty in a second.*]

THE EDITOR'S ROOM

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Ugly Duckling. Illustrated by T. VAN HOYTEMA. (London: David Nutt.) *Almanack, 1895.* (Brussels: Dietrich et Cie.)—It is certainly a new sensation to find England looked upon as the headquarters of a movement in art. Yet although it would be folly to assert that "All-Paris" so regards it at the present time, it is undoubtedly true that a certain number of Parisians are confessedly adopting the ideas which have influenced the various "decorative" schools from the time of the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" down to the latest "Arts and Crafts," and even to the work of the younger men whose reputations have been made since the autumn of 1893. Therefore, when we find Holland and Belgium also paying us the sincere compliment of imitation, we are not so surprised. The Dutch magazine, *Van Nu en Straks,* published at 81 Pachecostraat, Brussels, is one of the many art periodicals founded on the lines of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse;* one also that, like *The Knight Errant* of Boston, U.S., has not only attempted to produce a magazine on similar lines, but imitated the shape, the size, the deckle-edged paper, and the general build of the whole. But these efforts, like most of the work of the Secessionists of Germany, are as little concerned with Japanese art as is the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, or its president, Mr. William Morris. Paris still betrays her flirtation with Madame Chrysanthème, and in her most *moyen âge* moments has not forgotten the principles she learned from the most remote East; Holland, so far as one's limited evidence had hitherto shown, was as faithful to the mediæval types as the most rigid follower of Pugin could desire. True, that in the work of that singularly personal designer, Van Toorop, whose *Three Brides* was reproduced in THE STUDIO a year ago, we find traces of Japanese design, although he himself (we believe) attributes it to Javanese influence. But in T. Van Hoytema we discover still stronger traces of the art of Hokusai, of Issai, of Bairé. *The Ugly Duckling,* just issued with English



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "ALMANACK" DIETRICH ET CIE

text, shows evidence of distinct originality—perhaps, to be quite accurate, we should say of distinctly original re-arrangement of familiar motives derived from the East. The chief interest of the

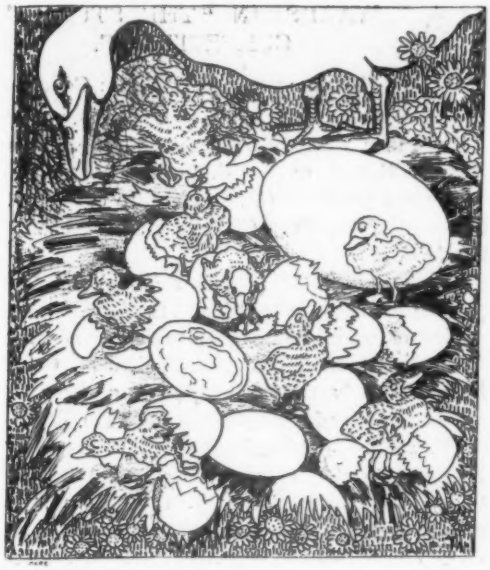
ILLUSTRATION FROM "ALMANACK" DIETRICH ET CIE

designs for this book seems to lie in their loyal acceptance of the conventions of colour-printing. They do not attempt to rival a painted picture, but are obviously made by a series of colour blocks or stones (the principle is the same), with a key block providing the strong black outline required to define the contours. The outlines which we here reproduce upon a much reduced scale give, of course, but an imperfect idea of the illustrations as seen in the volume. Mr. Hoytema, therefore, especially prepared for THE STUDIO the original drawing in black and white which appears on page 133 of this number, which will afford our readers a better notion of the vigorous and characteristic decorative treatment this artist affects. His work has a strong and attractive flavour in the rather mixed *potage* which decorative artists are serving us to-day; so that without overrating its value we may safely recommend all interested in design to obtain a copy, and see what young Holland is doing in the way of decorative book-illustration.

The *Almanac for 1895*, with Poems by Émile Verhaeren, and Decorations by T. Van Ryssel-berghe, is a very charming thing. In size small quarto, on Van Gelder paper, with many illustrations (two of which we are permitted to reproduce), and initials printed in orange, it is distinctly artistic throughout. The clever designer, whose cover for *La Libre Esthétique* has already been illustrated in THE STUDIO, while evidently influenced by English work, has not sunk his individuality, but adapted nature in obedience to the convention which distinguished the early woodcut when its origin was clearly shown, from the laboured engravings of later years. As many examples from Birmingham and elsewhere clearly show, the idea of the woodcut is peculiarly suited for photo-reproduction; the drawing in bold thick lines loses nothing worth mentioning, even in an ordinary "zinco" of commerce. Indeed, when printed on rough paper, it needs a strong lens and some amount of technical skill to decide whether it be an impression from a wood-block or a metal *cliché*. Although the price for this Almanac—five francs—is rather high, yet, as copies may be obtained in London, it will pro-

THEN HE FELT QUITE ASHAMED, HID
HIS HEAD UNDER HIS WING AND SAID
I NEVER DREAMED OF SUCH HAPPINESS
AS THIS WHILE I WAS
AN UGLY DUCKLING.

"THE UGLY DUCKLING" DAVID NUTT



"THE UGLY DUCKLING" DAVID NUTT

bably find many purchasers here, and be examined critically as evidence of English ideals set forth in the idiom of a country that has for centuries remained in friendly relations with our own. The forthcoming volumes on the English Pre-Raphaelites, by Destree and Gabriel Mourey, show that this view is not an insular one, but that the influence is openly acknowledged by Continental critics.

The Crystal Ball. By ALICE SARGANT. Illustrated. (London: George Bell & Sons. 10*s.* 6*d.*) —This volume, written by Miss Sargant, and printed by her brother at his private press, is illustrated by woodcuts designed, and for the most part cut, by her sister, Mary Sargant Florence. The book, however, is not to be considered as an amateur product—in every way it is excellent. The designs are powerfully conceived in the true spirit of the early woodcut, and display much fancy and invention. In its vellum cover it is a dainty and notable book that should find its way to as many collectors' shelves as the very limited edition will allow.

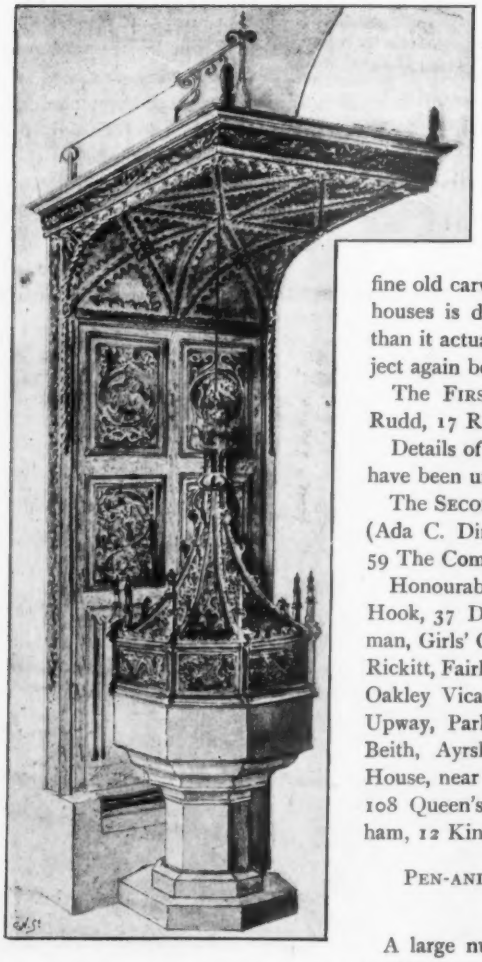
The Amber Witch. By WILLIAM MEINHOLD. (London: David Nutt. 7*s.* 6*d.*)—This is an excellent translation by Lady Duff Gordon of the fantastic and powerful book, the companion to *Sidonia the Sorceress*, the work lately reprinted at the Kelmscott Press, which exercised so strong a fascination on Rossetti and Burne-Jones. The half-dozen illustrations, by Philip Burne-Jones, are in every way satisfactory, and not inadequately suggest the weird power of their themes. The cover in amber and white is dainty and delightful; it is pre-eminently a book for a studio full of a curious romantic atmosphere which caused it at first to be mistaken for a veritable mediæval story.

Ornamental Carpentry, 1*s.* *Decorative Work for House and Home*, 1*s.* The Amateurs' Practical Aid Series. (London: Ward, Lock & Bowden.)—These useful little handbooks, edited by Francis Chilton-Young, the well-known author of "Every Man his own Mechanic," fulfil the purpose of their titles. But while worth studying for their craft, one cannot always praise their art. The stencil designs on pages 90 and 91, of the second volume, are distinctly poor as design, and entirely impossible as stencils, without that effacement of the "bars" of the original which falsifies the process. Nor can we endorse advice for imitations of parquetry for floors; nor for the modification in the designs for Oriental lattice-work. But having grumbled so far, it is pleasant to own the value of the technical instruction which must precede good design, to render it successful. To design properly the material, be it wood or any other, must be thoroughly understood; hence such manuals as these appeal to all students who essay schemes for furniture or decoration. It is always regrettable to find the clever mechanic illustrating his discourse

"THE UGLY DUCKLING" DAVID NUTT

by poor ornament. Every workman's exhibition shows instances of misapplied ingenuity. THE STUDIO has specially instituted a series of designs for amateur work, and is anxious to prove its genuine disapproval of the commonplace which, as these books show, is all too readily accepted by capable craftsmen, so that it can with a clear conscience praise these two excellent manuals for their usefulness, even though it couples it with a warning against imitating the ideal in decoration which they offer.

Popular British Ballads, Ancient and Modern. Chosen by R. BRINLEY JOHNSON. Illustrated by W. CUBITT COOKE. 4 vols. (London: J. Dent & Co.)—An excellent selection, well illustrated, well printed, and well bound. Some of the illustrations have suffered by apparent over-reduction.



FIRST PRIZE "OUVRIER"
XXXIV

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A CATALOGUE COVER. (A XX.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Nemo* (J. E. Key, 14 Newark Street, Leicester).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One guinea*), to *Cephas* (P. C. Browne, Kent Park, Clydesdale Street, Hamilton, N.B.).

The THIRD PRIZE (*Fifteen shillings*), to *Lily* (J. A. Atkins, 20 Portland Place, Carlisle).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Edurtreg* (Gertrude H. Jebb, Fairyfield, Great Barr, Birmingham); *Guinea-pig* (Bertha Smith, 24 Rectory Road, Stoke Newington, N.); *Lutea* (F. V. Wortley, 9 Martello Avenue, Folkestone); *Palmyra I. and II.* (Myra J. Tindell, 126 Brompton Road, S.W.); *Spruce* (J. R. Harrison, 97 Stanhope Road, Darlington); and *Wenceslas I. and II.* (Florence A. Phillips, 5 North Avenue, Clarendon Park, Leicester).

A WASH-DRAWING OF OLD WOOD CARVINGS. (B XII.)

This competition has been fairly well responded to, but the drawings in many cases are of trivial and commonplace subjects. The great wealth of fine old carving practically hidden in old country churches and houses is deserving of greater attention from travelling students than it actually receives, and we shall probably return to the subject again before long.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Ouvrier* (J. H. Rudd, 17 Richmond Street, Barnstaple).

Details of the panels which accompany the sketch drawing we have been unable to reproduce for want of space.

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) is divided between *Cobham* (Ada C. Dimma) and *Lingfield* (Florence M. Dimma), both of 59 The Common, Upper Clapton, E.

Honourable mention is awarded to the following:—*Artefex* (J. Hook, 37 Danvers Terrace, Chelsea, S.W.); *Badger* (M. Bergman, Girls' Grammar School, Hitchin, Herts); *Endeavour* (F. W. Rickitt, Fairlights, Headstone Road, Harrow); *Elise* (Miss Forbes, Oakley Vicarage, Bishops Stortford); *Harebell* (Mabel Brindley, Upway, Parkstone, Dorset); *Mars* (Colin Love, Milton Cottage, Beith, Ayrshire, N.B.); *Mura Marina* (Agnes Fry, Failand House, near Bristol); *Scarabæus I. and III.* (Margaret Holmes, 108 Queen's Road, Norwich); and *Wa Pa Ba* (Bertha N. Graham, 12 King's Gardens, Hove, Brighton).

PEN-AND-INK DESIGN FOR AN ORNAMENTAL CHAPTER HEADING. (B XIV.)

A large number of excellent designs have been forwarded us in this competition, and among them are many well worthy of

HONOURABLE MENTION "SCARABÆUS"

illustration, which want of space alone prevents us reproducing. We would again caution our competitors against using a not quite black ink, and making their lines too fine and close together. *Undine* has lost somewhat in its reproduction for these reasons, and other designs have been sent us that would reproduce most unsatisfactorily through these defects. A fine clear black line is practically of the utmost importance in designs intended for reproduction by "line process." A few designs we intended to illustrate in this number have been crowded out, and will appear in a later issue.

The FIRST PRIZE, *illustrated* (*One guinea*), is given to *Lao I.* (E. L. Appleby, 19 Spurstowe Road, Hackney, N.E.).

The SECOND PRIZE, *also illustrated* (*Half a guinea*), to *Sir Bedivere I.* (H. C. Graff, 14 Knighton Park, Sydenham, S.E.).

Honourable mention is awarded to the following:—*Alston* (R. C. Reid, 20 Percy Park Road, Tynemouth, Newcastle-on-Tyne); *Abbotsford I. and II.* (E. M. Tod, 3 Westbourne Place, Clifton, Bristol); *Alwilton III.* (W. E. Shrimpton, 6 East Terrace, Queen's Road, Battersea Park); *Abracadabra* (G. H. Wood, 65 Worfield Street, Battersea); *Artefex* (J. G. Hardy, 37 Danvers Street, Chelsea, S.W.); *Aello* (Chas. Pears, Market Place, Pontefract); *Boss* (M. Fernie, Wychwood, Scarborough); *Bruce* (Violet M. Parker, 1 Lyttelton Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham); *Box I. and II.* (C. W. Crosby, Koroit, North Park, Croydon); *Baboo* (Miss Evans, The Red House, Bushey, Herts); *Baby* (W. Ridgway, 2 Marlborough Road, Ealing); *Bat I.* (E. W. Spawton, North Cave, E. Yorkshire); *Cephas I.* (P. C. Browne, Kent Park, Clydesdale Street, N.B.); *Complete Angler* (May C. Fisher, Beechfield, Withington Road, Whalley Range, Manchester); *Escutcheon I. and II.* (W. Scutt, Crediton, Devon); *Evelyn* (E. H. Macandrew, 10 De Vere Gardens, Kensington, W.);

SECOND PRIZE "COBHAM"

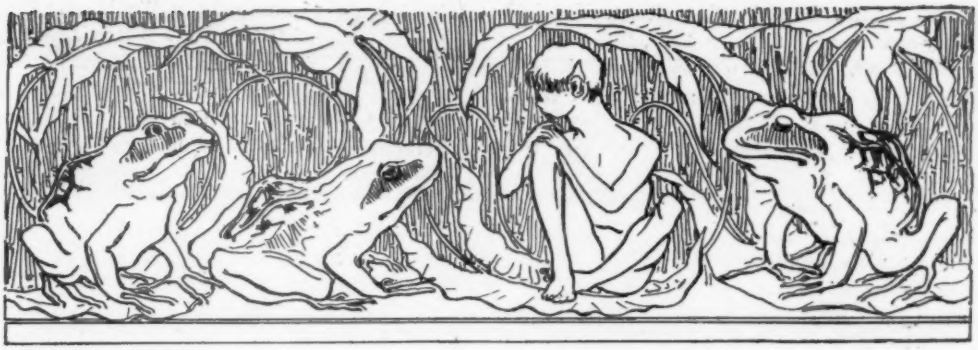
"LINGFIELD"

FIRST PRIZE — "LAO I."

SECOND PRIZE — "SIR BEDIVERE"

HONOURABLE MENTION — "CHASE"

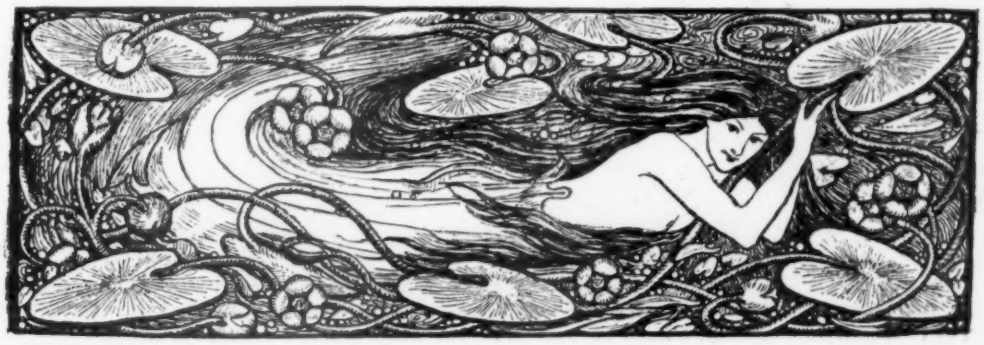
HONOURABLE MENTION — "MRS. GAMP"



HONOURABLE MENTION "INDIAN INK"

HONOURABLE MENTION "ALWILTON"

HONOURABLE MENTION "CEPHAS"



HONOURABLE MENTION "UNDINE"

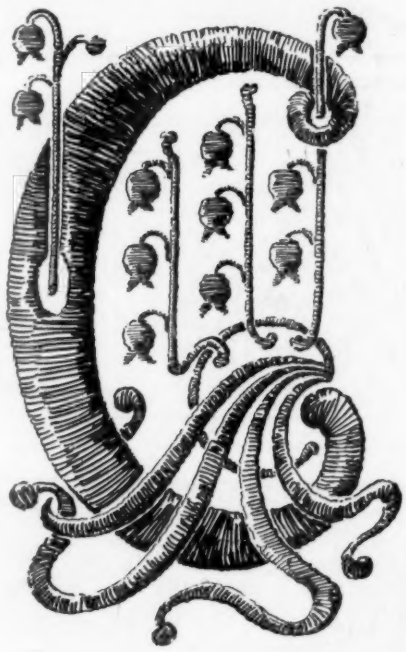
Firefly I. (Lily Day, 6 Briggs Street, Norwich); *Forty-three I. and II.* (G. De Lisle, Ivydene, Cranbrook Road, Wimbledon); *Feles* (Mabel Syrett, 113 Ashley Gardens, S.W.); *Friz I.* (E. G. Milsted, 45 Rosenau Road, Albert Bridge, S.W.); *Fledgling II.* (Jean Mitchell, 21 Crescent Road,

FIRST PRIZE "SEAWEED"

Sheffield); *Gough* (E. R. Longden, 53 Woburn Place, W.C.); *Iran* (H. E. Simpson, 2 Ann Place, Horton Lane, Bradford, Yorks); *Kali* (Kate Light, 12 Montague Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham); *Moth* (A. Gilfillan, 28 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow); *May I. and II.* (May Dixon, Mulberry Green, Harlow, Essex); *Nestor II. and III.* (D. Chamberlain, 8 Park Avenue, Glasgow); *Orchis I.* (Alice M. Erskine, Lister Place, Brant, Broughton, Newark); *One* (Isabel Robertson, 1 Byng Place, Gordon Square, W.C.); *Pinus II.* (R. J. Williams, 564 Moseley Road, Birmingham); *Patricia* (Isabel Mullins, Lampton, Dingwall Avenue, Croydon); *Piscator* (W. A. Steward, 11 Dartmouth Park Avenue, Highgate, N.); *Phil* (J. P. Cannock, Kirkgate, Cockermouth); *Silver Beam II.* (Hilda R. Dix, 2 Berkeley Crescent, Clifton, Bristol); *St. Benet* (F. M. Bennett, Grove House, Twickenham); *Spruce* (J. R. Harrison, 97 Stanhope Road, Darlington); *Stanton J. and II.* (W. B. Gibson, 212 The Grove, Hammersmith); *Tramp II. and IV.* (D. C. Veazey, 56 Brewer Street, Woolwich); *Truth* (A. Gertrude Orchard, 79 Elsham Road, Kensington, W.); *Wild Rose* (H. E. Bulmer, 17 Sherbrooke Road, Fulham); *Wenceslas* (Florence A. Phillips, 5 North Avenue, Clarendon Park, Leicester); *Water-lily I.* (C. A. Allen, 50 Lorne Street, Kidderminster). Honourable mention is also awarded to the following (*illustrated*):—*Alwilton II.* (W. E. Shrimpton, 6 East Terrace, Queen's Road, Battersea Park); *Butterflies* (Fanny Bunn, 47 Beeches Road, West Bromwich); *Cephas III.* (P. C. Browne, Kent Park, Clydesdale Street, Hamilton, N.B.); *Chase* (Harold E. H. Nelson, 85 New Cross Road, S.E.); *Indian Ink* (J. S. Alderson, 1 Market Place, Rugby); *Pinus II.* (R. J. Williams, 564 Moseley Road, Birmingham); *Saxon* (Geo. Pretty, 36 Erskine Street, Leicester); and *Undine* (Hilda Fairbairn, 2 Sylvester Terrace, Bushey, Herts).

Design for an Embroidered Initial for Marking Linen. (C XII.)

The designs sent us in this competition for the most part lack originality. The conventional type



SECOND PRIZE "YOU SEE YOU SEE"

of letter used for linen embroidery has been followed *ad nauseam*. We expected better things from the many talented designers who are interested in our competitions.

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

FIRST PRIZE "SELENÉ"

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SAILING BOATS. (D V.)

This competition has brought out many interesting and clever dhotographs. Some excellent prints from a technical point of view, however, have been spoilt by inattention to the simplest demands of agreeable composition. We should be glad, in future, if our competitors in this section would send us silver prints in preference to others. Rough paper and light tones, however agreeable in themselves as photographs and pictures, are not well adapted for successful reproduction, and we are anxious in illustrating the photographs sent us to give the best results possible. We must also ask our competitors not to write their pseudonyms upon the face of the photograph, but upon the back.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is given to *Selené* (H. Bennett, 214 Osborne Road, Forest Gate, E.); *illustrated.*

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) passes to *Marotte* (A. James, Porthkerry Road, Barry, S. Wales); *illustrated.*

Honourable mention is given to:—*Andromache* (E. Collier, 69 Stamford Hill, N.); *Isis* (H. Bennett, 214 Osborne Road, Forest Gate, E.); *Senatus I. and II.* (Henry Irving, Darwen, Lancs.); and *Skoot* (Bernard Lintott, Horsham).

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Seaweed II.* (G. English, Blenheim House, Alcester Road, King's Heath, near Birmingham); *illustrated.*

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*), to *You See You See II.* (E. O. Clarke, 36 Ridley Road, Dalston, E.); *illustrated.*

Honourable mention to:—*Avondale II.* (W. H. Scott, 28 Park Street, Islington, N.); *Abbotsford* (E. M. Tod, 3 Westbourne Place, Clifton, Bristol); *Bee Orchid* (Ada K. Crowe, 4 New Brighton, Monkstown, co. Dublin); *Box I. and II.* (C. W. Crosby, Koroit, North Park, Croydon); *Erica* (Isabel Brittain, 11 Highfield, Scarborough); *Effort* (Roberta D. Tod, 107 East Dulwich Grove, S.E.); *Inglesant I. and II.* (Mrs. Blackburne-Kane, Parliament House, Witney, Oxon); *Lill* (Lillie G. M. Slater, Laurel Bank, Malton, Yorks); *Nanciebel* (S. Annie Willis, 4 Hill Park Crescent, Plymouth); *Orchis* (Alice M. Erskine, Lister Place, Brant, Broughton, Newark); *Romola* (Marian V. Osborn, 222 Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham); *S.* (J. C. Mac Gibbon, 23 Learmouth Terrace, Edinburgh); *Wa Pa Ba* (B. W. Graham, 12 King's Gardens, Hove, Brighton); *Wenceslas* (Florence A. Phillips, 5 North Avenue, Clarendon Park, Leicester).

SECOND PRIZE "MAROTTE"

THE LAY FIGURE AT HOME.

THE Lay Figure was sitting beside a pile of catalogues and newspaper cuttings, with a general air of one preparing the obituary notice of a dead year. "I feel," it said, "like an unlucky judge at a competitive exhibition, but I suppose in January one must go solemnly through the archives of 1894, and recapitulate its triumphs."

"No," said the ultra-modern painter, "what does not intrude on one's memory and insist on being prominent, is not likely to be worth remembering. I think," he continued, with a contented smile, "that future years will not forget my poster, for instance, whenever 1894 is named."

"Which was that?" said the journalist, absently. "I thought I knew all the sensational posters of this year; but I forgot you had done one."

"Impersonality in art really means mediocrity" (the modern youth went on, hoping his hearers would forget that Mr. George Moore said it before). "One only exists to tell people about one's self: if they won't listen (with a languid smile) their grandchildren may."

"The pose of the poster is charmingly typical," said the man with a clay pipe. "It is, I suppose, a part of the movement to discover art in the gutter, or near it, which dominates us for the moment." (He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and slowly refilled it.) "They called it 'sensation' twenty years ago, 'actuality' ten years since, and the 'new' something now. To claim the obvious as a new invention seems to me the inevitable refuge of those who have nothing to say; so they look out of window and remark on the weather, or the passing beggar, and think they are betraying the new eyesight and the new insight."

"Yet," said the man with a clay pipe, "different planes of many-sided truth come into prominence as the day advances, and each seems in turn more important."

"To theorise won't help one to a list of the successes of 1894," said the Lay Figure. "Now, what was *the* best work?"

Its listeners kept modest silence, and looked as if no temptation should extort a confession; then each one, seeing nobody remembered his great masterpiece, changed to a mood of combative readiness, bent on demolishing any other claim put forward.

"Of course," said the man with a clay pipe. "Tuke's *August Blue* and Lorimer's *Mariage de Convenance* were the best at the R.A."

"Sir Frederic gave no address this year," a student put in, timidly.

"I am afraid it would be rude to put that fact in my list as an event; but, since you mention it, how is it those really masterly addresses are not better known? The last one was an encyclopædia in a nutshell," said the journalist.

"But who wants to know about all these things?" said the very modern youth.

"Not you for one," said the journalist. "Ignorance is your speciality. Not to know what has gone before leaves one so many original ideas."

"What of the Birmingham school?" said the æsthetic visitor.

"In danger of being boomed to death," the journalist replied. "The kingdom of Art cometh not by observation."

"I am not so sure," said the Lay Figure, "if you observe the right stuff. Look at the superb things the Winter R.A., the Grafton, and the New have housed this year."

"I hate the old masters; they are our worst rivals," said the man with a clay pipe. "As an artist I like to reserve the right to enjoy them. Stockbrokers ought not to be told how good they are; it is their mission to buy contemporary work."

"I hear Dresden has been buying Charles Shannon's lithographs, and that Munich bought rather largely of the Cornish men we know, now Paris seems coquetting with English art."

"They have found it good copy certainly," said the journalist. "Destree has a most charming book on the English Pre-Raphaelites, just ready, and another by Mourey is in the press."

"I rather doubt the French appreciation," said the journalist; "they are inclined to include Watts among the Pre-Raphaelites, and in a window on the Boulevard des Italiens, I saw lately the place of honour, among works by Walter Crane, Morris, Kate Greenaway, Caldecott, and Burne-Jones, given to Moyr-Smith."

"The misrepresentations of French art in England requires many reprisals ere we can grumble," said the Lay Figure. "See how many dainty ideas we have first misunderstood and then imitated clumsily. So, if Paris does not quite understand the internecine difference between our little cliques, we must not be too ready to complain. But what of the record of 1894?"

"Let us see what 1895 has to offer," said the journalist. "It is no use looking back while progress is possible. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*"

THE LAY FIGURE.

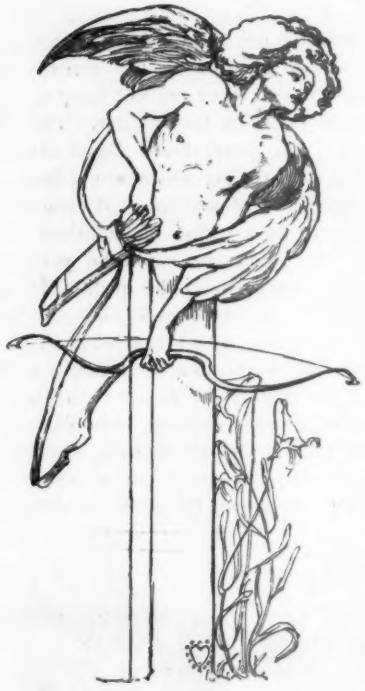
THE EDITOR'S ROOM

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The End of Elfintown. By JANE BARLOW. Illustrated by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (London: Macmillan & Co. Price 5*s.*)—The trivial theme of *The End of Elfintown*, was, it may be admitted, hardly worth a more serious treatment than the trivial jingle in which it is told. But far greater shortcomings of text might be overlooked for the sake of the exquisite designs of which it has been made the occasion. The public which, but a month or two since, was struck with admiration of Mr. Laurence Housman's *A Farm in Fairyland*, in which he surpassed himself, were scarcely prepared for him to follow it up so quickly, and that too with a work of even higher merit than the last. Mr. Housman has obviously studied D. G. Rossetti through the medium of Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon. Yet, as he excels Rossetti in vigour of drawing and composition, as witness the amazing tangle of limbs in the first of the full-page illustrations, so has he fortunately escaped the mannerism, the spindle-like attenuation of legs and arms, which disfigures the more recent productions of The Vale—*e.g.*, the *Hero and Leander* and *The Sphinx*. The group in Mr. Housman's drawing representing the *Sleep of Oberon* recalls one of Mr. Ricketts' illustrations in *The House of Pomegranates*. Again, distinct as it is from the rest, the title-page of *The End of Elfintown* could not have been exactly what it is if Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's work had not gone before. Still, Mr. Housman displays a conspicuous sense of physical beauty that Mr. Beardsley has lost, or, if he still retains it, has this long time past been studiously suppressing. Of so rare and delicate a grace are the winged forms which occur at the heading and close of the several sections that one cannot but regret that the artist has chosen to fashion them merely as half-length statues, ending in terminal pillars, instead of completing them to their full and perfect proportions. A long search would fail to discover a more refined and faultless beauty of face and hands than those of the figure at the beginning of Part III., *The Flitting*. While, however, taken by itself, each and every one of Mr. Housman's drawings, as such, is admirable, it must be confessed that they fall short when judged from the point of view of decoration; that, like Rossetti's illustrations to Tennyson and to Christina Rossetti, they are not integral parts of the volume in which they appear. The cover of the book has a conventional diaper of dainty, if somewhat thin, design, which would lead one to expect some sort of attempt at decoration of the page within. As a matter of fact, there is none. If only Mr. Housman could be persuaded to devote more attention to the quality of his work as decoration in black and white, to be more sparing of shading, to be less laboured in treatment, and in general to adopt a bolder scheme of massing the lighter in contrast to the darker portions of his compositions, with his very extraordinary gifts of draughtsmanship and originality of imagination, he might easily attain to be second to none among the book-decorators of the century.

FROM "THE END OF ELFINTOWN" MACMILLAN AND CO.

Cinderella and Jack and the Beanstalk. With Illustrations by R. ANNING BELL. (Banbury Cross Series.) (London: J. M. Dent & Co. Price 1*s*.)—The latest addition to this charming series is



FROM "THE END OF ELFINTOWN" MACMILLAN AND CO.

quite equal to its predecessors. One shilling is well spent by those who have artistic appreciation in the acquisition of this daintily illustrated and prettily bound book.

The Battle of the Frogs and Mice. Rendered into English by JANE BARLOW. Pictured by FRANCIS D. BEDFORD. (London: Methuen & Co. Price 6*s*.)—As examples of decorative book illustrations, the drawings are excellent and full of pleasant humour. The artistic value of the work is weakened, however, by the frequent repetition of the border design, and its practical value is lessened by the uninviting manner in which the lettering of the body of the work has been arranged. In the title-page this somewhat fanciful arrangement is permissible and even pleasant, but one is by no means tempted to wade through the text, good in matter though it may be.

The first principles of book-making are surely violated when the text is so ornate that it cannot be deciphered without distinct mental effort.

Tom Cringle's Log. With Illustrations by FRANK BRANGWYN. 2 vols. (London: Gibbings & Co. Ltd.)—The illustrations consist of small photogravures of war-vessels and slavers after vigorous wash-drawings by Frank Brangwyn. They are very charming in themselves, although we are inclined to doubt if they do justice to the originals. They have the appearance of being much reduced in size and suffer proportionately in freshness and power. Mr. Brangwyn's work, bold as it is, will not bear reduction (as we have tested in these pages) without a distinct loss. As illustrations of the text these few plates are inadequate. No edition of these stirring books of adventure can be satisfactorily illustrated unless the chief personages and incidents are duly represented. In other respects the volumes are pleasantly printed on good paper in agreeable and readable type.

FROM "CINDERELLA" DENT AND CO.

The Dignity of the Race. A Cat Story. By A. KIRKBY GOYDER. (London: James Speirs.)—The drawings which accompany this little work testify that Miss Goyder is not only a close observer of animal life, but that she has a sense of humour and a facile power of expression.

Spenser's "Faerie Queene." With Illustrations by WALTER CRANE. (Parts I. & II., 10*s.* 6*d.* each. London: George Allen.)—Both artist and publisher may be congratulated upon the excellence of this edition of an old English classic. Probably upon no occasion has Walter Crane shown greater vigour of line and a better grasp of the requirements of book decoration than in this work. If, as we doubt not, the future parts carry out the promise of those before us, the result will be a book of surpassing beauty and artistic value.

In the illustration we are permitted to reproduce, the limited size of our page does not allow us to show the encompassing border. The excellent design of this and many others would form the theme for an instructive lecture to the Art-student. We hope to return more fully to this subject upon a future occasion.

FROM "THE FAERIE QUEENE" GEORGE ALLEN

FIRST PRIZE "SPIDER"

We have received for review specimens of the "Syntonos" colours manufactured by Messrs. L. Auerbach & Co. of Fuerth. The makers claim many advantages for these body-water-colours, some of which time alone can confirm. Speaking from our own experience, we find them to be pleasant in working and agreeable in result. Painting in water-colours with the technique of oil painting is less practised in England than upon the Continent. Those who have not made the experiment may be recommended to do so. The method is not without its advantages.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Design for a Christmas Card. (A XXI.)

The awards in this competition have been made by Messrs. Hills & Co., who have also purchased the designs sent in by *Spider* (2 designs) and *Thistle*.

The First Prize (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Spider* (Edna Adeline Dell, 54 Grove Park Terrace, Chiswick).

The Second Prize (*Two guineas*) to *Baldie* (E. A. Arnold, 82 Woodside Green, South Norwood, S.E.).

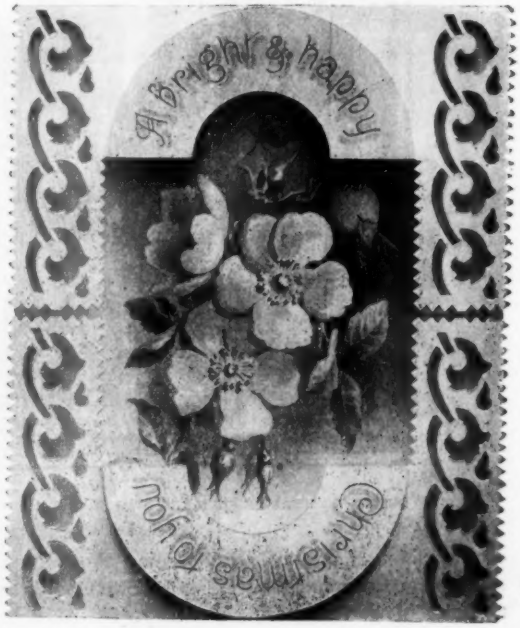
The Third Prize (*One guinea*) to *Ivanhoe* (Jane S. Templar, 4 Gladstone Street, Manchester, S.).

Honourable mention is given to the following: — *Blackie* (Edith J. Gedge, Ashley Grange, Bristol); *Thistle* (Helen M. Pike, 5 Carlisle Avenue, Donnybrook, Dublin); *Caterpillar* (Kate A. Howes, 24 Melville Street, Ryde); *Jo* (Henrietta G. Wainewright, 7 Huntingdon Place, Tynemouth, Northumberland); *Iceland Poppy* (K. L. Beard, Wyburn, Alexandra Road, Reading); *Not-a-bit* (Gertrude Trotter, Amblecote House, Stourbridge); and *Mab* (Mabel E. Budd, Vale Lodge, Leatherhead).

Pen-and-Ink Drawing of Old Cottages. (B XV.)

The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Chiffon* (W. Dacres Adams, Little Faringdon Vicarage, Lechlade).

The Second Prize (*Half a guinea*), to *Toddy* (Osmond M. Pittman, 49 Stanley Gardens, Hampstead).



SECOND PRIZE "BALDIE"

THIRD PRIZE "IVANHOE"

Honourable mention is awarded to the following:—*Indian Ink* (J. S. Alderson, 1 Market Place, Rugby); *Antique* (A. M. Davidson, 33 Seymour Place, Fulham Road, S.W.); *Eversley* (W. E. Home, 10 Chapel Street, Bedford Row, W.C.); *Uyeno* (Wm. Arnott, 15 West Montgomery Place, Edinburgh); *Spes Bona* (B. A. Lewis, Morfa House, Carmarthen); *Antiquated* (F. E. Cooke, 27 Park Street, Kidderminster); *A. B. C. D.* (Ada Dressler, Cedar House, Glebe Place, Chelsea); *Antiquated A.* (E. T. Wood, 18 Barbican, London, E.C.); *X. Y. Z.* (Mary Maycock, 229 Hagley Road, Birmingham); *Olim* (T. L. Shoosmith, Billing Road, Northampton); *Nil Desperandum* (Miss. H. Coppock, Daw Bank House, Stockport); *Odiham* (P. J. Horne, 5 Queen's Park Gardens, Streatham Common, S.W.); *Acomb Mill* (G. Forster, 70 Juliet Street, Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne); *Ahem!* (Charles Pears, Market Place, Pontefract); *Rufus* (Herbert Norman, 49 Barker Street, Handsworth, Birmingham); *Walbro* (Walter Broomhead, 35 Banstead Terrace, Leeds); *Henbury* (C. Walton, Woodbank Crescent, Meersbrook, Sheffield); *Concord* (J. B. Harrison, 97 Stanhope Road, Darlington); *Paint Pot* (Hanslip Fletcher, 7 Milner Street, Islington, N.); *Dot* (Miss F. Minns, Glen Cottage, Newport, I. of W.); *Tramp* (D. C. Veazey, 56 Brewer Street, Woolwich); *Elise* (Mrs. Forbes, Oakley Vicarage, Bishops Stortford); *Taffy* (Mary Hughes, 52 Ranelagh Road, Ealing, W.); and *Grasshopper* (C. R. Whiting, 48 Denmark Road, Ealing Dean).

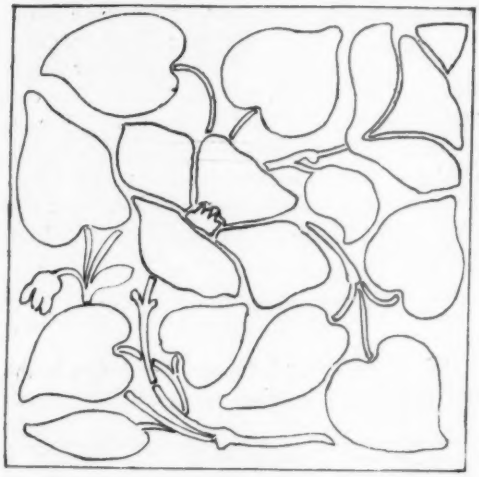
Design for a Painted Tile.
(C XIII.)

Colour has largely influenced the judges in the selection of the prize winners. Besides the success-

FIRST PRIZE "BOSS"

SECOND PRIZE "PAT

HONOURABLE MENTION "A. A."



HONOURABLE MENTION "CERES"

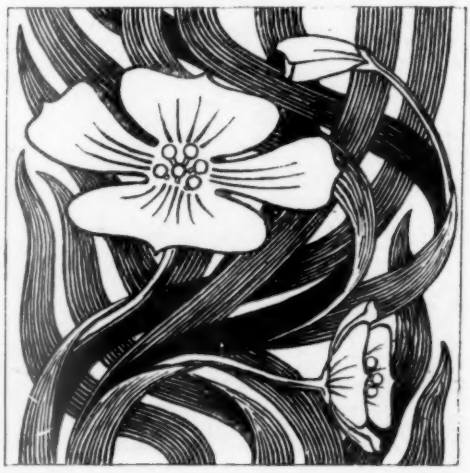
ful drawings, the designs of *Ceres*, *Kaish*, and *Viking* were excellent in this respect.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*), is awarded to *Boss* (Miss Fernie, 36 West Street, Scarborough).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*), to *Pat* (C. H. Walker, 4 Villas on Heath, Vale, Hampstead).

Honourable mention is given to the following, which are illustrated:—*A. A.* (Sophie Pumphrey, Woodstock Road, Moseley, Birmingham); *Ceres* (W. J. Galloway); *Kaish* (Antoinette Pollexfen, 47 Berkley Street, Liverpool); *Viking* (G. P. Roberts, Sussex House, Grove Lane, S.E.); also to *Marianna* (Gertrude Roots, St. Peter's, Canterbury); *A. B. C. D.* (Ada Dressler, Cedar House, Glebe Place, Chelsea); *Barney* (Mabel Chandler, Town Station, Aldershot); *Star* (Katie Fisher, Hawthorn House, Garston, near Liverpool); *Concord* (J. B. Harrison, 97 Stanhope Road, Darlington); *Hazel Nut* (Ada K. Hazell, Castle Street, Farnham, Surrey); *Mubeta* (Mary C. Bloxham, 16 Bolingbroke Road, West Kensington); *Lill* (Lillie G. Slater, Laurel Bank, Malton, Yorks); *Endeavour* (F. W. Reckitt, Fairlights, Headstone Road, Harrow); *Elementary* (Mary B. Canning, Provincial Bank House, Coleraine, co. Derry); *Yamas* (Annie Windram, 181 Monument Road, Birmingham); *Gnome* (Isabel Whitgreave, Burton Manor, near Stafford); —— (Aug. Bastard, 16 Place Vendôme, Paris); *Applica-*

HONOURABLE MENTION "KAISH"



HONOURABLE MENTION "VIKING"

FIRST PRIZE "CHIFFON"

tion (Gertrude E. Offord, 46 St. Giles Street, Norwich); *Normanovna* (Annie Macbeth, Dunsinnan, St. Anne's-on-Sea); *Salamander* (J. Embleton, Church View, Knutsford); *Flora* (Flora de Lisle, Cranbrook Road, Wimbledon); *Pinus* (R. J. Williams, 564 Moseley Road, Birmingham); *Gaffer* (G. Wilson, 52 Hogarth Road, S.W.); *Joey* (E. A. Hill, Oakfield, Brentwood, Essex); *Abar* (Dora

SECOND PRIZE "TODDY"

HONOURABLE MENTION "INDIAN INK"

Thomas, 3 Victoria Terrace, Llandudno); *X. Y.* (J. H. Rutherford, 7 Dalrymple Crescent, Edinburgh); *Inglesant* (Mrs. Blackburne Kane, Parliament House, Witney); *Abaculus* (F. W. Ogden, Olive Mount, Shaw, near Oldham); *Thule* (Anna Lang, Mayfield, Inverness); *Rotha* (Gertrude H. Jebb, Fairyfield, Great Barr, Birmingham); *Orion* (Ada Worters, Thoresby, Shortlands, Kent); *Anno Domini* (Annie Bobbyn, 21 The Mall, Waterford, Ireland); *Undine* (J. J. Witcombe, 3 Belmont, Bath); *Ouvrier* (J. H. Rudd, 17 Richmond Street, Barnstaple); *Iran* (H. E. Simpson, 22 Dover

HONOURABLE MENTION "ANTIQUE"

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

"AHEM!"

Street, Hull); *Dial* (Miss Couper, 14 Dalhousie Terrace, Edinburgh); *Aristosca* (C. O. Harris, 4 Norma Villas, The Green, Tottenham); *Alphonse* (Edith Jones, 57 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.); *Chrysanthemum* (Emily Arthur, Gordon Villas, Copthorne, Shrewsbury); *Clare* (H. A. Wright, 2 Granville Road, Frizinghall, Bradford); *Cephas* (P. Browne, Kent Park, Clydesdale Street, Hamilton, N.B.); and *Zenda* (Georgina M. Jebb, Fairyfield, Great Barr, Birmingham).

Photographs from Nature.

Studies of Foregrounds.

(D VI.)

A very interesting series of photographs have been sent us in this competition, and we regret that want of space prevents us from illustrating a larger number than we do. Those which we have selected for that purpose will be found accompanying the article on "Foreground Studies" in this number.

The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Topsy* (F. G. Hibbert, 28 Rampton Road, Sheffield).

The Second Prize (*Half a guinea*), to *Grasshopper* (C. R. Whiting, 48 Denmark Road, Ealing Dean, W.).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Hypo* (R. J. Haines, 12 Beaumont Street, Oxford); *Eagle* (A. G. Cooke, 41 Clarence Road, Wood Green, N.) *both illustrated.* Also to *Que Sera Sera* (Mrs. Peskett, St. Helen's, Cambridge); *Syntax* (H. H. Power, 5 Carlton Place, Teignmouth); *Bladud* (W. Rossiter, 5 Pulteney Street, Bath); *Phthynx* (W. S. Rogers, 13 Addison Road, Chiswick); *Vera* (Miss Benett, Bank House, Vine Street, Stoke-on-Trent); *Viola* (Elizabeth Chapman, Thornlee, Alexandra Road, Manchester); *Fleur de lis* (Kidson Taylor, 1 Beaufort Villas, Buxton); *Silvan* (H. Irving, Darwen, Lancs.); and *Dot* (Miss Minns, Glen Cottage, Newport, I. of W.).

"AHEM!"

The illustrations upon this page were sent in the Competition for the Drawing of Old Cottages (B XV.). While, in the opinion of the judges, the drawings do not come quite within the meaning of the Competition, the Cottages being only of secondary importance—an incident, as it were, in the general scheme—they, nevertheless, possess some interesting features in composition and technique.

THE LAY FIGURE AT HOME.

"On looking into Ruskin again, how one finds the 'newest' truths set forth side by side with examples we shudder at to-day," said the man with a clay pipe, in a tone of sadness.

"Can you expect new truths?" said the Lay Figure. "The utmost any movement does is to claim recognition for some new point of view which had hitherto been overlooked. If you study the old masters rightly, you will feel that even the few 'great' living artists have only made prominent some phase of treatment which in older work was kept to a secondary place. It matters not whether this singling out of one quality to receive the chief attention, chooses values, lighting, atmospheric effects, or colour harmony as its direct purpose; if the picture be really great, it does but say again, with the slightest local idiom, what Titian, or Velasquez, Constable, or Sir Joshua said long ago."

"I think we have swept away a lot of rubbish," said the journalist. "Who talks of the morals of landscape to-day, or is concerned what life the painter led, some few years back, in the Ruskinian period? It seemed essential then to prove the artist to be a worthy citizen before you dared say that his picture was finely painted."

"That is the worst of the English," rejoined a young artist who had spent quite a year in Paris, "they will talk morality instead of art."

"They understand it best," said the journalist. "It is the specialty of a Britannic conscience. Art is, after all, an exotic with us."

"Yes," he continued, "I think we are always bent on reforming too hurriedly. Now my theory is to start at the most popular forms of art—to reform the poster, for instance, and so begin by teaching the masses the value of colour; then, when they can really appreciate Chéret or Lautrec, perhaps they will be a step nearer the appreciation of permanent decoration."

"That appears to me as futile as singing a man a song by Chevalier, by way of leading him on to read Homer in the original," the Lay Figure replied. "Education at that rate would take generations before it had taught anybody his A B C."

"The great thing is to find out if you have anything to say," said the man with the clay pipe, meditatively. "If a man discovers himself and his own utterance, the world will soon explain them to his surprise, and perhaps to his dismay; but unless he does find his own individuality, how can he hope to be remembered?"

"By doing whatever he feels to attract him, because he loves to do it," said the journalist. "I would sooner take a good photograph than make one more commonplace drawing. I wish the younger artists, especially those who intend to go in for journalism, would take up the camera. In any case the experience and talent of an artist are necessary, and any and everything which bring these into photography must needs be desirable, even if, in turn, it did not help them in art. It is certainly a most useful ally for a journalist."

"It seems to me," said the Lay Figure, "that in all these gossips we have two ideals in view, that never yet ran in double harness and never will—a safe income, and a wish to be an artist pure and simple. Now if you make for one the chances are you will lose the other. To one man in a million it is given to keep his art free from commercial restraints, and yet to prosper; for the rest, once you trim your creed to fit in with the exigencies of daily life, who can say where you are to stop."

"One must live," said the journalist.

"But not necessarily by art," said the man with a clay pipe. "All these secondary pursuits are good and honourable crafts enough, so long as the craftsmen do not pretend to be otherwise. It is better to design a good wall paper than a poor cathedral; much better to illustrate well, than to send more poor poetic canvasses to our galleries."

"The fact ought to be faced, that markets are changing," said the journalist. "If the average man cannot spend over five pounds on a picture, would it not pay the painter to sell him a sketch at that price? One painter prices nothing under £100, and another cannot afford to label his work at less, so it goes on; neither sells a picture, yet each would be insulted if you advised him to ask £10, which he might get, instead of £100 that he won't."

"But this would upset all our system," said the Lay Figure. "In the first place pictures would sell; people would go to a gallery with the chance of buying. Now scarce a dozen ever seriously consider that as within possibility. Then, as the man who began to buy got on in the world, having caught the habit, he would probably go on and end by spending fairly large sums."

"In short, read Mr. George Moore's *Art for the Villa* and live up to it," said the journalist. "Well, you might do much worse; depend upon it, that when a poet or an artist is practical, he can give business men good advice because he does it with no wish to lower art thereby."

THE EDITOR'S ROOM

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Chapters on Workshop Reconstruction. By C. R. ASHBEE. (London: Guild and School of Handicrafts, Essex House, Mile End Road).—This is a distinctly remarkable book; not concerned with the sanitation or structural alteration of factories, as its title might suggest, but with the reconstruction of social conditions in God's great workshop—the world. Indeed, to review it fully would be to raise some of the most important questions of this, or any, age; therefore its main purpose must be ignored here, and its secondary purpose but briefly indicated. All through, a practical gospel of beauty is preached, yet not in any orthodox fashion. For instance, chap. viii., *On the Teaching of Design*, starts with the proposition that "design cannot be taught," and goes on to prove that "there are certain conventional arrangements in various materials that can be taught, that technique can be taught, that to those who have the designer's gift a certain other something may be taught, and that is style." Mr.

FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A XXII.) "CASTOR"

SECOND PRIZE (COMP. A XXII.) "NORTH STAR"

Ashbee, in confessing so much, only expresses what is felt by all true lovers of decorative art, but he recognises it so openly that you go on expecting to find other truths, and are not disappointed: some that are as old as the Sermon on the Mount, others as new as Walt Whitman, yet all equally neglected by the average person. Elsewhere Mr. Ashbee estimates the average artistic product at 3 per cent., to 97 purely commercial; and this formula may hold true of the interest shown by average humanity to the other matters of his book. You cannot peruse it without quarrelling with its author often;

FIRST PRIZE (COMP. B XVI.) "THOTHMES I."

yet, at the same time you are conscious, as Robert Louis Stevenson said, that the books you disagree with are best worth reading. One's only regret is that space prevents a very full notice of a really "rousing" homily on art and sociology—one which no thoughtful person will regret reading; for Mr. Ashbee writes as one who loves his fellow-men, and that saving clause pardons much.

The Novels of Susan Edmonstone Ferrier. (London: J. M. Dent & Co. 6 vols. 15*s*. net.)—Six volumes of these delightful romances, introduced by Mr. Brinsley Johnson, illustrated by Nelly Erichsen, printed in the style Messrs. Dent have made so delightful, on pleasantly rough paper, in a binding of flame-colour Irish linen, with a charming decoration of gold thistles, accompanied by pictures in photogravure, and such minute details as ribbon book-marks, and an *ex libris* of the author (?) inside the cover, all for six half-crowns; the brief description suggests more than any added praise can convey. For good taste in editing, illustrating, printing and binding are conspicuously present, and as Miss Ferrier's tales are established classics, beyond the perfectly superfluous advice to buy them if possible, what more need be said?

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A SUNDIAL. (A XXII.)

OUR competitors have not roused themselves up to that pitch of enthusiasm about the Sundial which we anticipated. There is no more delightful subject for the designer, full, as it is, of possibilities of quaint conceit and device. Perhaps it would have been better for us to have deferred the competition until the summer-time, when the glamour of country life and the old garden is upon us.

But we have received, nevertheless, a few drawings of artistic value; and we regret only that the fondness of some of our designers for fine cross-

SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B XVI.) "MILO"

(COMP. B XVI.) "THOTHMES II."

HONOURABLE MENTION (COMP. B XVI.) "INDIAN INK"

HONOURABLE MENTION (COMP. B XVI.) "TRAMP"

hatched shading in ink that is not black—a class of work not at all adapted for reproduction—prevents us from illustrating some of those which, in other respects, would have been appropriate. Among the mottoes which have been selected by competitors to be carved upon the face of the dial or its base are the following:

"STILL ON IT CREEPS,
EACH LITTLE MOMENT AT ANOTHER'S HEELS,
TILL HOURS, DAYS, YEARS, AND AGES, ARE MADE UP
OF SUCH SMALL PARTS AS THESE."
"Castor" (Prize Design).

"COME WHAT MAY,
TIME AND THE HOUR RUNS THROUGH THE ROUGHEST DAY."
"Tempus."

Motto for four panels:

1. AMYDDST YE FFLOWRES I TELL YE HOURES.
2. TYME WANES AWAY.
   AS FFLOWRES DECAYE.
3. BEYONDE YE TOMBE
   FRESHE FFLOWRETS BLOOME.
4. SOE MAN SHALL RISE
   ABOVE YE SKYES.
   "Crocodile."

"AH! TIME IS BUT A SHADOW, WHICH SHALL CEASE:
ETERNITY SHALL BRING US PERFECT PEACE."
"Arcady."

"VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM."
"Indian Ink."

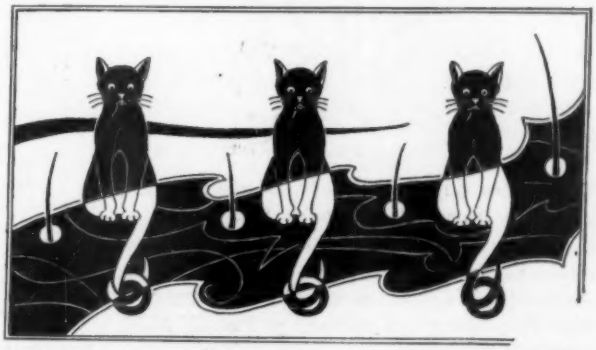
"TEMPORA LABUNTUR QUÆ NOBIS PEREUNT ET IMPUTANTUR."
"S. Dubricius."

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Castor* (S. Poole, 46 Grosvenor Road, S.W.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One guinea and a half*), to *North Star* (S. D. Adshead, Ballone, Avoch, Ross, N.B.).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Arcady* (P. H. Bate, Holburne Museum, Bath); *Beith* (J. Gray, 5 Allan Street, Dalmannock Road, Glasgow); *Crocodile* (A. E. McKewan, Hall Road, Handsworth, Birmingham); *Elizabethan* (A. H. Wolf, 26 Low Hill, Liverpool); *Gradus* (Miss

HONOURABLE MENTION (COMP. B XVI.) "FLUFFY"



HONOURABLE MENTION (COMP. B XVI.) "TAILS"

Couper, 14 Dalhousie Terrace, Edinburgh); *Indian Ink* (J. S. Alderson, 7 Market Place, Rugby); *Nix* (F. V. Worthy, 9 Martells Avenue, Folkestone); *Pat* (C. H. Walker, 4 Villas on Heath, Vale of Health, Hampstead); *Poynt* (J. G. Murray, 5 West Regent Street, Glasgow); *Pekin* (Mary G. Houston, 2 Clanwilliam Place, Dublin); *Pandora* (Catherine Mann, 8 Auckland Road,

HONOURABLE MENTION (COMP. B XVI.) "SELIM"

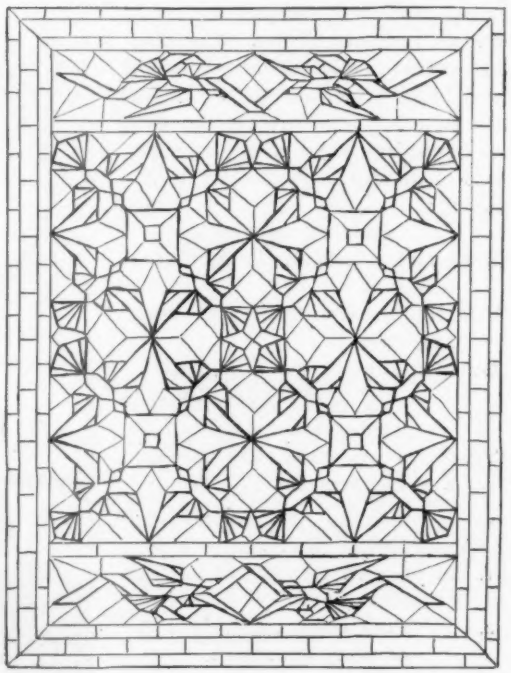
HONOURABLE MENTION (COMP. B XVI.) "CHIVALRY"

HONOURABLE MENTION (COMP. B XVI.) "NAUTILUS"

Upper Norwood); *Rustic* (C. H. Bourne Quennell, 44 Foxley Road, N. Brixton); *Shargar* (H. F. Cooper, 62 Vassall Road, Brixton); *S. Dubricius* (H. C. Graff, 14 Knighton Park Road, Sydenham); *Tempus* (F. B. Cooper, 9 Russell Street, Bolton); and *T.O.B.C.* (F. Leighton, 7 Pinfold Road, Streatham Hill).

Pen-and-Ink Design for a "Tail-piece," or Terminal Ornament to a Chapter. (B XVI.)

This has been a most popular competition, and we only regret that our limited space prevents us reproducing many more than we do of the excellent drawings sent us. We do not think that the rectangular space, which many of our competitors have elected to fill, is so suitable for a "tail-piece" to a chapter as it is to a "head-piece." The space left at the end of a chapter is a variable quantity. Sometimes it may be one-third of a page, sometimes two-thirds. The object of the ornament is to decorate this variable space; and it seems to us that a design without a formal encom-



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C XIV.) "CROSSPATCH"

HONOURABLE MENTION (COMP. B XVI.) "FOOTNOTE"

passing line does this better than one which has it. We do not care to urge the fact that we have "custom" upon our side, because custom is so often wrong; nor would we go so far as to say that in some cases the strictly rectangular form is not the most appropriate. As a matter of convenience, however, the freer form of ornament is generally the best, because it is most adaptable to changing circumstances.

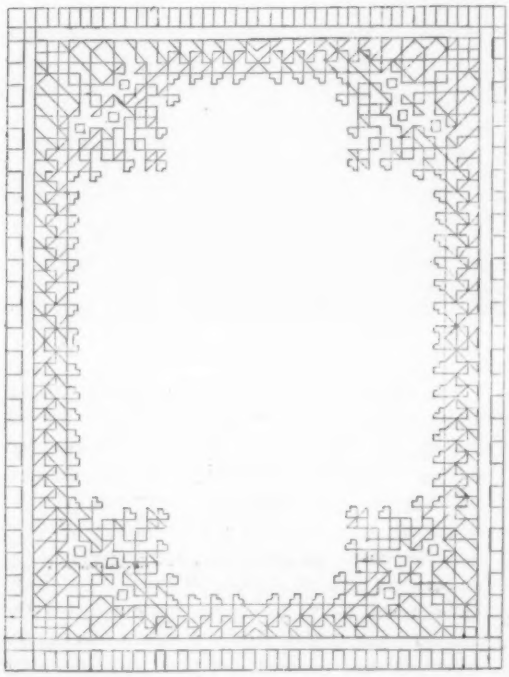
The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Thothmes* (G. R. Quested, 11 Abbey Gardens, N.W.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*), to *Milo* (F. Rhead, 6 Bath Street, Stoke-on-Trent).

Honourable mention is awarded to the following:—*Antinous* (Florence Bagust, 153 Evering Road, Stoke Newington); *Alige* (Alice E. Newby, *no address given*); *A II* (C. Pears, Market Place, Pontefract); *Bedern* (M. K. Commeline, *no address given*); *Bat* (E. W. Spawton, North Cave, E. Yorkshire); *Craft* (E. Storm, Tunstall Road,

HONOURABLE MENTION (COMP. B XVI) "CASPIAN"

HONOURABLE MENTION (COMP. B XVI.) "GENTIAN"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C XIV.) "NANCIEBEL"

Sunderland); *Chips* (E. T. Wood, 18 Barbican, E.C.); *Carlos* (Kate Light, 12 Montague Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham); *Complete Angler* (May C. Fisher, Beechfield, Witherton Road, Manchester); *du Printemps* (Ada Galton, 14 Sylvan Road, Upper Norwood); *Edina* (A. Gamby, *no address*); *Eric* (Isabel Brittain, 11 Highfield, Scarborough); *Esor* (Hilda R. Dix, 2 Berkeley Crescent, Bristol); *Foxglove Girls* (C. A. Allen, 50 Lorne Street, Kidderminster); *Gemini* (W. A. Steward, 11 Dartmouth Park Avenue, N.W.); *Gosling* (Miss O. Bodé, 15 South Hill Park,

FIRST PRIZE (COMP. D VII.) "ARBOR"

Hampstead, N.W.); *Gowan* (T. Graham, 2 Leslie Place, Edinburgh); *Jannoch* (Edith Breakell, 70 St. Anne's Hill, Wandsworth); *Katrina* (Katharine A. Brock, 3 North Terrace, Midsummer Common, Cambridge); *Leatherhead* (C. H. Gerty, 40 Burlington Gardens, Acton); *Nuthatch* (Alice Marindin, Broomfields, Farnham, Surrey); *Newhall* (A. E. Smith, Woodleigh Villa, Langley Road, Small Heath, Birmingham); *Nevermore* (Paul Frey, 19 Rue de Richelieu, Paris); *Pinus* (R. J. Williams, 564 Moseley Road, Birmingham); *Rutherglen* (A. Williamson, 8 Pentland, Main Street, Glasgow); *Richard III.* (J. Frew, 23 Silvergrove Street, Belfast); *Rewa* (H. W. Thompson, 351 Berridge Road, Nottingham); *Soap-suds* (Celia A. Levetus, 23 Carpenter Road, Edgbaston); *S. Dubricius* (H. C. Graff, 14 Knighton Park Road, Sydenham); *Woodcut* (M. H. Baillie Scott, The Red House, Douglas, I. of M.); *Yellowhammer* (T. C. Lawrence, *no address*); *Age-He* (A. H. George, 67 Longside Lane, Bradford, Yorks.); *Ship* (W. O. J. Nieuwenkamp, Parklaan 73, Haarlem, Holland); *Ulula* (Bessie Ridpath, Ravenhead, Beckenham, Kent); *Uncle Podger* (Agnes P. Manly, 196 Hagley Road, Edgbaston); and *Verona* (Hilda G. Cowham, 6 Dorlcote Road, Wandsworth Common). Also to the following, *which are illustrated*:—*Caspian* (Helen Stratton, 51 Nevern Square, S.W.); *Chivalry* (H. E. Nelson, 85 New Cross Road, S.E.); *Footnote* (E. C. Woodward, 103 London Road, St. Leonards); *Fluffy* (K. G. Joyce, Weston, Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston); *Gentian* (Juliet Hensman, 52 Lower Sloane Street, S.W.); *Indian Ink* (J. S. Alderson, 1 Market Place, Rugby); *Nautilus* (Evelyn Holden, Kingswood, Hockley Heath, Birmingham); *Tails* (E. Derbishire, 77 Gloucester Road, Kew); *Tramp* (D. C. Veazey, 56 Brewer Street, Woolwich); and *Selim* (Marie Miles, 19 Kensington Crescent, W.).

Design for a Patchwork Quilt. (C XIV.)

The outline tracings of the coloured designs which we here reproduce scarcely give any idea of the effect of the original drawings. We have tried to bear in mind, in selecting the prize designs, the limitations of patchwork, pure and simple, and have had to reject certain clever schemes because they were, in fact, rather designs for embroidery than patchwork. The centre of Nanciebel's design, to which we have awarded the second prize, is plain and not patchwork, but the clever scheme of blue and pink patches in the border is strictly orthodox.

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Crosspatch* (B. C. MacGibbon, 23 Learmouth Terrace, Edinburgh).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*), to *Nanciebel* (Anna Willis, 4 Hill Park Crescent, Plymouth).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Aqua* (Mabel Syrett, 113 Ashley Gardens, Westminster); *Arbor Vitæ* (Mrs. A. C. Powell, Townfield, Dorking); *Eskdale* (A. Benson, 16 Lansdown Crescent, Bath); *Mayo* (Marion E. Leyde, 17 St. Bernard's Crescent, Edinburgh); *Pat* (W. J. Douglas, 127 Sydney Street, King's Road, Chelsea); and *Unit* (Emma Maiden, The Crescent, Egerton Road, Fallowfield, Manchester).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*), to *Filigree* (H. Irving, Darwen, Lancs.).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Atkyns* (A. James, 71 Porthkerry Road, Barry, S. Wales); *Arbor* (B. Lintott, Horsham); *Arches* (G. W. Martin, Queen Street, Wigan); *Bromide* (J. S. Alderson, 1 Market Place, Rugby); *Clarion C.C.* (J. C. Richards, 16 Grant Street, Birmingham); *Cromwell's Gulley* (C. J. White, 6 Ruston Street North, Broad Street, Birmingham); *Ezirp* (W. Northwood, Hight Street, Wordsley, near Stourbridge); *Jungly* (W. McNay, 34 Dancer Road, Fulham); *Glennageragh* (Constance Pino, Glennageragh House, Kingstown, Ireland); *Mill* (Millicent Gurney, Thickthorn, Norwich); *Nolas* (J. Carpenter, 60 Old Hill Street, Clapton, N.E.); *Penryn* (F. Massey, Penryn, Cornwall); *Pollard* (H. H. Poole, 45 Larkhall Rise, Clapham); *Toft* (Annie Hoyles, 142 Upperthorpe, Sheffield); and *West Carbery* (Mrs. Coghill, The Cottage, Castle Townshend, co. Cork).

We hope, in future, to give more space to the illustration of the "D" series.

SECOND PRIZE (COMP. D VII.) "FILIGREE"

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.

STUDIES OF TREE-FORMS.
(D VII.)

A very interesting series of photographs has been sent us, and we regret that the limitations of space prevent us from reproducing on this occasion other than the prize designs.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Arbor* (R. J. Haines, 12 Beaumont Street, Oxford).

THE LAY FIGURE AMONG THE ART CRITICS.

As its studio had been lent for a meeting of art critics, and the Lay Figure would fain have retired, "Who am I," it said, echoing the master of paradox, "to be a poor little lion in a den of fierce Daniels?"

"Rot," said a very up-to-date critic; "stay and hear what we really think of modern art, as set forth in its accredited organs, especially those in the new movement."

"Yes," said a very soulful critic with a bland and sickly smile, "we will say only pretty things to you, because we expect you to say sweet things of us afterwards."

"Surely log-rolling is not known to art," the Lay Figure replied aghast.

"I am not sure now," observed an old-world critic, "when we who did not paint or sculp, criticised works, there was no temptation; but nowadays, when technical criticism is supposed to be essential, it is possible that the 'new' journalism may influence the hitherto impeccably pure critic of art."

"Who was and who is a pure imbecile for the most part," broke in a very plain-spoken critic. "All you fellows should turn your attention to things you do know something about, and leave pictures alone."

"You send back your joint, if a butcher supplies you with a bad one," said the old critic, "don't you? yet you are neither butcher nor stock-raiser. Is this logical?"

"Shut up," said the plain-spokesman. "Art is quite a new discovery; a few of the old men did it accidentally, but conscious art was only invented quite lately, and is chiefly met in black and white."

"Now take this," said the Lay Figure, picking up a popular periodical: "is it art?"

"Certainly not," said the plain-spoken critic, "except in its reproduction of photographs; they are by far the most artistic things in the book."

"Nothing is, or can be, good that is not specially commissioned," said another critic. "The value of a drawing is just as much as the editor paid for it. If he borrows it, it is bad at once."

"The fault of the magazine in question," said another, "is that it is too much concerned with the eccentric and the decadent. Why, it spoke up for Aubrey Beardsley, and says the Birmingham School has some good qualities."

"Well, I think," said the plain-spoken critic, "that you are all wrong—everybody is—even I am sometimes; but, in spite of that, there is more good work to-day than ever there was; look at the *Chronic Daily* and its illustrations lately."

"Good drawings thrown away," said the old critic.

"I can't stand your sneering at them," said the Lay Figure. "It has been a wonderful effort to bring really clever and modern art to the ordinary newspaper reader."

"It is always the way with English people," said a critic whose voice proclaimed him an alien; you pay tribute in cash and compliment to any second-rate foreigner, once other artists discover him; but if he is not 'made in Germany,' or France, or America it may be, you say he is no good. Even his fellow-artists, because they were at school with him, think he is not quite so good as themselves."

"If they would only prize Degas, and study Monet, then might they all be able to realise all these in Steer and Sickert," said a young critic. "Whistler, of course, they cannot refuse. Velasquez they are silent before; Degas and Monet they appear to respect, but loathe silently; but the English impressionists they still laugh at."

"Rightly," said another. "Barbizon is the only influence of the nineteenth century. One Corot is worth all your other men; look at his style, his suave and subtle manner of saying most blatant facts, his accomplished convention and his redundant epigram."

"Ah," said his rival, "it is so easy to write elegant nonsense over broomsticks. Why, the Pre-Raphaelites are now the deities of the men from whom you learnt all the Romanticist gush. You are not keeping pace with the times."

"All the same," said the Lay Figure; "if you had a magazine to fill monthly, what would you put in it?"

Then each gave his idea. "All good pen-drawing," said one. "Our modern impressionists only," said another. "A good sound academic work to counteract all these degenerate influences," the third suggested. "Nothing but designs for the applied arts," added a fourth.

"In short, each what is good in his own eyes," said the Lay Figure.

"It would be a funny magazine," said a visitor, hitherto silent. "I think after all a good all-round representative selection is better."

"Yes; it leaves something to hate in every number, and that is after all the greatest joy in art," the soulful critic observed. "It is hideous to find anybody spoiling what you mean to say by babbling it beforehand." THE LAY FIGURE.